BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY

July 25, 1964

THE NEW YORKER

Price 25 cents

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

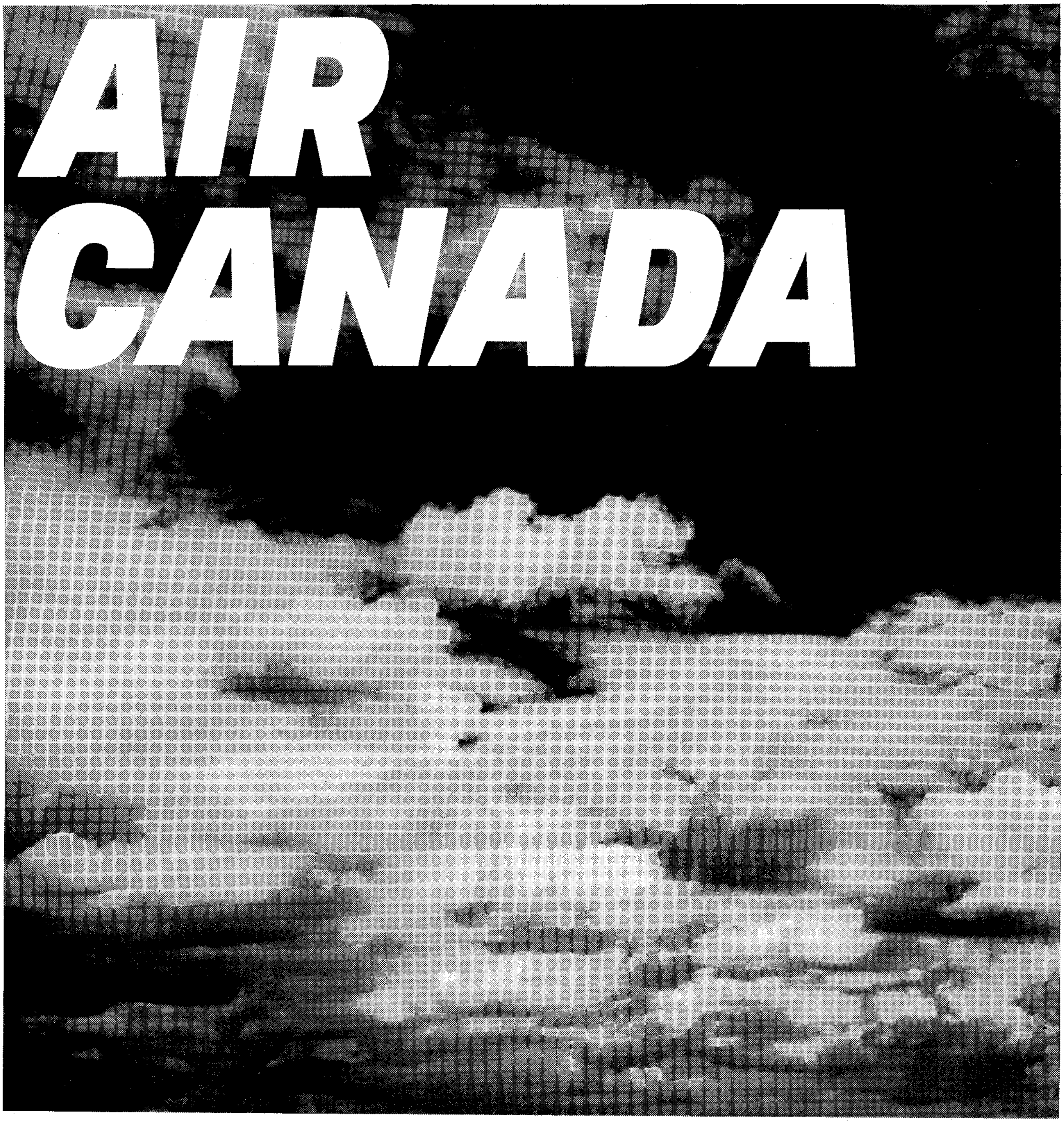
AUG 1 0 1993

It's a bright new day...start it in Wamsutta luxury!

Fill your private world with the newest of all Wamsutta towels, Persian Scroll.™ The reversible exotic scroll design appears in two tones of lovely color. It's utterly opulent; and caresses you with its touch. Bath size August sale priced at $3.00. Shown with Wamsutta Nob Hill towels in a range of complementary colors. Bath size August sale priced at $2.00. Available at the finest stores. WAMSUTTA MILLS, 1430 Broadway, New York 18, New York. Also look for famous Supercale® and Lustercale® sheets, Babycale® crib sheets, bedspreads, blankets, mattress pads, covers, ticking and fashion fabrics for women, children and men. photo: sokolsky

Wamsutta®
HERITAGE TOWELS

Sorry. You missed your last chance to fly Trans-Canada Air Lines from Boston, New York, Tampa, Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago and Seattle to (are you still with us?) Montreal, Toronto, Quebec City, Ottawa, Halifax, Winnipeg, Calgary/Banff, Edmonton, Vancouver, Victoria and practically any other major city in Canada. (We still fly from and to all those places, but we've changed our name to Air Canada.)

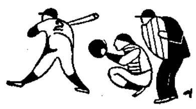


We're officially Air Canada now. But our service is still the same. Impeccable, attentive. We're still the 9th largest airline in the free world. (Nearly 4 million passengers last year.) We're still flying over some 37,000 route miles. (While we're on the subject, let us list some high spots: from the U.S. to Canada and on to Ireland, Scotland, England, France, Switzerland, Germany, Austria; south to Bermuda, the Bahamas and the Caribbean. As you can see, we've outgrown the name "Trans-Canada Air Lines.") While you're flying to all those places, you'll find we're just as friendly as ever. Our maintenance is just as meticulous. (Come to think of it, we haven't really changed at all.) Call us. Or see your Travel Agent. The magic words are "Air Canada."

TCA **AIR CANADA**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Any Wednesday—An invitation to laughter conceived by Muriel Resnik and advanced with great skill by Sandy Dennis, Rosemary Murphy, and Don Porter. It has to do with the ups and downs of the mistress of an industrial big shot who keeps the girl in residence in an executive suite. The play was directed in lively fashion by Henry Kaplan, and has a bright set by Robert Randolph. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Baby Want a Kiss—A bad time for one and all, which involves, incoherently, Joanne Woodward, Paul Newman, and James Costigan. The last is also the author. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Blues for Mister Charlie—A glum look at interracial relationships in the United States, written by James Baldwin, who is nothing if not voluble. The drama has in its favor excellent direction by Burgess Meredith and some fine acting by a large cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Deputy—A compressed version—five acts have been reduced to two—of Rolf Hochhuth's drama in verse, which deals with the alleged silence of Pope Pius XII during the moral crisis brought on by the Nazis' extermination of Jews during the Second World War. The verse as rendered into English is no great shakes, but the play has a powerful impact. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Dylan—A perceptive portrait by Sir Alec Guinness of the drunk, loquacious, and talented Welsh poet, who is described here in the course of a couple of visits to the United States. The drama is the skillful work of Sidney Michaels, and has been astutely directed by Peter Glenville. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hamlet—Richard Burton is muscular and authoritatively articulate as the Prince of Denmark in this production directed by John Gielgud, and Hume Cronyn is superb as that tedious old character Polonius. Eileen Herlie, George Rose, Alfred Drake, and Linda Marsh also participate. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Aug. 8.)

The Subject Was Roses—About a clutch of middle-class Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. There are only three of them on view, but that is more than enough. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Three Sisters—An uneven but nevertheless entertaining interpretation of Chekhov's description of upper-class life in the Russian provinces at the turn of the century. Directed by Lee Strasberg, this is the best effort the Actors Studio Theatre has made this season. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—barefoot in the park: Neil Simon's trifle about the adventures of a married couple starting out life in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Gene Rupert (temporarily substituting for Robert Redford), Penny Fuller, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **mary, mary:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Mindy Carson, William Prince, and Howard Morton are in it. Patricia Bosworth will replace Miss Carson for three weeks starting Monday, July 27. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **never too late:** A play about a sixty-year-old gentleman's dismay at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life. With Dennis O'Keefe, Will Hutchins, Martha Scott, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Fade Out - Fade In—Carol Burnett and Jack Cassidy are splendid in this musical about Hollywood in the thirties, but the book, by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, and the music, by Jule Styne, are lesser efforts. Betty Hutton will fill in for Miss Burnett for one week starting Monday, July 27. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Funny Girl—Barbra Streisand representing Fanny Brice in a musical that is loud and gaudy but not quite as good as you might hope. The book is by Isobel Lennart, the music and lyrics are by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill, and there are some splashy musical numbers staged by the late Carol Haney. Kay Medford, Danny Meehan, and Sydney Chaplin give Miss Streisand sturdy support. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hello, Dolly!—An adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker," in which Carol Channing and a fine cast have themselves a high old time. The lyrics and music were provided by Jerry Herman, and the book is by Michael Stewart. The enterprise is also fortunate in having direction and choreography by Gower Champion. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Page
BOOKS 91
THE CURRENT CINEMA 56
LETTER FROM SAN FRANCISCO 77
LETTER FROM SENDAGAYA 58
THE RACE TRACK 74

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

High Spirits—Beatrice Lillie having a frisky time in a musical interpretation of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit." Under the direction of the author, Miss Lillie and such associates as Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward all move about most agilely. The book, music, and lyrics are by Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray, and their work is for the most part fairly bright. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—A dilatory musical having to do with a Hollywood striver who would be glad to throw his own mother into the snow if she didn't pull her weight on his sled. Budd and Stuart Schulberg wrote the book, and the lyrics and music were created by Ervin Drake. Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi are in it. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—a funny thing happened on the way to the forum: Plautus, that jolly old Roman, as adapted by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. The players include Dick Shawn, Lee Goodman, and assorted cuties. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **here's love:** Meredith Willson's hymn to Santa Claus, Christmas, Macy's, and Gimbels. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 25.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying:** Darryl Hickman plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **oliver!:** The Artful Dodger, Bill Sikes, and all the rest. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **110 in the shade:** A musical adapted by N. Richard Nash from his play "The Rainmaker." Inga Swenson has just returned to her original role as the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 8.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—"After the Fall," by Arthur Miller, isn't up to the author's usual standard, but as it goes its autobiographical way it does provide a moment or two of dramatic excitement. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's "The King and I," with Risë Stevens and Darren McGavin, is the initial production by the company. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, Aug. 8.)

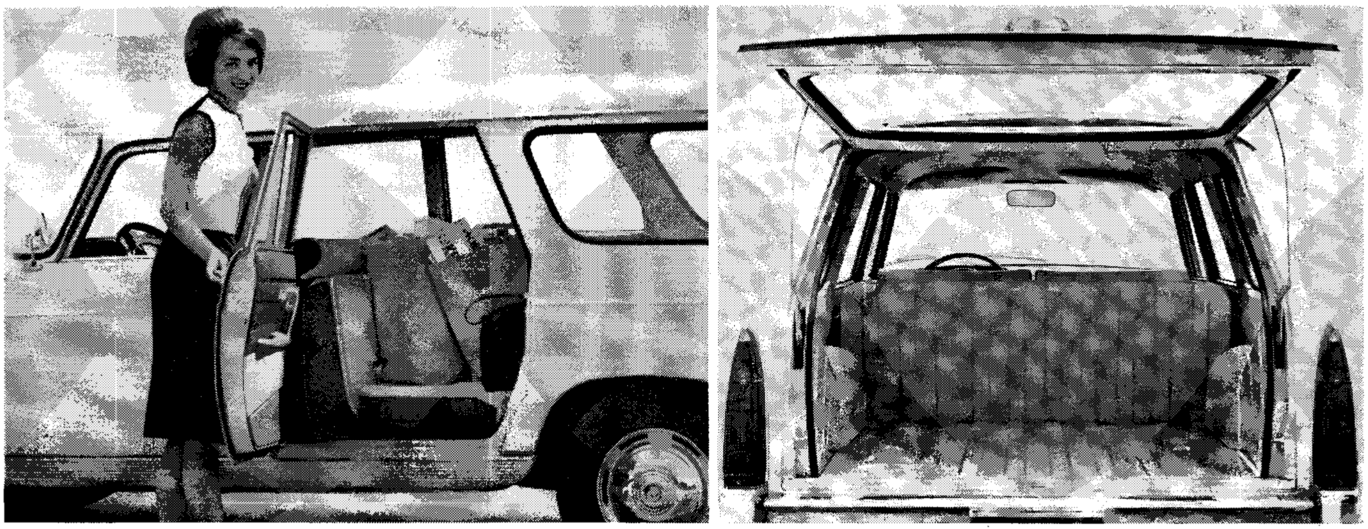
The Blacks—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blood Knot—An obvious, tricky, but often effective drama about a pair of South African brothers, one a Negro and the other

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Robert S. Ogden, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XL, No. 23, July 25, 1964. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

© 1964 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A.
Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00. Other foreign, $11.00.

So here it is.



Another great Peugeot, the 404 Station Wagon. Capacity 81 cu. ft. (fantastic!) Reclining seats, 4-speed transmission, rack and pinion steering, 84 mph!

Free "extras" like Michelin X tires, stainless steel trim and wheel covers and many others. And all because you requested, pleaded, begged, demanded and threatened... until you got a wagon as superbly built as the famed Peugeot 403 and 404 sedans. Aren't you glad?

PEUGEOT

75 Years of Quality

For brochure write Peugeot, Inc., Department NY-2, 97-45 Queens Blvd., Rego Park, N.Y. For overseas delivery write Cars Overseas, Inc., 555 5th Ave., New York City or see your local dealer.

half-white. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dutchman and **The American Dream**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a most promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is often as brutal and tough as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving, for the fifth time, its knockout production of "The American Dream," Edward Albee's sardonic family portrait. No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—Six actors, three of them colored and three white, splendidly perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—This English farce about seduction, which has been imported by the Establishment bunch and directed, with considerable ingenuity, by Mike Nichols, is sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. As one of three young men who become involved with a girl bound for the Y.W.C.A., Brian Bedford gives one of the best comedy performances around. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Streets of New York—This charming and frisky musical comedy (based, in an off-hand way, on Dion Boucicault's nineteenth-century melodrama) has good songs by Barry Alan Grael and Richard B. Chodosh, and an amusing book, also by Mr. Grael. The singing and general deportment of every member of the company are as near to faultless as makes no matter. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Third Ear—A program of improvisation, directed by Elaine May. (Premise, 154 Bleecker St. GR 7-9260. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer, and there is one first-rate performance—that of Alan Mixon, as a Greek herald. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Folies-Bergère—The Parisian revue, with a cast of seventy headed by Patachou, Georges Ulmer, and Liliane Montevecchi. Presented by Stephen W. Sharmat and produced by Arthur Lesser. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

Anna Russell—In a solo revue, "All by Myself." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Othello," with James Earl Jones. The second in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. Closes Saturday, Aug. 1.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Around the World in 80 Days," a musical with a cast of two hundred headed by David Atkinson, Robert Clary, and Jan McArt. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

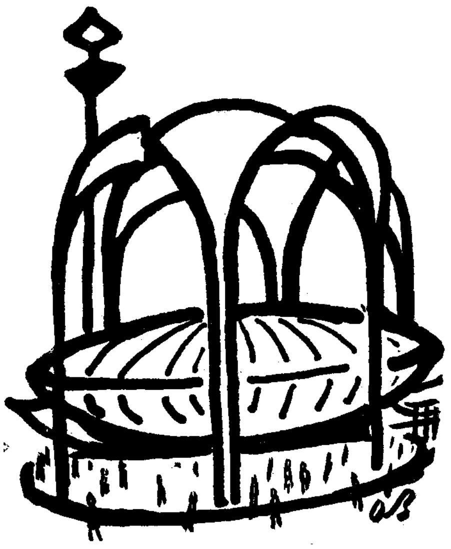
DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—*Pat Boone, master of the rising-*young-executive manner, can walk, talk, sing, and spring better than most of his compeers, so (except for a derelict ballad about his family life) he makes good midsummer hammock listening and looking. He sets foot on the stage of the Royal Box at dinner and supper every night but Sunday. On Monday, July 27, he will be succeeded by Phyllis Diller, our country's noisiest (and funniest) Calamity Jane. The prevalent dance music will keep on prevailing.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The restaurant's wall flowers are vast enough to make anyone feel Lilliputian, but the music is just normal life-size. George Anaya's little band, which is Latin and American, does it menu style from eight to ten and prancing style from then until one. No music on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The cast of this summer theatre is subject to change without notice. For details, see the daily columnists. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra play dance music to encourage anyone for whom pageantry is not enough. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—If this really is Life on the Mississippi, it is not a bad way to live, especially for anyone fond of gilt and plush. On the veranda deck, Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and his Riverboat Ramblers play in-memoriam and up-to-the-minute music for dancing Mondays through Thursdays from seven to twelve and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. No music Sundays.



New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—The Seven Hills, a nice try at doing what the Romans do, improves its own effective scenery with I Cavalieri di Roma, a seven-man dance band (nearly all strings), which in turn improves its music with the all-for-love chanting of Dino Palermo. Eight to one every night but Sunday and Monday is the gamut.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, a dignified little duchy, a Ben Cutler band is in great good humor every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Monique Van Vooren, a bit of Belgian bedazzlement, regards the words and music she declaims with deliberate detachment. 'Tis pity, though, that she is not also detached from the troupe of acolytes who surround her. On Monday, July 27, another oriole takes over—Shani Wallis, a Britisher who looked and sounded just dandy in this very room two years ago. Once a night during the week, twice on Saturdays is the songbirds' regimen. Milt Shaw's big band and Mark Monte's gadflies are around all the time. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play crumpets-and-scones music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. They're off duty Mondays. . . . ¶ A luxurious dessert and any drink in the house await the visitor between eight and one (except Sundays) in the Palm Court, transformed by the magic of light into an esplanade in Lugano, with real Lugano violin by Gunnar Hansen.

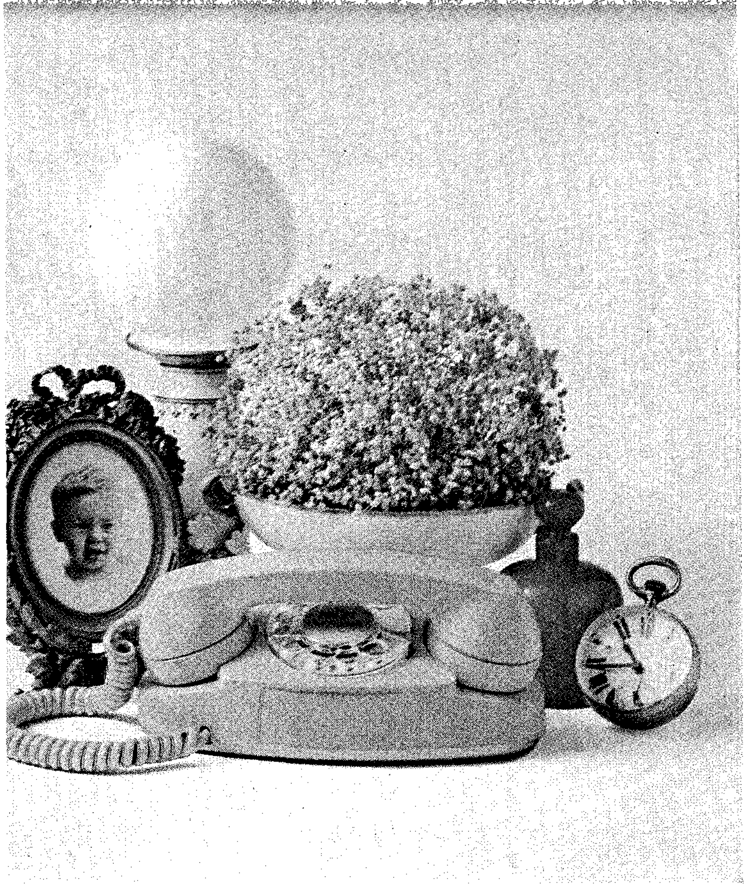
St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Once again, this top of the world is in the pink—the late Joseph Urban's pet decorative hue. Under the heaven he erected, Charles Turecamo's band and Quintero's Latins make merry music. Closed Sundays.

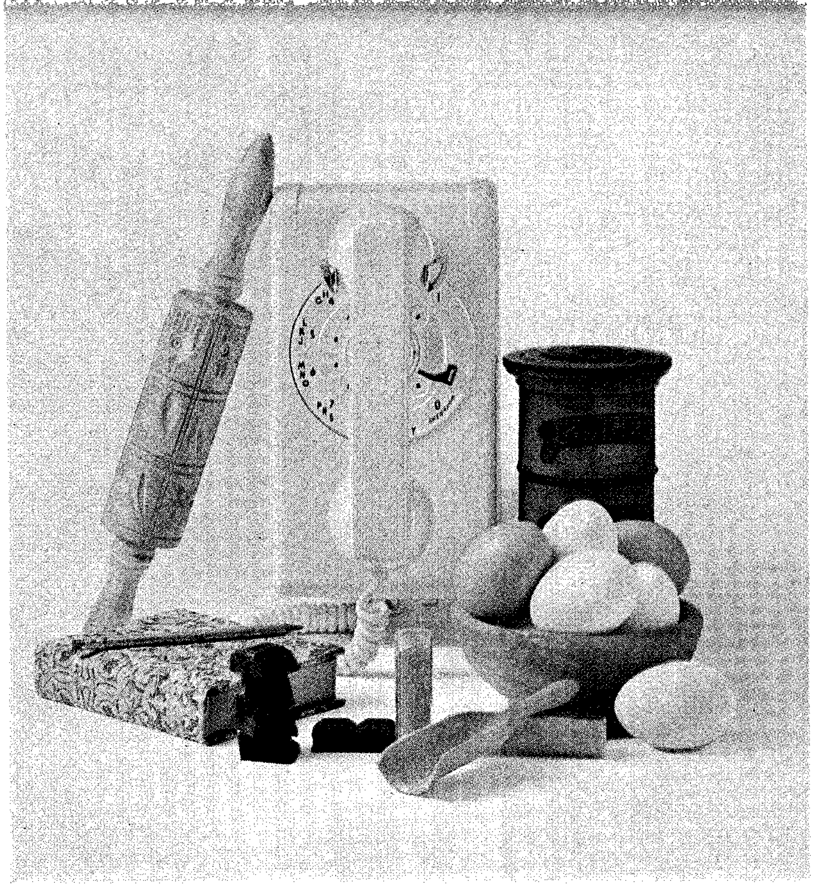
Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—In this tongue-in-cheek restoration of Cairo's celebrated Shepheard's, the pharaohs could have lived like—well, kings. The dancing girls, though, and their partners have come from no farther away than Park Avenue, and their dances must have come from "West Side Story." The music is electronic but lacy, the hours are eight to four, and there are no days off.

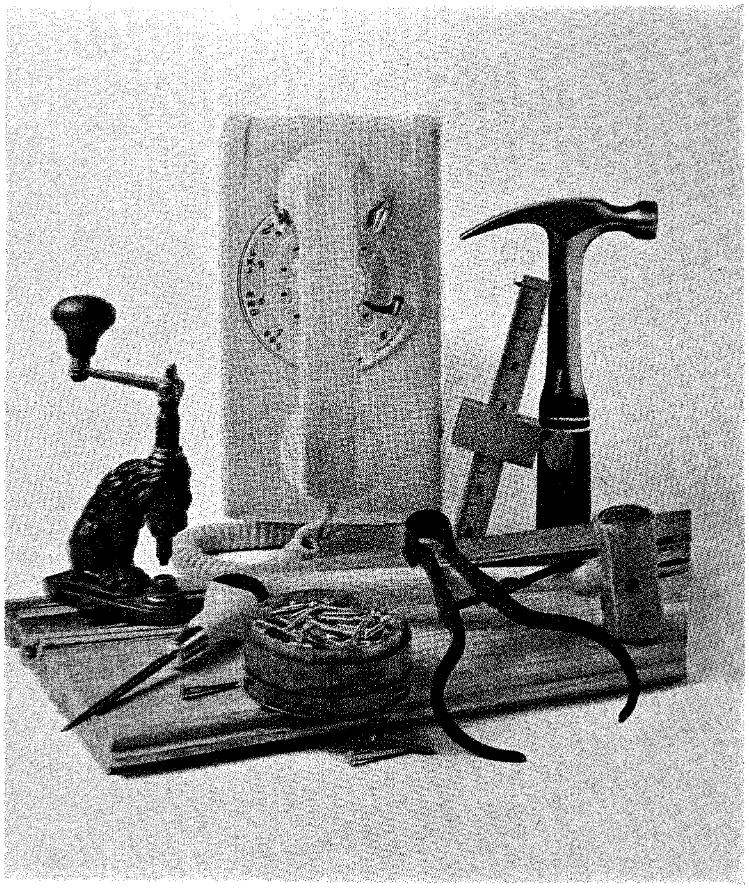
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Open house, open forum for a whole lot of mutual friends. Another part of the sound department is as follows: Sam Hamilton is at the piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders perform thereafter as soloists until suppertime, when they converge as upbeat, double-deck pianists. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The perils of Pauline as Puccini saw them take place (by virtue of a minute opera company) bare inches from your dinner or supper table, but the results are more romantic than anything else. Thursday through Saturday, there is also casual dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **Le Caprice**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Bobby Short is the life of the party that, starting at ten-thirty, centers on his piano, songs, and trio. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his men-at-arms, and Otis Clements's piano fills in any blank spots. Jules Kuti opens the piano cover at five-thirty and plays until nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Ambassador**, in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): From seven to one, which is enough for the most lackadaisical diner, Ray Hartley uses his piano to transpose the tunes of the day into an idiom that is his alone. This takes place every night but Sunday. . . . **Downstairs at the Upstairs**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Fridays and Saturdays, Mabel Mercer is giving the world's very best arias the benefit of her years of experience in what touches the heart. Sam Hamilton, it must go without saying, is her pianist. Tee-off time is ten-thirty. . . . **Château Henri IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Brothers Grimm had something to do with the interior decoration of this playful pageant. Through it strolls Norbert Faconi, his thine-is-my-heart-alone fiddle always tucked under his chin. No sound on Sundays. . . . **King Henri IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The set would do for a London Christ-







PHONES MAKE THE 4 CORNERS OF YOUR HOME MORE LOVELY AND LIVABLE

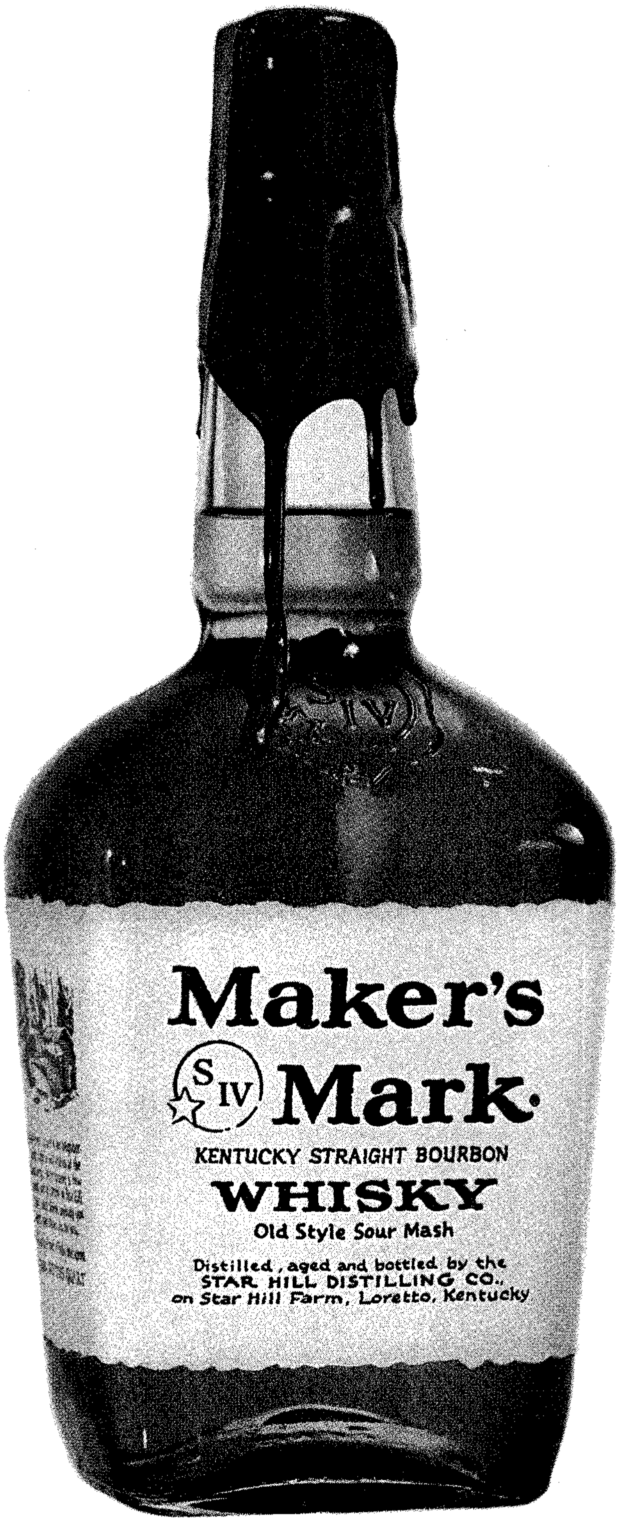
You'll enjoy the spaciousness of your home all the more with colorful extension phones conveniently placed to save you and all your family time and steps.

And, whatever the room, there's a phone just made for it: the lovely, light-up Princess for your bedroom, the handsome desk phone for den or family room and the space-saving wall phone for kitchen or workshop.

For telephones in modern colors and moderate cost, just call your Bell Telephone Business Office . . . or ask your telephone man.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Serving you


Maker's
S IV
Mark
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON
WHISKY
Old Style Sour Mash
Distilled, aged and bottled by the
STAR HILL DISTILLING CO.,
on Star Hill Farm, Loretto, Kentucky

Not for everyman.

Some people couldn't care less how whisky tastes. They shouldn't pay the price for a bourbon as uncommonly good as Maker's Mark. It's made expensively; by hand; in small amounts and flavored with home-grown wheat to make it softer. Maker's Mark is the soft spoken bourbon you can stay with. Bill Samuels, a fourth generation distiller, makes it on his farm near Loretto, Kentucky—but not for everyman. Send for Free Booklet: "Why Maker's Mark is the Softest Spoken of the Bourbons."

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY OLD STYLE SOUR MASH 90 PROOF DISTILLED AGED AND BOTTLED BY STAR HILL DISTILLING CO., STAR HILL FARM, LORETTO, KY.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

mas pantomime of the lives of kings. The orchestra in the pit is George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin. No music Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Land of Goshen for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet wandering minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): High life, but on its best behavior, to which Addison Bailey's piano contributes high-life but best-behaved tunes during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Via Veneto in all its hustle and bustle. A squadron of violinists patrols the full length of the street. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The décor of the refectory is Renaissance with an unlimited expense account; the music—the calm but poignant guitar of Gustavo Lopez—is largely a love letter to Spain. No music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A personable brigade of young career girls and boys who belong to television and the adjacent arts find surcease from their travail in this *art-moderne* apartment. They also find a robust jazz trio. No music Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (•PL 9-4100): Rack Godwin, who has always had designs on a piano, is demonstrating the choicest of his collection on the instrument in the Regency Room cocktail lounge. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): You expect the real Henry James to stand up at any moment in this dining-in-state and dining-in-the-nineties restaurant, part of which is open-air. In the bar, there's piano from five to seven-thirty and nine to two every evening but Sunday. . . . **MICHELANGELO,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A scattering of musicians makes the sound that goes with the neat but not gaudy Italian school of cookery. A piano starts soliloquizing at five, and Joe Candullo's dance trio starts at nine-thirty. Fridays and Saturdays, a couple of voices join in. It's all family style, but with the greatest of dignity. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A complete cast of characters, from Shubert Alley to Sutton Place, is in stock. At the south end of the pavilion, a dance trio gets to work at nine every night. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The waves that beat on this segment of the Gold Coast are the tiny ones stirred up by the piano of George Feyer. His tenure is eight-thirty until one or two. Closes for the summer on Friday, July 24. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Tuesday, July 28, is reopening day for this enterprise, a Budapest that was not built in a day. Tibor Rakossy, who sings Hungarian sentimentalities, and the zimbalons, the fiddlers, and the sopranos will all be at the ready. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): Dim are the lights, dark is the panelling, and dark are the Russian eyes that Marina Fedorovskaya, the clear-as-a-bell and unmannered innkeeper, sings of between seven-thirty and two. The air is Russian (Imperial), too; so are the ruminative piano and violin; so is the chef. Closed Mondays. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): The piano, which (manned by two operators) goes quietly about its business from five-thirty to three, never tries to rewrite the nation's songs—rather a novelty these nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The wickedest woman in all Paris of the Jane Avril era is played and sung by Rita Dimitri, the proprietor of this café, with all the pertinent nuances and implications. She appears at dinner, and on Fridays and Saturdays at supper, too. There's music the rest of the time, some of it, by Kurt Maier's trio, for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLACE LAUTREC,** in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): Small wonders are worked by Mario Peralta as he cows into submission a mile-wide bandonion, which is a giant, economy-size concertina of vast possibilities. He wanders about the dining tables from cocktails until ten. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN,** Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Daphne Hellman, who knows that golden hair is the proper setting for a golden harp, presents both commodities between seven and nine every evening but Saturday in the terraced Crown Restaurant, a fifth-floor project. Gerald Goodman is the Saturday harpist.

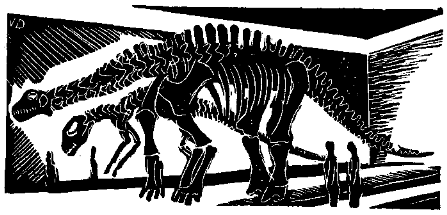
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Not at all the sort of doll's house Ibsen had in mind, for this one is occupied by vigorous young ladies whose sole mental problem is how few clothes they need wear for their extremely athletic evenings onstage. Two wonderful pantomime acts—the Carsony Brothers and the Alcettys—as well as a turbulent Argentine corps de ballet and the Lettermen, Jack Benny's old glee club, are likewise on hand. The one dismal moment is the mugging by the Bernard Brothers, who have not even a bowing acquaintance with taste. Dancing for the guests is also permissible. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Every syllable of the *bel canto* turned in by the noble little Roman named Enzo Stuarti can be heard in the peanut gallery of the Colosseum, quite possibly even when he is in New York. Also around: one of those shoot-from-the-hip wits and the Copa ballerinas, now oddly encased in Jean Harlow wigs. On Thursday, July 30, a new carnival is due. Roberta Sherwood, a singer of the old-time *furioso* school, will be its ringleader. Dancing. . . . ¶ Up in the lounge, Erskine Hawkins' quartet and the Ink Spots (yes, the Ink Spots) ramble from ten to four every night of the week.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Not every prospect pleases the authors of "Baker's Dozen," Julius Monk's revue, which has an unkind and well-rhymed word for everything that stands in the way of communal happiness. The faultless Gerry Matthews is the ringleader; his chief helpmeets are Nagle Jackson, Jamie Ross, and Barbara Cason, an actress of great quality; the sophomores—all deserving a good word, too—are Jan Templeton, Ruth Buzzi, and Richard Blair. The band is the pianos of Carl Norman, Robert Colston, and Paul Trueblood. Exhibitions at eight-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): For Spain, the forecast is sunny and warmer whenever the glee club and marching band called Los Chavales de España enter the back room. Their words are put into flamenco action by the feet of Isabella and Miguel. Dinner and supper are their usual post times, but on Saturday nights they add a 2 A.M. tempest, and on Sundays they rampage only at ten-thirty. Emilio Reyes' band, which also gives the customers a chance to unwind, can incite almost to riot. The Sunday afternoon-into-evening tea dances are just as tumultuous. . . . ¶ In the neighborly alcove off the bar, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpatico* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's flamenco arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Nice is the going here, principally on account of Isobel Robins, a dandelion soprano full of hue and cry, and Danny Meehan, who stops in after "Funny Girl" to prance through some peppery ballads. The music is Warren Vaughn, Averill Pollard, and the long-lost Norene Tate, who still sings at her piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AU GO GO,** 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): A new variant on the game of Who's on First, called Who's on Stage? Through Saturday, July 25, it should be Vaughn Meader, manfully assuming the burdens that some of our political parties have sluffed off, and Tobi Reynolds, whose dark good looks enhance her darkling arias. This, though, should be verified at the last minute by a dime phone call. It is, however, a known fact that nothing more vigorous than coffee is available.



MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE GATE, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Dizzy Gillespie, who has for centuries observed the world of jazz through the sights of his homemade blowgun, has crisp commentaries (spoken as well as instrumental) to offer on the passing scene. Between times, he runs a quintet. America's Children, a set of folksters almost too small to fry, are present, too, and so is Flip Wilson, a *comme-ci, comme-ça* humorist. Mondays are outsiders' nights. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Great guns, wielded by Count Basie and his troupe, along with a minor report by the much smaller trio of Joe Bushkin. Wednesday, July 29, is their last night. Closed Sundays. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The team of Jim, Jake & Joan, which exhibits a wisdom and wit well beyond its meagre years, retires on Sunday, July 26; Joan Toliver, who is fond of rural song, retires next evening. The new arrivals, on Wednesday, July 29, will be the Bitter End Singers, said to be ragtime, and Bill Cosby, who is making his uncertain way into the realm of humor. The regulars are always off duty Tuesdays. Coffee is the most powerful brew permitted on the premises. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): You can't tell the players without the program, which is always a crash one. Late afternoons, the music issues not from templed hills and rocks and rills but from rocks and rolls; evenings, Woody Herman's caterwauling Herd and Red Allen's musketeers are the responsible parties. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Joe Williams, baying the blues at a cruel moon (one that shows him no quarter), is the major sound effect. Les McCann's trio is audible, too. On Thursday, July 30, the fivesome belonging to Miles Davis will inherit Mr. W.'s spot, and John Coltrane's foursome will arrive the same night. Jam sessions Mondays, when the standing army is out of action. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The rotation-of-crops system that prevails here removes the Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet on Thursday, July 30, so that the Art Farmer quartet, of which Jim Hall is a part, can move in next evening. The crops, nourished by latter-day chemicals, are often odd. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): One is never quite sure what Charlie Mingus expects of himself and his co-workers, but enough of it comes through to make one sit up late and take notice. His sextet is in action every night but Monday, when a quartet headed by David Amram assumes command. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Lang syne, some of it auld and some of it more recent, is being attended to by Peanuts Hucko, Bob Haggart, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, and Dave McKenna with befitting enthusiasm. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the celebrated oval bar sits the supreme Mary Lou Williams, an intense, devout, sometimes demoniac, and always true-blue pianist. Her trio gets to work at ten, and is on the premises every night but Monday. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): During the week, Cliff Jackson holds down the piano in an enterprise designed to house displaced musicians from the midtown rifle ranges. Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton are his lively aides. No music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The

I. MAGNIN & CO. SAN FRANCISCO • OAKLAND
PALO ALTO • SANTA CLARA • CARMEL • SACRAMENTO
FRESNO • PORTLAND • SEATTLE • BEVERLY HILLS
LOS ANGELES • PASADENA • SAN FERNANDO VALLEY
SANTA ANA • LA JOLLA • SANTA BARBARA • PHOENIX

I. MAGNIN & CO
LIKES
THIS
LOOK...

CHECKED FOR SUMMER INTO FALL...THIS STEP-IN DRESS BY LORDS IN VIYELLA, A WRINKLE-FREE IMPORTED BLEND OF WOOL AND COTTON. BLACK-AND-WHITE OR GOLD-AND-WHITE, 10 TO 20 SIZES 56.00

MAIL ORDERS (ADD 55¢ FOR SHIPPING) TO UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO OR TO 3240 WILSHIRE, LOS ANGELES OR TELEPHONE YOUR NEAREST I. MAGNIN & CO STORE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

boys with the banjos on their knees (there are three on the stand here, and they call themselves the Banjokers) are leading their Susannahs not to the wild frontier but back to the primitive beginnings of American jazz. Their plunking, which runs from nine to three or four every night, is complemented by beer, peanuts, and not especially ancient come-as-you-are devotees. . . . **RED GARTER**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Another easy-life brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney, weird, wild, and sort of wonderful, plays piano and organ, and sings, too, after ten o'clock. Closed Sundays. . . . **BROKEN DRUM**, 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Wilbur de Paris's band, which involves Sidney de Paris and Garvin Bushell, plays many a restorative measure on behalf of the *ancien régime* in music. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Henry Moore—Early and recent sculptures; through Friday, July 31. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Reuben Nakian—Four large sculptures; through Aug. 28. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sculptures—A selection of modern works, from Rodin to Calder; through Friday, July 31. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Art Dealers Association of America—The second annual summer show by more than fifty member galleries. It consists of over a hundred and fifty paintings, drawings, sculptures, and graphics, ranging in style from the Eight and the School of Paris to pop art. Through Saturday, Aug. 1. (Parke-Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS**, 41 E. 65th St.: A travelling exhibition of paintings and sculptures by Elmer Bischoff, Al Jensen, Robert Mallary, and other contemporaries; through Wednesday, July 29. (Open Saturdays, 1 to 5.) . . . **ART STUDENTS LEAGUE**, 215 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by twenty-five artists associated with the League make up an exhibition called "American Masters, from Eakins to Pollock;" through Aug. 26. . . . **BANFER**, 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings by members of the gallery, including Margo Hoff, Jared French, and Maurice Grosser; through Saturday, Aug. 1. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays, 10 to 4.) . . . **BYRON**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings by such artists as Jane Wilson, Willem de Kooning, and Costantino Nivola; through Friday, July 31. . . . **DURLACHER**, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.: Some of the artists in this showing of paintings are Richard Mayhew, Gordon Russell, and Pavel Tchelitchew; through Friday, July 24. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Watercolors, landscapes, and figures by Chen Chi, Henry Gasser, John Pike, and others; through Friday, July 31. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS**, 8 W. 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures by eight members of the gallery, among them Kenneth Campbell, Lamar Dodd, and Victor Candell; through Aug. 31. (Closed mornings.) . . . **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Adolph Gottlieb, Robert Motherwell, and Jacques Lipchitz; through Friday, July 31. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, John Singer Sargent, and Adolf Dehn are three of the artists represented in an exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings; through Thursday, July 30. . . . **SLOAN**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by members of the Hudson River School, including Albert Bierstadt, Jasper Francis Cropsey, and Homer D. Martin; through Thursday, July 30. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: California painters, among them David Park, Joan Brown, and Richard Diebenkorn; through Sept. 19.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, collages, and sculptures by David Hockney, Bruce Conner, Reuben Tam, and others; through Friday, July 31. (Closed mornings.) . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Paintings from 1949 to the present by such artists as Jackson Pollock, Alberto Burri, and Larry Rivers; through Aug. 14. (Closed mornings.) . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: "Joys of Summer," a display of pictures by Ralph Blakelock, George Inness, and Paul Sérusier (to name a few); through Aug. 31. . . . **TIME & LIFE BUILDING EXHIBITION CENTER**, Rockefeller Center: "Mother and Child in Modern Art," consisting of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints by Mary Cassatt, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Matisse, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through Aug. 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 7.) . . . **WASHINGTON SQUARE GALLERIES**, 530 W. Broadway: The opening exhibition is composed of works in a variety of mediums by, among others, Ben Nicholson, Jean Tinguely, and Jack Tworkov; through Sept. 30. (Daily, noon to midnight. Admission is $1.) . . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Hans Hofmann, Pierre Soulages, and Alberto Giacometti are three of the exhibitors in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Sept. 25.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings and drawings by French moderns, including Miró, Chagall, and Giacometti; through Friday, July 24. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: "European Mainstreams," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by (for example) Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, and Pol Bury; through Friday, July 31. . . . **SLATKIN**, 115 E. 92nd St.: "Fair Ladies" as depicted in eighteenth- to twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Boucher, Morisot, Degas, Rodin, and others; through Friday, July 31. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: An exhibition of paintings by sixteenth- to twentieth-century French masters, among them Charles Lebrun, Delacroix, and Gauguin; through Sept. 12.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

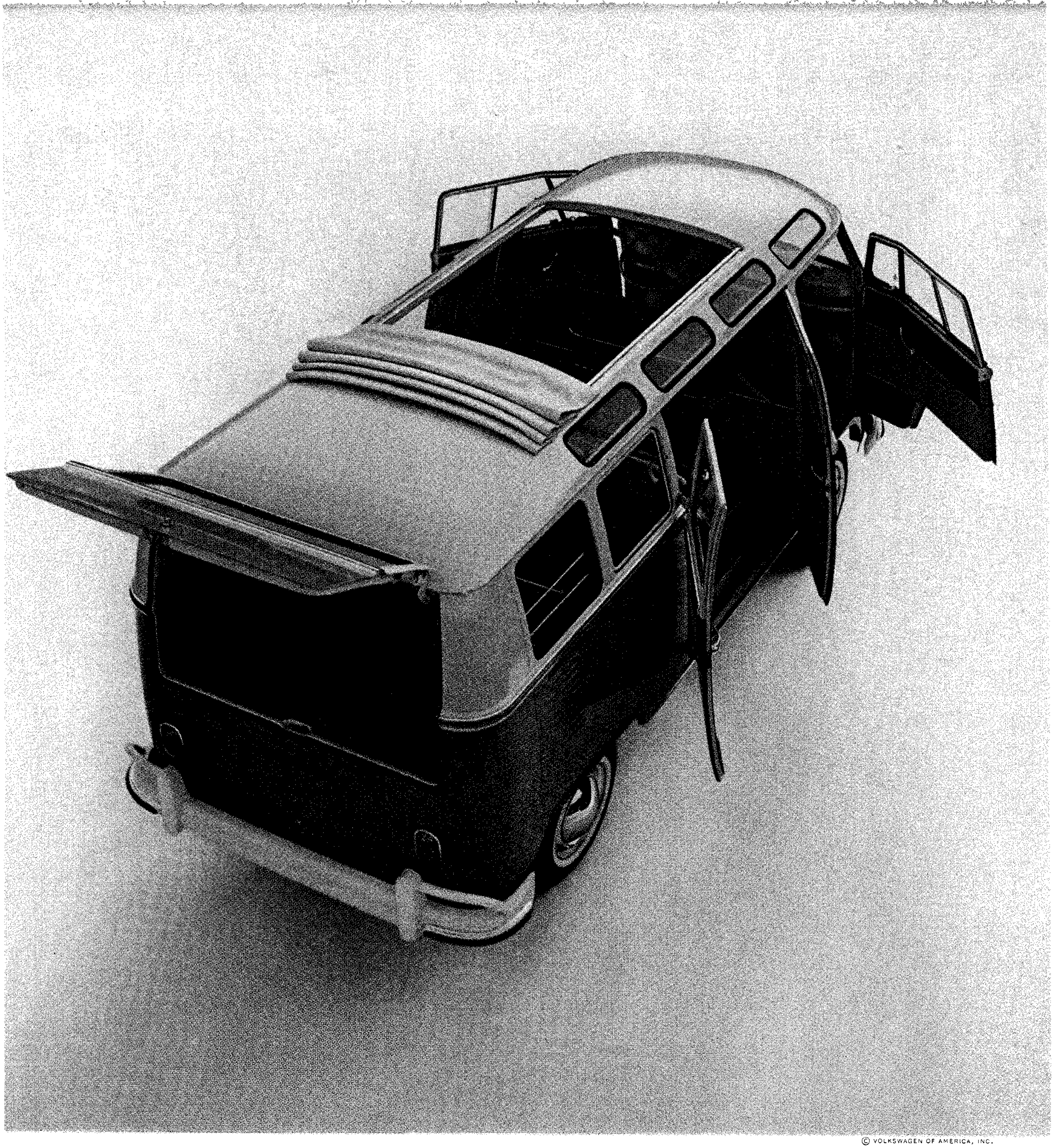
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"World's Fairs—The Architecture of Fantasy," an exhibit of prints and photographs covering sixteen expositions and focussing on such structures as London's Crystal Palace in 1851, the Eiffel Tower for the Paris Fair in 1889, and the 1939 New York World's Fair's Trylon and Perisphere; through Oct. 18. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Art in a Changing World: 1884-1964" is the theme of seven exhibitions marking the opening of the new galleries and enlarged sculpture garden. Twelve hundred works from the Museum's collections are on view, including American and European paintings and sculptures (Cézanne and Rodin to the present), drawings and prints (Seurat, Chagall, Leonard Baskin, and others), architecture and design, and photographs. . . . ¶ Temporary loan exhibitions include "The Photographer's Eye," through Aug. 23; "American Painters as New Lithographers," through Sept. 30; and "Twentieth-Century Engineering," through Sept. 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Post-Impressionist paintings and sculptures (by Renoir, Modigliani, Lipchitz, and others) from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings from the period 1860 to 1950 (James McNeill Whistler to Edward Hopper and Morris Graves) from the collection of Daniel and Rita Fraad; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ The fourteenth national print exhibition, consisting of a hundred and sixty-five examples by artists (among them Boris Margo, Sam Francis, and Seong Moy) from thirty states; through Aug. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of Nepal," a showing of fifth- to early-nineteenth-century sculptures, paintings, and manuscripts; through Aug. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Book illustrations, magazine covers, and



© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

There are some gaping holes in our theory.

The theory behind the Volkswagen Station Wagon is simple: the box.

And inside the box there is almost twice as much room as there is in a regular station wagon.

Now. What kind of dumb theory would give you all that extra room and no extra way of getting to it?

So we punched our theory full of holes.

One on the side is 4 feet wide.

(That way, you don't have to lose your mind trying to angle, say, a rocker around a doorpost.)

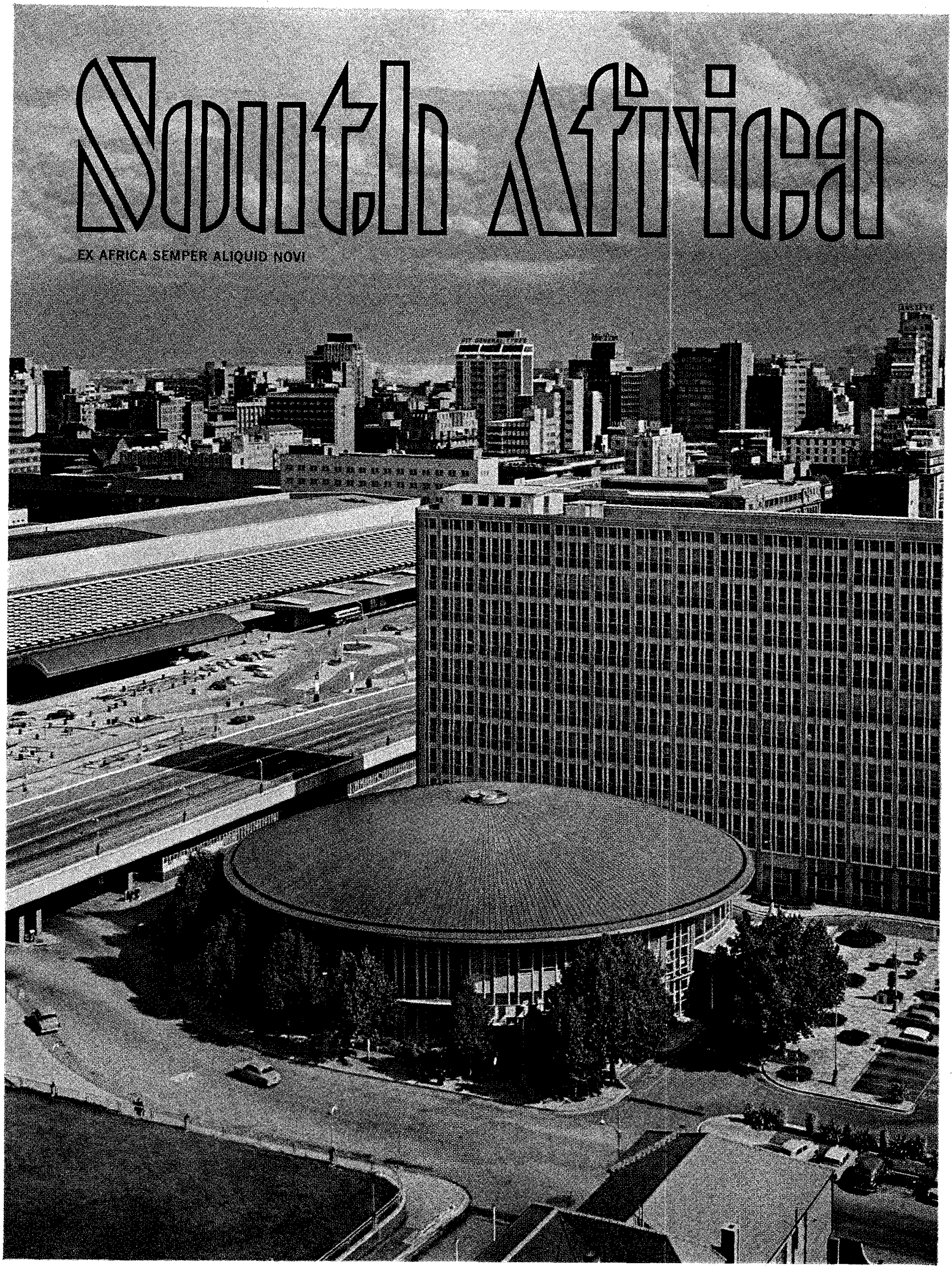
And our back door is too big to fit through the back door of a regular wagon.

If you'd like to just sit back and enjoy all the extra room, there are 21 windows of assorted sizes, and one very large sunroof.

And that can turn a very routine trip to a supermarket into a picnic.

If you measured it, you'd find that there are more holes than theory.

That's the theory.


South Africa
EX AFRICA SEMPER ALIQUID NOVI

Consult your Travel Agent. For beautifully illustrated literature, write to South African Tourist Corporation at the address nearer to you: 610 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10020 / 9465 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California 90212

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 25: The First Chamber Dance Quartet, La Meri, and Roberto Ximenez and Manolo Vargas. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 1: Sonia Arova and Roderick Drew, Erick Hawkins and his dance company, and Roberto Ximenez and Manolo Vargas. (Lee, Mass. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées Fridays and Saturdays at 3.) . . . AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL: Ruth Currier and her dance company, and Paul Draper. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn. Saturday, July 25, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Washington, Thursday, July 23, at 6. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Milwaukee, Friday, July 24, at 8; Saturday, July 25, at about 2 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1:15, and will include a couple of innings involving Bob Feller, Lefty Gomez, and other major-league players who participated in the 1939 All-Star game at Yankee Stadium); and Sunday, July 26, at 1:05 (doubleheader) . . . . ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Tuesday through Thursday, July 28-30, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Friday, July 31, at 6, and Saturday, Aug. 1, at 2.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, July 24: José Stable vs. Gabe Terronez, welterweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, July 31: Dick Tiger vs. José Gonzalez, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Polo—At Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 1. The Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 25, and the Lexington Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 1. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 8. The Choice, Saturday, July 25, and the Sorority, Saturday, Aug. 1. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Soccer—International Soccer League—Sunday, July 26, at 2:15: AEK vs. Schwechater and Gornik vs. Red Star. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 29, at 8:30: First game of the two-game 1964 championship playoffs. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, July 25, at 1.

Tennis—Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Monday through Sunday, July 27-Aug. 2.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, July 29. . . . ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30, from Thursday, July 30, through Monday, Sept. 28. (Special trains will leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 24.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Through Saturday, July 25.) . . . ¶ Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass. Saturday, July 25, through Saturday, Aug. 1.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 8:45, and Saturdays and Sundays from 9 to 4:45.

Presenting an Exhibit of

INTERNATIONAL TABLE SETTINGS

by the following
distinguished hostesses

ARGENTINA:	*Senora Lucio Garcia del Solar*, wife of the Deputy Permanent Representative of Argentina to the United Nations
BRAZIL:	*Madame Andre T. de Mesquita*, wife of the Minister Plenipotentiary of Brazil to the United Nations
CANADA:	*Mrs. Harry A. Scott*, wife of the Consul General of Canada
CHINA:	*Mrs. Chipping H. C. Kiang*, wife of the Minister Plenipotentiary of China to the United Nations
FEDERAL REPUBLIC OF GERMANY:	*Dr. Haide Russell*, Consul for Cultural Affairs of the German Consulate General
FRANCE:	*Madame Roger Seydoux*, wife of the Permanent Representative of France to the United Nations
GREECE:	*Mrs. Elizabeth G. Gavas*, wife of the Consul General of Greece
INDIA:	*Mrs. B. N. Chakravarty*, wife of the Permanent Representative of India to the United Nations
INDONESIA:	*Mrs. L. N. Palar*, wife of the Permanent Representative of Indonesia to the United Nations
ISRAEL:	*Mrs. Joan Comay*, wife of the Permanent Representative of Israel to the United Nations
ITALY:	*Marchesa Corinna Cordero di Montezemolo*, wife of the Consul General of Italy
JAPAN:	*Mrs. Fumihiko Togo*, wife of the Consul General of Japan
NIGERIA:	*Mrs. E. O. Sanu*, wife of the Counsellor of Nigeria to the United Nations
SPAIN:	*Senora Milagro Gallago de Aznar*, wife of the Permanent Representative of Spain to the United Nations
SWEDEN:	*Mrs. Britt-Marie Huss Hedin*, wife of the Deputy Permanent Representative of Sweden to the United Nations
TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO:	*Lady Ellis Clarke*, wife of the Permanent Representative of Trinidad and Tobago to the United Nations
UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC:	*Mrs. Ahmad Khalil*, wife of the Counsellor of the United Arab Republic to the United Nations
UNITED KINGDOM:	*Mrs. Roger Jackling*, wife of the Deputy Permanent Representative of the United Kingdom to the United Nations
U.S.A.:	*Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke*, wife of the Chief of Protocol of the United States of America
"OUTER SPACE":	*Mrs. James Webb*, wife of the Administrator of the National Aeronautic and Space Administration

TIFFANY & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Becket—Unlikely as it sounds, this is a highly colored spectacular with wit and charm, starring Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Best Man—A very exciting melodrama about politics, directed by Franklin Schaffner, and starring Henry Fonda, Cliff Robertson, and Lee Tracy. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 25. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through July 28. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through July 28, tentative.)

Cleopatra—Oh, go ahead and see it. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb—A nightmare comedy, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through July 28, tentative. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting July 29, tentative.)

The Easy Life—Vittorio Gassman depicts a good-looking rogue in eruption on the sunny seacoast of Italy. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; July 24-27. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

The Fall of the Roman Empire—Stephen Boyd, Sophia Loren, Alec Guinness, and Christopher Plummer in a costume drama of unimpeachable implausibility. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—The first Cinerama comedy. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays through Fridays at 2, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

Mafioso—A laughing-on-the-outside, crying-on-the-inside glimpse into the workings of the Honored Society, here and in Sicily. Alberto Sordi, as the funny, eloquent hero, and Alberto Lattuada, the director, deserve equal credit for the film's success. (Rialto, B'way at 42nd, LO 5-9795. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through July 28. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting July 29.)

The Organizer—An extraordinary re-creation of a struggle for social justice in nineteenth-century Italy. Marcello Mastroianni is the star. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through July 28.)

The Servant—Dirk Bogarde is brilliant as the corrupter of an upper-class young man who begins as a master and ends as a slave. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Seven Days in May—As thrilling a melodrama as you could hope to see, in which the country is nearly kidnapped by a Fascist-minded military cabal. Starring Fredric March, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, and Ava Gardner. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through July 28.)

A Shot in the Dark—Peter Sellers splendidly inept as a French policeman determined to keep a pretty doxy from having her head chopped off for killing her lover. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Tom Jones—A joyous embodiment of the Fielding novel, written by John Osborne and directed by Tony Richardson and acted with raffish high spirits by Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, and a seeming hundred more. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200.)

The Troublemaker—A lively stroll through Greenwich Village in company with a chicken farmer from New Jersey who wants to set up a coffeehouse where intellectual airs can flow freely. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through July 28.)

The World of Henry Orient—Two attractive junior misses race about New York discomfiting a pianistic poseur. The girls are played by Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth and the poseur by Peter Sellers, and they're all splendid. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; July 26-28.)

Yanco—A delightful and never sentimental fairy tale about a small Mexican boy who lives only for music. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow—Mindless, cheerful nonsense in a three-part Italian comedy starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Zulu—A marvellous colonial Western. The combatants are the English and the Zulus, the place is Natal, and the time 1879. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 29.)

REVIVALS

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's poetic account of a young barge captain on the Seine. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; July 23.)

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 28.)

Bad Day at Black Rock (1955)—Spencer Tracy as a mysterious stranger who visits a California cowtown and throws the place into the jitters. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 28.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting July 28. No afternoon performances.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; and 57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; July 23. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 25.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 24-27.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; July 23. No afternoon performances.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 24-27.)

A Damsel in Distress (1937)—Comedy, music, and dancing, with Fred Astaire, Joan Fontaine, and Burns and Allen. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 27.)

Divorce—Italian Style (1962)—A farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; starting July 29.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 24. . . . ¶ New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting July 28. No afternoon performances.)

The Great Chase (1962)—A medley of old movie chases, running from 1903 to 1927. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting July 29.)

A Hatful of Rain (1957)—An adaptation of the play about drug addiction. Don Murray and Eva Marie Saint. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 23, last showing at 4:07.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, and Anthony Quinn in an account of two years in the life of a twentieth-century hero. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; through July 25.)

The Living Desert (1953)—Walt Disney's nature film on the flora and fauna of our Western deserts. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through July 27.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 28.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' treatment of the Tarkington novel. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 24.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The English screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. With Wendy Hiller. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through July 28.)

Le Million (1931)—A René Clair farce. In French, with Annabella. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; starting July 24.)

Miracle in Milan (1951)—An Italian comedy about a boy who turns the local shantytown into a popular residential area. Directed by Vittorio De Sica. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; July 23.)

Monsieur Verdoux (1947)—Charlie Chaplin interpreting the career of M. Landru, the French Bluebeard. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Night and Fog (1962)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 28.)

Picnic on the Grass (1960)—Jean Renoir wrote, produced, and directed this pagan rite. Paul Meurisse plays a professor of science who forgets science at the sight of a good-looking girl in her skin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 27.)

Port of Shadows (1939)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront of Le Havre. In French. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; starting July 24.)

The Quiet One (1949)—The documentary story of a young colored boy in Harlem. Made in Manhattan by a group of amateurs. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 25.)

Rouge et Noir (1958)—The Stendhal novel, with Gérard Philipe and Danielle Darrieux. A French film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 24.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—Slapstick in the Mack Sennett manner, with Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, and Marilyn Monroe. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 25.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; July 23. No afternoon performances.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Tennessee Williams' story of a dishevelled New Orleans family. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 23.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A French picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 26.)

The Sundowners (1960)—About a group of Australian sheep-drovers, with Robert Mitchum, Deborah Kerr, and Peter Ustinov. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 23, last showing at 1:54.)

Swing Time (1936)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing away to Kern tunes. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 27.)

The Thin Man (1934)—William Powell and Myrna Loy in the Dashiell Hammett mystery. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 25.)

White Wilderness (1958)—Life among the ice floes, as interpreted by Walt Disney. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; starting July 28.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—A forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy of life among schoolchildren, written and directed by Jean Vigo. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; July 23.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The auditorium, now closed for refurbishing, will reopen on Saturday, Aug. 1.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
A SHOT IN THE DARK.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"How the West Was Won," revival.

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Circus World," John Wayne, Claudia Cardinale. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through July 28: "The Killers," Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson.
From July 29: "One Potato, Two Potato," Barbara Barrie, Bernie Hamilton.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Marnie," Tippi Hedren, Sean Connery; and "Never Put It in Writing," Pat Boone.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"The Carpetbaggers," George Peppard, Carroll Baker.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (LO 5-9795)
MAFIOSO (in Italian).

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BECKET.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"The Insect Woman" (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Good Neighbor Sam," Jack Lemmon, Romy Schneider.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 28: **MAJOR BARBARA**, revival.
From July 29: To be announced.

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
July 23: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**, revival.
July 24-27: **THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian); and "Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.
From July 28: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and **BEAT THE DEVIL**, revival.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"The Killers," Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson; and "The Private Lives of Adam & Eve," Mickey Rooney, Mamie Van Doren.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 28: **THE BEST MAN**; and **SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.**
From July 29: **ZULU.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through July 28 (tentative): **THE BEST MAN**; and "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.
From July 29 (tentative): **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**; and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through July 28: **MAFIOSO** (in Italian).
From July 29: "One Potato, Two Potato," Barbara Barrie, Bernie Hamilton.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
TOM JONES.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through July 27: **THE LIVING DESERT**, revival; plus two Disney shorts.
From July 28: **WHITE WILDERNESS**, revival; plus two Disney shorts.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
A SHOT IN THE DARK.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Marnie," Tippi Hedren, Sean Connery; and "Never Put It in Writing," Pat Boone.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Good Neighbor Sam," Jack Lemmon, Romy Schneider.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
MONSIEUR VERDOUX, revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Good Neighbor Sam," Jack Lemmon, Romy Schneider.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
"Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Nothing But the Best," Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Los Tarantos" (in Spanish), Carmen Amaya.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-4130)
Through July 25: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA**, revival.
July 26-28: "Vertigo," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak.
From July 29: **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian), revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through July 28: **THE BEST MAN**; and "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.
From July 29: **MAFIOSO** (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 28 (tentative): **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.**
From July 29 (tentative): "The Long Ships," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier; and "Hey There It's Yogi Bear," a full-length cartoon.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
TOM JONES.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"The Killers," Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson; and "The Private Lives of Adam & Eve," Mickey Rooney, Mamie Van Doren.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 28: "7 Faces of Dr. Lao," Tony Randall, Barbara Eden; and "Shock Treatment," Stuart Whitman, Carol Lynley.
From July 29: "Hey There It's Yogi Bear," a full-length cartoon; and "The Quick Gun," Audie Murphy.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
July 23: **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, revival; and **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival.
July 24-27: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival.
From July 28: **M** (in German), revival; and **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 25: **THE BEST MAN**; and **SOME LIKE IT HOT**, revival.
July 26-28: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT**; and "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.
From July 29: **ZULU**; and **THE GREAT CHASE**, revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 28: **THE TROUBLEMAKER.**
From July 29: "The Cool World," Hampton Clanton.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through July 28: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian).
From July 29: "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 28: "7 Faces of Dr. Lao," Tony Randall, Barbara Eden; and "Shock Treatment," Stuart Whitman, Carol Lynley.
From July 29: "Hey There It's Yogi Bear," a full-length cartoon; and "The Quick Gun," Audie Murphy.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
TOM JONES.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through July 28: "McHale's Navy," Ernest Borgnine; and "Black Sabbath," Boris Karloff.
From July 29: **ZULU**; and "Doctor in Distress," Dirk Bogarde.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
July 23: **L'ATALANTE** and **ZERO FOR CONDUCT** (both in French and both revivals).
From July 24: **LE MILLION** and **PORT OF SHADOWS** (both in French and both revivals).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"The Carpetbaggers," George Peppard, Carroll Baker.

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
July 23: **THE BICYCLE THIEF** and **MIRACLE IN MILAN** (both in Italian and both revivals).
From July 24: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE SERVANT.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
YANCO, a Mexican film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Cartouche" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Claudia Cardinale.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
July 23 (last showing at 1:54): **THE SUNDOWNERS**, revival; and **A HATFUL OF RAIN**, revival.
July 23, at 7 and 9:30: "Blood and Sand" (silent), Rudolph Valentino; and "The General" (silent), Buster Keaton.
July 24: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and **THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS**, revival.
July 25: **THE THIN MAN**, revival; and "White Heat," revival, James Cagney, Virginia Mayo.
July 26: "Ride the High Country," revival, Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott; and "Wagonmaster," revival, Ben Johnson.
July 27: **A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS**, revival; and **SWING TIME**, revival.
July 28: **BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK**, revival; and "Sweet Smell of Success," revival, Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis.
July 29: "Yojimbo" and "The Hidden Fortress" (both revivals, in Japanese, with Toshiro Mifune).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 28: "Lady in a Cage," Olivia de Havilland, Ann Sothern; and "Come Blow Your Horn," Frank Sinatra, Lee J. Cobb.
From July 29: **ZULU**; and another feature, to be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 23: A program of nine short films on the dance—"Swan Lake," "The Nutcracker Suite," "Pavlova Dances," and others.
July 24: **ROUGE ET NOIR** (in French), revival; and "The Safety Match" (in Russian), revival.
July 25: **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival; and **THE QUIET ONE**, revival.
July 26: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French), revival; and "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.
July 27: **PICNIC ON THE GRASS** (in French), revival; and "Le Plaisir" (in French; also known as "House of Pleasure"), revival, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon.
July 28: **NIGHT AND FOG**, revival; and "The Leopard," revival, Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.
July 29: "Don Quixote," revival, Feodor Chaliapin; and "Cyrano de Bergerac," revival, José Ferrer, Mala Powers.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
TOM JONES.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Hours—Grounds open daily at 9 A.M.; individual exhibits from 10 A.M. to at least 10 P.M. Depending on the weather and the number of people still around, some exhibits stay open later; the Fair gates are closed at 2 A.M. . . . ¶ Nightly fireworks-water-music mixture at Fountain of Planets at about 9 P.M.

Admission—Adults $2, children (2-12) $1.

Children—Up to eight years old may be left in the Protestant and Orthodox Center's Children's Center ($1 per hour, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.); up to twelve years old in the Danish Pavilion's Tivoli Garden Playground (twenty-five cents an hour; fifty cents minimum).

Music—Guy Lombardo provides music for dancing at the Tiparillo Band Pavilion every night except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30.

Advice—Recently, more than two hundred thousand people a day have been going to the Fair, which means that it is always crowded, though the crowds are smaller after 7 P.M. Industrial exhibits such as General Motors, Ford, General Electric, Johnson's Wax, and I.B.M. are free, vary in quality, and are usually impossible to get into except at dinnertime, when the Fair's restaurants are impossible to get into. The exhibits in the Amusement Area are always possible to get into, but they cost money and are the least interesting at the Fair.

The best plan is to go to only one impossible exhibit a day, between six and nine in the evening. If that is impracticable, arrive at nine in the morning in order to have a good place in line by the time the exhibit opens at 10.

There are twenty-five-cent buses and Glide-a-ride trains that move slowly around the Fairgrounds; the fastest way to get from one place to another is to walk.

Most of the restaurants are relatively expensive. Some accept reservations, but otherwise the best time to try to get lunch is before twelve or after two, and dinner after nine.

A particularly good way to get to the Fair is on the Long Island Rail Road.

There isn't any good reason for going to the Fair on a Saturday.

Children like everything at the Fair.

TRANSPORTATION

Automobile—There are three Fair parking lots, with room for twenty thousand cars; $1.50 a day, with free bus shuttle to nearest Fair gate.

Trains—L.I.R.R. trains from Pennsylvania Station direct to Fair, 9 A.M. to 2 A.M. daily, leaving as soon as they're full (five to fifteen minutes) from Tracks 15 and 16. Twelve-minute trip; fifty cents each way.

Subways—Only the I.R.T. Flushing line goes directly to the Fair; frequent express trains from Times Square, Fifth Avenue, and Grand Central Station.

Buses—Gray Line buses direct to the Fair every fifteen minutes between 8:45 A.M. and 9 P.M.; from the Fair (Gate 4), on the half-hour between 11 A.M. and 2 A.M. They leave from 42nd Street and Tenth Avenue; 40th Street and Eleventh Avenue; Gimbels, 32nd Street, west of Sixth Avenue; Hotel Manhattan, 45th Street and Eighth Avenue; parking lot, 50th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue; and Hotel Lexington, 48th Street and Lexington. $1 each way.

Boats—Hydrofoils leave from the dock at the foot of East 26th Street every twenty minutes between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M. Fare $6 round trip; the run takes about twenty-five minutes, and a fifteen-cent bus ride to the Fairgrounds is necessary.

Helicopter—New York Airways helicopters leave Kennedy International Airport for the Fair approximately every hour between 10 A.M. and 10 P.M. Adults $6, children $3.

At the Fair—Buses and three-coach tractor trains slowly traverse the Fair, stopping at frequent stations; twenty-five cents a ride. . . . ¶ Motorized lounge chairs, driven by guides, seat four. Fares are $9 an hour for two people, $10 for three, $11 for four; minimum, $3 for twenty minutes. There is a special deal: $70 for eight hours. . . . ¶ Baby strollers $2 a day. Wheelchairs $4.50 a day. . . . ¶ Helicopters taking off from the Port Authority Heliport provide six-minute sightseeing tours of the Fair, adults $6.50, children $3.50.

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Some aspects of a few of the Fair's more than a hundred exhibits.)

CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT

African Pavilion—Twenty-four African countries are represented by displays of art and information, a short documentary film, frequent performances of music and dancing, and a small zoo. Adults $1.50; children fifty cents.

Automobile Companies—Both Ford and General Motors provide free rides into the future, and the Chrysler exhibits include a show about a talking carburetor, which children might enjoy.

Better Living Center—Among the pitchmen on the third floor is an excellent small exhibit of paintings and sculptures called Four Centuries of American Masterpieces. Admission fifty cents.

Du Pont—A commercial musical show followed by a series of chemical demonstrations goes on about forty times a day. Du Pont products are praised, and the waiting lines are long.

Dynamic Maturity—Included in this exhibit, which is sponsored by the National Retired Teachers Association and the American Association of retired persons, is a photograph of Walter Pidgeon.

Formica House—At the intersection of the Avenues of Research and Enterprise, there is a house constructed of and furnished with indestructible materials and inhabited by an invisible but garrulous family. The moral of it all is that a house is a love story.

Greece—The first twenty-seven lines of the Odyssey are inscribed on one of the walls of the Greek Pavilion, and there is also an attractive display of Greek tobacco.

Republic of Guinea—The small display here includes bows and arrows, wood carvings, musical instruments, and two books on political philosophy by President Sekou Touré.

I.B.M.—The I.B.M. Pavilion is the most beautiful structure at the Fair, and the two puppet shows in the center of the main plaza, which illustrate the nature of computers, are among the best shows at the Fair.

Illinois—Drums, trumpets, and a choral recitation of the Preamble to the Constitution loudly proclaim the appearance of Walt Disney's mechanical reincarnation of Abraham Lincoln, who stands up and makes a short speech in a groaning voice.

Johnson Wax—A short non-commercial film called "To Be Alive!" is shown every half hour or so in the Golden Rondelle theatre, and is an excellent reason to go to the Fair.

Mexico—A large and attractive display of Mexican manufactures, handicrafts, and art.

Polynesia—Teen-age Polynesian singers, dancers, musicians, and pearl divers perform in and around a small pool. Adults $1; children fifty cents. Part of the price of an oyster guaranteed to contain at least one pearl—$2—goes to the Samoan Education Department.

Travelers Insurance—A series of life-size, three-dimensional scenes depicting triumphs of man or the objects of man's triumphs, and bearing some resemblance to the Ford and General Motors exhibits but easier to get into.

PERHAPS LESS ENLIGHTENING

Circus—Adjoining the one-ring circus in the Amusement Area is a display of two gorillas, one advertised as the largest and the other as the oldest in captivity. Twenty-five cents.

Coca-Cola—There are almost always large crowds walking through, or waiting to walk through, Hong Kong, Cambodia, Rio de Janeiro and other places, recreated with supposedly authentic smells and bottles of Coke in typical settings.

"Ice-Travaganza"—An ice show put on in the New York City Building. The acts include a chimpanzee dressed as a baby girl, who is almost as funny as a man dressed as a Girl Scout. Shows at 1, 3, 5, and 7:30. Admission $1.05 to $3.35.

Pepsi-Cola-UNICEF Small World—A delightful boat ride past Disney-animated dolls dressed in native costumes and singing, dancing, and playing musical instruments. Adults ninety-five cents; children sixty cents.

R.C.A.—There are always many people standing in line outside this pavilion, and, no doubt, there is a very interesting exhibit inside.

"To Broadway with Love"—A large cast performs approximately forty-one song and/or dance numbers, including "Dixie" and "There's No Business Like Show Business," on a giant stage in the Music Hall of the Texas Pavilion. At 4, 7, and 9. Admission $2 to $4.80. No shows on Sundays.

RESTAURANTS

(Most of the foreign pavilions and several of the state exhibits include at least one eating place of some kind. There are some outdoor cafés in the Amusement Area that are not necessarily good but are often not crowded.)

African Pavilion—The Tree House Restaurant is a very pleasant place for a long lunch on a weekday. For reservations, call AR 1-3440.

Brass Rail Refreshment Stands—Unfortunately, these stands, though numerous, are designed for complete chaos and discomfort.

Caribbean Pavilion—Fairly expensive food and drink, and a more or less continuous, more or less Caribbean stage show. For reservations, call Mr. Bronber, AR 1-2710.

Danish Pavilion—The Kattegat Inn serves open-face sandwiches or any one of almost thirty other entrées for about three dollars. The Restaurant of Denmark serves a $6.50 "grand cold table," and also has a large à-la-carte menu. The service is excellent.

Festival of Gas—A good, expensive restaurant run by Restaurant Associates. For reservations, call AR 1-5070.

Republic of Guinea—A medium-priced restaurant serving lamb, chicken, and shrimp dishes, and not doing as much business as it deserves. It is therefore a good place to go for a meal and a stage show featuring Guinean music and dancing.

Hilton Café International—A large, moderately priced restaurant in the Better Living Center. There is buffet service from five open kitchens labelled North American, South American, European, Mediterranean, and Oriental, and some of the tables are out on a terrace with a good view of the Fair. Open from noon to 10 P.M.

Indian Pavilion—Good, fairly expensive Indian food for lunch and dinner. Call AR 1-4123 for reservations.

Indonesian Pavilion—An Indonesian lunch costs about $5, dinner about $7.75. There are shows featuring Balinese and Sumatran music and/or dancing at 12:30, 2:30, 7, and 9:30. The restaurant closes at 10 P.M. For reservations, call AR 1-8106-7-8-9.

Lebanese Pavilion—In the courtyard is a café serving interesting, inexpensive food.

Mexican Pavilion—The Focolare restaurant serves expensive Mexican food in luxurious surroundings, and the Café Alameda serves moderately priced Mexican dishes in less luxurious surroundings. There is also an attractive, comfortable bar. For reservations, call AR 1-0022, AR1-0023, respectively.

Moroccan Pavilion—The entrance to the restaurant is hidden in a corner of the outdoor bazaar. Prices are moderate, the chicken Dejaj is especially good, and the meal is accompanied by Moroccan music and night-club acts.

Spanish Pavilion—The Granada serves good, fairly expensive Spanish food. The Toledo serves good, more expensive French and Spanish food (although they do have a Spanish omelet for two dollars). The service at both is efficient, and the dinner conversation is about the prices. No reservations.

Swedish Pavilion—A delicious and abundant smörgåsbord is available for six dollars at both lunch and dinner. Reservations taken until 4 P.M. for lunch only. AR 1-5303.

Top of the Fair—A large, expensive restaurant with a good view of the Fair from some tables. Reservations accepted for "sittings" at 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 9:30. Call 888-5500.

On your trip to Italy stop by the Hotel Europa. There you'll find Canadian Club, "The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

© 1964 HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC.

Signor Melone of Venice offers you a sprawling palace, the Grand Canal and Canadian Club

A palace in the 17th Century, the Hotel Europa to this day imparts the essence of royal splendor.

Here those who relish life gather to enjoy an unimpeded view of the Grand Canal, the delectable fruits of the sea and internationally applauded Canadian Club.

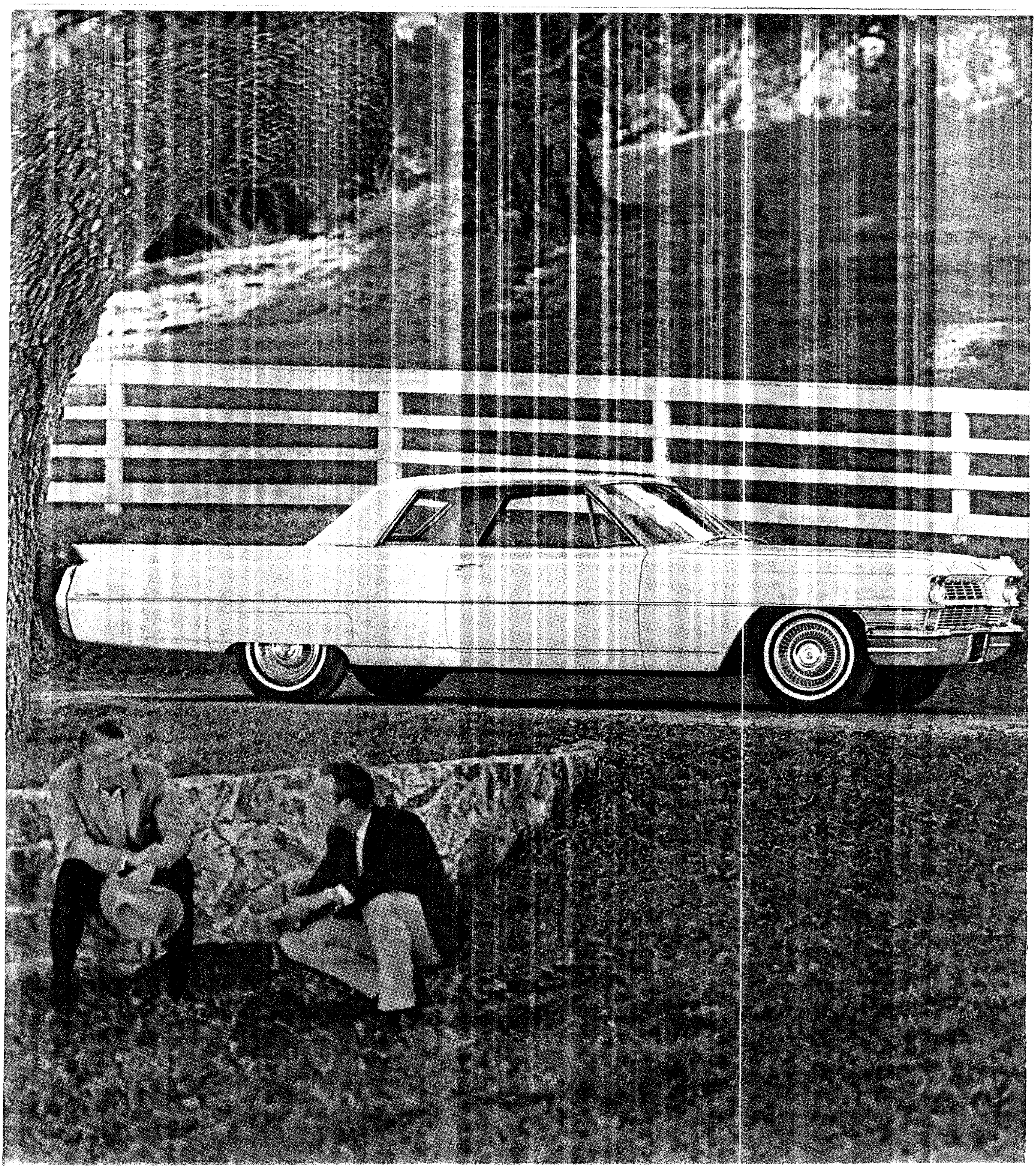
To savor the good things at an unhurried pace is a luxury in itself. It is one of the reasons *bons vivants* seek out the Terrace of this magnificent Venetian hotel.

The boats on the Canal lazily wend their ways, the atmosphere is serene, the food incomparable. And always on hand is Canadian Club, the whisky that enjoys international favor.

Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch *and* the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes like Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. Try Canadian Club—world's lightest whisky—tonight.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

Wherever you go, there it is!



EVER LISTEN TO A FIRST-TIME CADILLAC OWNER?

If you have—you've probably never heard a more enthusiastic car owner. If you haven't, you will soon—because more people are buying new Cadillacs for the first time than ever before in history. And you can't blame them for being enthusiastic. With Cadillac's new 1964 high-performance engine, they're enjoying a kind of action they never knew existed in a car so grand. They're relaxing in an abundance of comfort and luxury that no other car has ever provided them. And they are secure in the knowledge that their investment will hold its value long and well. So if you hear a new Cadillac owner boasting, forgive him. And then go see for yourself what all the talk is about.

Cadillac Motor Car Division • General Motors Corporation

© 1964 FLORENCE EISEMAN

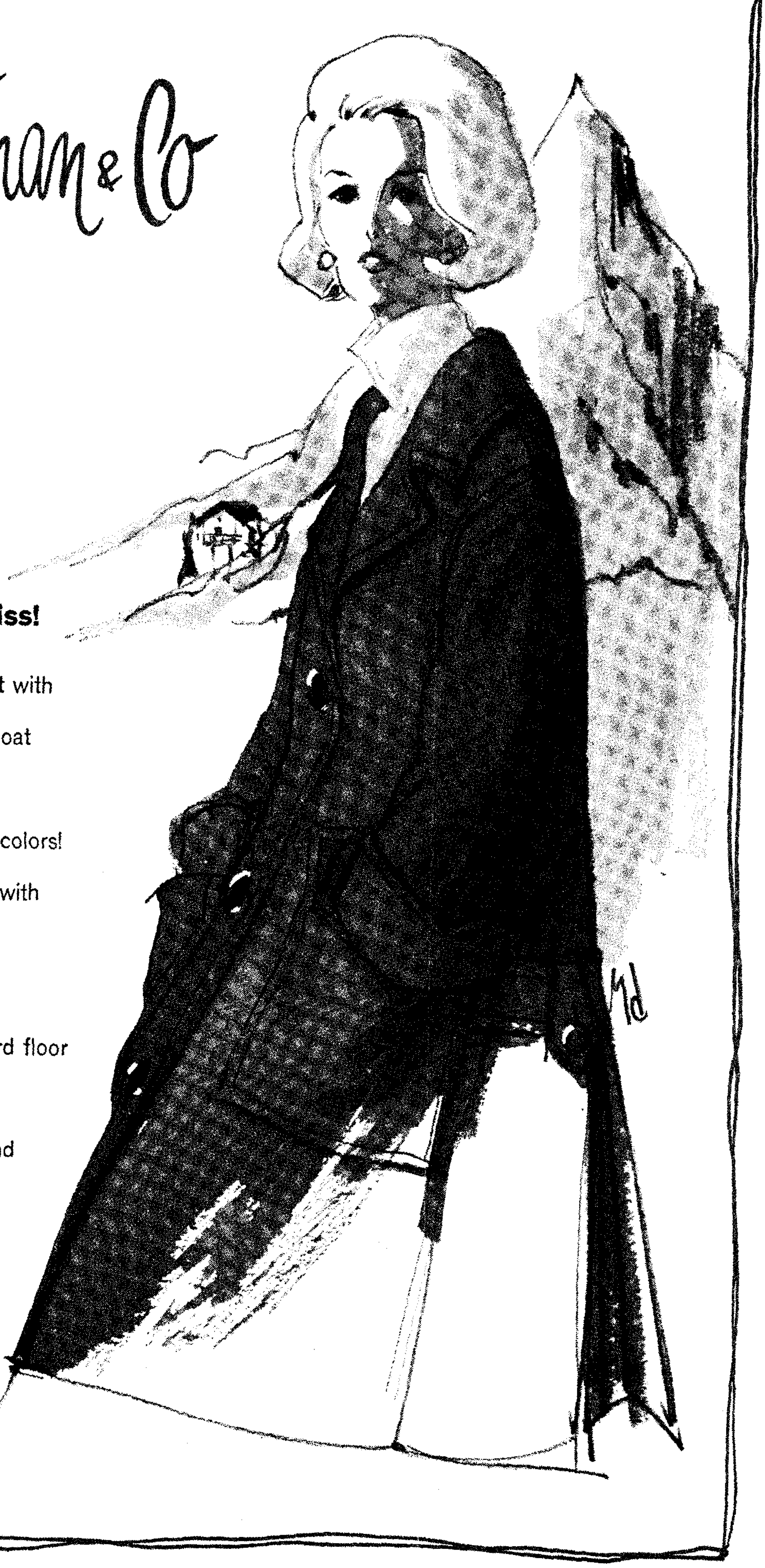
Don't Go to the Library Unless You Want to Read.

IF YOU WANT TO BE LOVED BY THE READING PUBLIC, PLEASE OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING MANNERS:

1. Please don't use jelly sandwiches as bookmarks.
2. Please don't use books as coasters for orangeades.
3. Please do not read in the tub.
4. Please don't turn back corners of pages. It hurts.
5. Please don't fill in all the o's.
6. Please learn to love a book. You'll know why when you grow up.

The perfectly behaved little girls sketched here (well, almost perfect) wear Florence Eiseman's imported Swiss flannels from her beautifully behaved collection of school clothes that wash. Collection in plaids, regimental stripes and bright, bright solid shades. All in 3 to 6x—some have little sisters, some big sisters and some have little brothers. At Lord and Taylor, Neiman Marcus and fine stores everywhere. **FLORENCE EISEMAN**

B Altman & Co



The Swiss don't miss!

They've scored a direct hit with this handsome cotton raincoat . . . and we've imported it in glorious, gloom-chasing colors! Gold lined with beige, red with beige, beige with brown, charcoal with wine, or ink with ice blue. 8 to 16. Third floor rainwear, Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills. **45.00**

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A GRACIOUS couple of our acquaintance, after attending the opening night of the Royal Shakespeare Company's "The Comedy of Errors," at the New York State Theatre, and suffering from the acoustics, found themselves writing to the management and complaining that, though they had had good seats, it seemed, from what they could hear, that half the play was done in pantomime. We happened to be with them when they received a reply from Mr. Schuyler G. Chapin, the vice-president of programming of Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts. He was so courteous that the couple wondered if they had been a little pert. "We are very sorry to learn," Mr. Chapin wrote, "you had an unpleasant experience in the New York State Theatre, and on behalf of all of us I would like to say we hope your subsequent visits will be marked by convenience and pleasure. In the meanwhile, in light of your comments, you might be interested in reading the enclosed article which appeared in a recent issue of the Philadelphia *Sunday Bulletin.* In order to try to make up for your disappointment, we would like to take this opportunity to offer you a pair of complimentary tickets to the Music Theatre's production of 'The King and I,' which will play in the New York State Theatre from July 6 through August 8." Mr. Chapin directed the couple to telephone a Miss Roizman at TR 7-2900, Extension 728, and said that she would make arrangements to send them the tickets. His benefaction, however, provoked a domestic discussion.

"It's a little like receiving an ice pack when one has ordered a hot-water bottle, and we have seen 'The King and I' three times," the wife said.

"If you feel very strongly about not going again, perhaps we should ring up Miss Roizman and see if we can get complimentary seats to some other show at Lincoln Center," the husband said.

"I don't know what shows they are having."

"Maybe Lincoln Center has a reciprocal arrangement with other theatres and they could arrange for us to go elsewhere to a play we did want to see."

"The *Bulletin* might help. What does it say?"

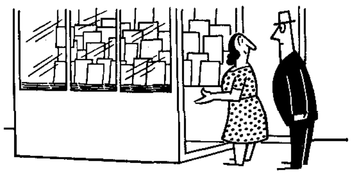
The husband quickly looked through the article and then read a passage aloud: " 'The language of the Elizabethans and the Restoration writers is the language of another day, often complicated by being in metre. It always helps to reread a play by Shakespeare or Sheridan before a performance. It gets the ear in shape, sort of toned up for the evening. This is definitely a responsibility of the theatregoer.' "

"Oh dear!" the wife exclaimed. "We'd better accept. I'll call Miss Roizman immediately."

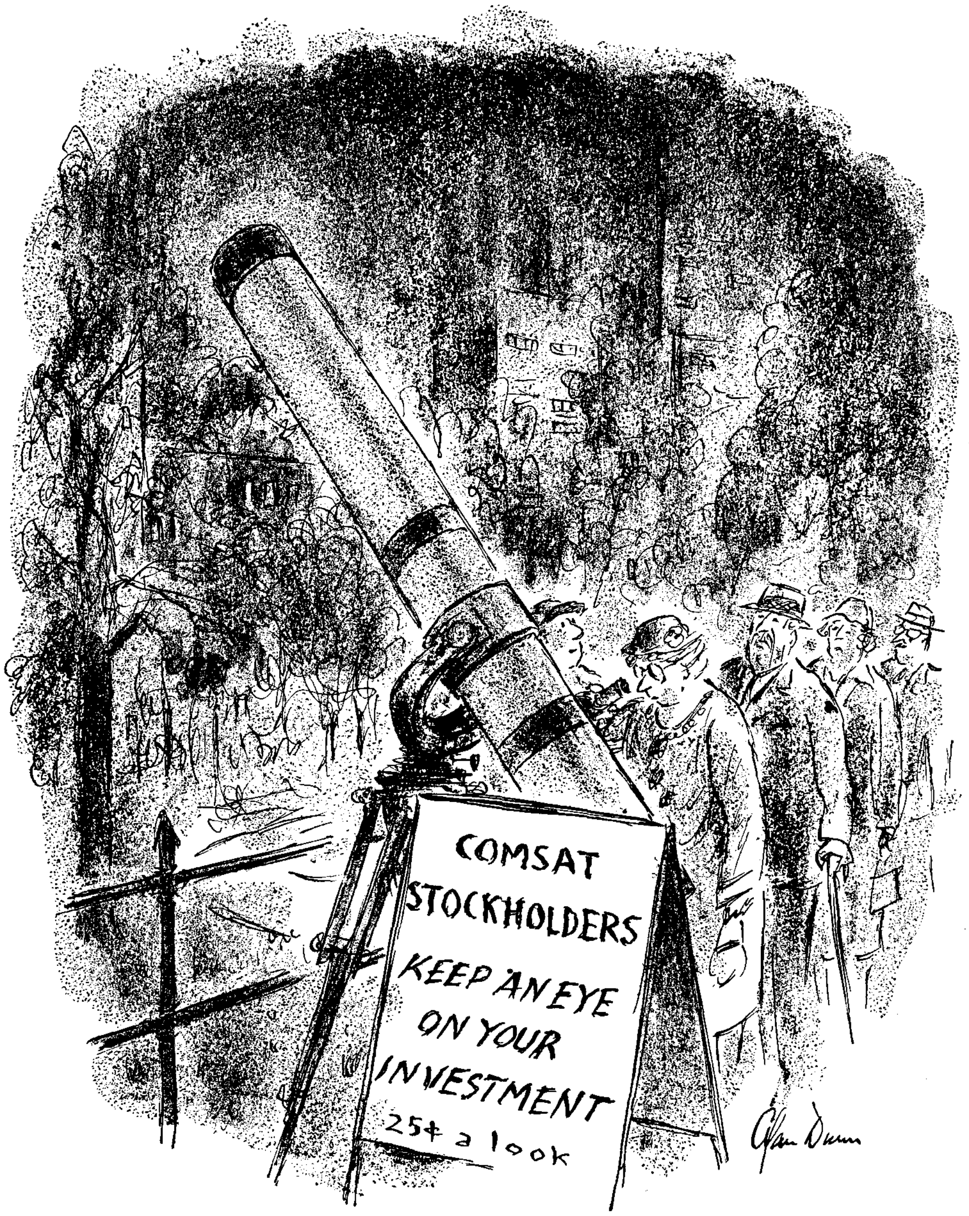
For our part, we were satisfied that the cause of chivalry had been advanced by both sides.

Improvement

UNHAPPY with the tumbledown shacks and shanties that for years have housed New York's dwindling number of newsdealers, a group of newspapermen has come up with what may be the apotheosis of the newsstand—a larger, fluorescent-lighted, temperature-controlled creation of glass and insulated steel that will soon adorn the city's streets and that should, at the very least, make the men and women who sell papers more comfortable. We strolled over to the southwest corner of Seventh Avenue and Forty-third Street for a look at the first of the new stands and found Mrs. Ruth Breslau, its owner, looking reasonably satisfied as she came on duty. She opened a door at the side of her new acquisition and showed us the interior, whose steel floor is cushioned by a rubber mat. "I should sweep it out, but I can't get to it today," she said. "Well, it's certainly an improvement over the old one. Now I can stand up inside. Under the old regulations, you know, you couldn't go any higher than five feet, and now they've put it up to six. The electric heater and the electric cooler are in one unit, thermostatically controlled. The winters used to be very bad. I had to wear a heavy coat and several layers of clothing." Just then, some customers and World's Fair directions seekers began to descend on Mrs. Breslau, so we stepped aside and viewed her establishment from a distance. It is telephone-booth green, and its roof, which is sloping, is topped by an electric sign that reads simply, "NEWSPAPERS." The upper half of its front is occupied by three sliding panes of glass in stainless-steel frames, and magazines are displayed on racks inside. We judged it an aesthetic and functional success.



We next paid a call on Mr. Nathan Goldstein, who is the circulation director of the *Times* and the chairman of the Circulation Managers Association of New York, and who in the second capacity has been in charge of the Association's Newsstand Development Program. Mr. Goldstein showed us a brochure intended to encourage newsdealers to buy the new stands. It began, "Move out of your old newsstand and move into the new. . . . It has been okayed by veterans' groups and organizations serving blind and



other physically handicapped newsdealers. And it has been approved for sidewalk use by Mayor Wagner and all the appropriate New York City departments." Mr. Goldstein told us that he had begun to view the city's newsstands with alarm in 1948, when he became the *Times*' circulation manager. " 'We must not confuse blight with charm'—that's what we told the Mayor," he said, handing us a copy of a presentation booklet that declared ominously, "With the opening of the World's Fair in 1964, more critical eyes than ever will view this city."

"Twenty-five years ago, there were about fifteen hundred licensed sidewalk newsdealers in New York," Mr. Goldstein continued. "Now there are only half that many, and all the ramshackle and uncomfortable newsstands are one reason for the decline. Three years ago, I asked my young assistant, Robert DeBono, to take charge of working out a program with the Circulation Managers Association." After consulting city officials and industrial designers, as well as newsdealers and the organizations that sponsor most of them (by law, newsstand licenses in New York City go first to disabled veterans, then to other handicapped persons, and finally to all comers), Mr. DeBono and the Association emerged with a plan that resulted in an amendment to the city's administrative code, increasing the maximum dimensions of a sidewalk newsstand and permitting a sign on top. The Adams Manufacturing Company, of Chicago, agreed to design and produce the new stands, to sell for about seven hundred and fifty dollars apiece, installed. "That represents a saving of about two hundred dollars over the old, custom-made wooden stands," Mr. Goldstein said. "We've worked out special financing arrangements with the First National City Bank, to make payment easier for the newsdealer or his sponsoring organization. We should see some sixty or seventy new stands on the streets by the end of summer."

•

SIGN in the Hoffritz show window in Pennsylvania Station:

INSTANT HOT WATER
WITHIN MINUTES

Minstrel

LAST October, the cultural-exchange program that is operated by the State Department packed off a young New York architect from the staff of Edward Stone—Mr. T. Merrill Prentice, Jr.—to the Far East for four months to serenade Asians with American folk songs. Mr. Prentice, a lanky, long-haired, beardless man of thirty-three who plays the guitar and banjo and sings in a husky tenor voice, was joined halfway through the trip by his wife, Marie, who helped out with the singing, and the two of them returned recently from their minstrel tour, during which they gave two hundred and fifty concerts, some on TV or radio, in Laos, Cambodia, Thailand, India, Nepal, and, in the course of a side trip, Kenya. We dropped by their apartment, on Riverside Drive, the other day to see how they had fared.

"We never knew what kind of audience we would have," Mr. Prentice told us. "We had the Nepalese Army *in toto*. We sang for eight hundred gold miners at Kolar, in India. In Cambodia, I gave an unscheduled midnight hootenanny among the ruins at Angkor Wat for about fifty people. There was a cholera epidemic, so the audience was constantly firing off shotguns to scare away bugs."

"He became quite a celebrity," Mrs. Prentice, a brunette in a green dress, said, and seated us on a sofa covered with press notices from Oriental newspapers. "In India, we did fifty concerts in forty days, playing, among other places, Calcutta, Delhi, Madras, Agra, Guntur, Hyderabad, and Bangalore."

We asked what American folk songs they had sung the most.

"Negro ones," Mr. Prentice said. He pulled a square-bowled pipe from a trouser pocket, rubbed the stem on his shirt, and popped it into his mouth, where it remained unlit. "In Thailand, audiences liked the blues," he continued. "The spirituals were popular all over, partly because they have a strong rhythm that is easy to pick up if you are not familiar with Western music. But most particularly audiences liked the freedom songs. The United States Information Service, which handled our tour, didn't instruct us to sing freedom songs; the songs came naturally, because the people were interested in them. 'O Freedom' became our theme song; we ended every session with it. They had all heard of the Freedom March last summer, and in many places, particularly India, the people had racial problems of their own. After our concert at the Kolar gold mines, one old man came up to say, 'We can sympathize with your freedom songs because we were an oppressed people until 1947.' This was mentioned to us several times, so I'm sure it was a recurrent feeling. 'O Freedom' itself was well known. In Kenya, the muffler of our station wagon broke off. We tied it on again with some guitar strings—the only wire we had. Six boys who were selling baskets by the road noticed the sheet music for 'O Freedom.' They started singing it, and we played it on the guitars. We were amazed that they knew it at all. But to them 'freedom'—'*uhuru*'—is a key word. Kenya attained its independence last December, and with it a good many *uhuru* songs of its own. The Kenyans think of 'O Freedom' as an American *uhuru* song."

A baby howled in the next room, and Mrs. Prentice excused herself to attend to matters. Mr. Prentice drew two or three times on his pipe, which he still hadn't lit. "Wherever we went, we outdrew the other U.S.I.S. attractions ten to one," he went on. "This wasn't hard, because the people were tired of movies on American economics or lectures on the fraternity system at American colleges. With folk songs, it's endless what you can tell people about a country and its history. Cowboy songs, railroad songs, sea chanteys—it's all there. And the audience has empathy with these songs, because wherever you are the people have their own versions of them. I think what surprised audiences most was our informality. We were forever altering the program and improvising songs. Sometimes we dragged the local Peace Corps man onto the stage and made him sing, too. Whenever possible, we used local musicians as accompanists; in India, we had a drummer who played the *tabla*, and we were accompanied several times by a *kan*, a sort of mouth organ that actually looks like an organ. There was never a real problem in communication. Once, an anthropologist took us to an aboriginal village outside Calcutta. We brought along a dollar's worth of rice beer. I sat on a stump in the town square and belted out 'O Freedom.' We handed around the beer. Soon all the villagers were dancing and chanting, first to American songs and then to songs of their own, which is exactly the way it should be. Our government ought to send over many more folk singers. We need something halfway between me and the Peace Corps. There are hundreds of college students who play a good guitar and have boundless enthusiasm; the enthusiasm is the main thing. It wouldn't be expensive to send them over by the dozen, put them in jeeps, and let them go."

We asked Mr. Prentice, who graduated from Yale in 1953, whether folk singing didn't interfere with his architectural work. He said that it did but that it hadn't prevented him from designing two buildings for Edward Stone at the World's Fair—the Christian Science Pavilion and the House of Good Taste.

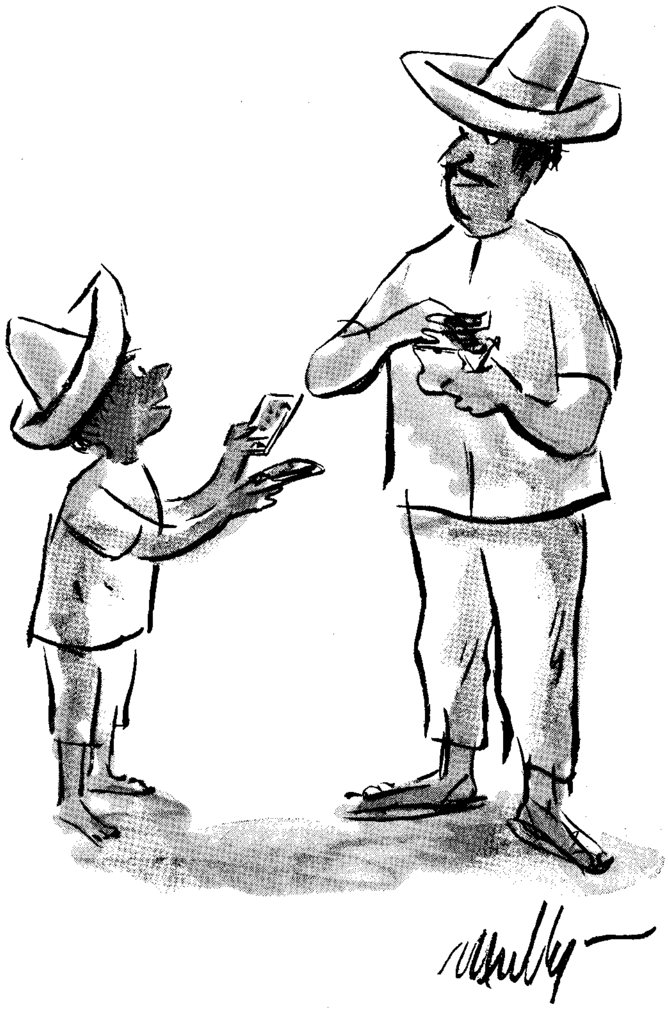
•

A FLORIDA motel advertises that it offers Indoor Cookouts.

Our Man in Lausanne

WE did not expect to be swept off our feet by the Swiss National Exposition—Lausanne 1964, as it is officially called, or, as it is generally known in Switzerland, Expo '64, and we weren't, but we did enjoy it. No doubt one reason is that Expo '64, unlike most things of its kind, is neither overwhelming in size nor pretentious in scope. It cost a mere two hundred million Swiss francs (about fifty million dollars), is confined within a manageable hundred and forty acres, and for all practical purposes can be taken in during a day's visit. Its primary aim is to give the Swiss a chance to look at themselves and see how they're doing. They have been taking the national inventory in this festive way every twenty-five years for more than a century. The current exposition, which opened in April and will close in October, is the first to be held in Lausanne; this is not only Switzerland's fifth-largest city but also, according to the official Expo literature, "the city where one is least discontented with himself."

It was a rare summer's day, designed to promote contentment, when we drove into Lausanne and tooled along its handsome streets to one of the Expo parking lots, where we left the car for the day at a cost of two francs, or approximately fifty cents. Our parking receipt informed us—in French, German, and Italian—that the Expo would not be responsible for theft or damage to *le véhicule*, *das Fahrzeug*, or *il veicolo*, or its contents. As we discovered, all directions and other printed intelligence at the Expo are given in three of the four languages spoken in Switzerland. The first version is usually in French,



"Quiere el señor billetes de la lotería del Estado de Nueva Hampshire?"

since Lausanne is the host city and is situated in the French-speaking part of the country. However, as we learned from material supplied us by the Expo's *bureau de presse*, slightly less than twenty per cent of Swiss citizens speak French; nearly seventy per cent speak a German dialect, about ten per cent speak Italian, and one per cent speak Romansh, which appears on some of the signs at the Exposition. The fact that the Expo makes little provision for visitors who speak some other language rather plainly suggests that this production is basically of the Swiss, by the Swiss, and for the Swiss, but foreigners are welcome—some three or four million are expected to attend—and they don't have to be accomplished linguists to figure out a sign that advises them, as they queue up to buy a ticket:

PREPAREZ LA MONNAIE
KLEINGELD BEREITHALTEN
PREPARE LA MONETA

Having prepared our money (six francs), bought our ticket, and passed through the turnstile, we started a leisurely stroll, and immediately found the prospect pleasing. The Expo is laid out along the shore of Lake Geneva, across which rises the infinity of the Alps, whose distant reaches are dusted with snow—a sight of such beauty as to be a show in itself and, by comparison, to make the Expo's man-made objects seem feeble and contrived. Nevertheless, taken by themselves, the oddly shaped exhibition halls, pavilions, and other structures, the gardens, pools, and fountains, the slightly resilient walkways and the quiet, shaded paths manage to convey a feeling of graceful unity. The whole production seems open and uncluttered and to have an airy, lighthearted atmosphere; being Swiss, it is, of course, also neat as a pin. Since vehicular traffic is prohibited on the grounds, a visitor can amble about as unconcernedly as he would in his own back yard. If he tires of walking, he can be transported either on the Télécanapé, a specially designed shuttle conveyance that looks rather like an endless park bench and runs through the grounds from north to south, or on a Monorail system, which runs from east to west and from which one can get a fine over-all look at Expo '64. The Exposition is composed of eight so-called sectors, which bear such self-explanatory names as the Swiss Way, Communications and Transport, the Art of Living, and Land and Forest.

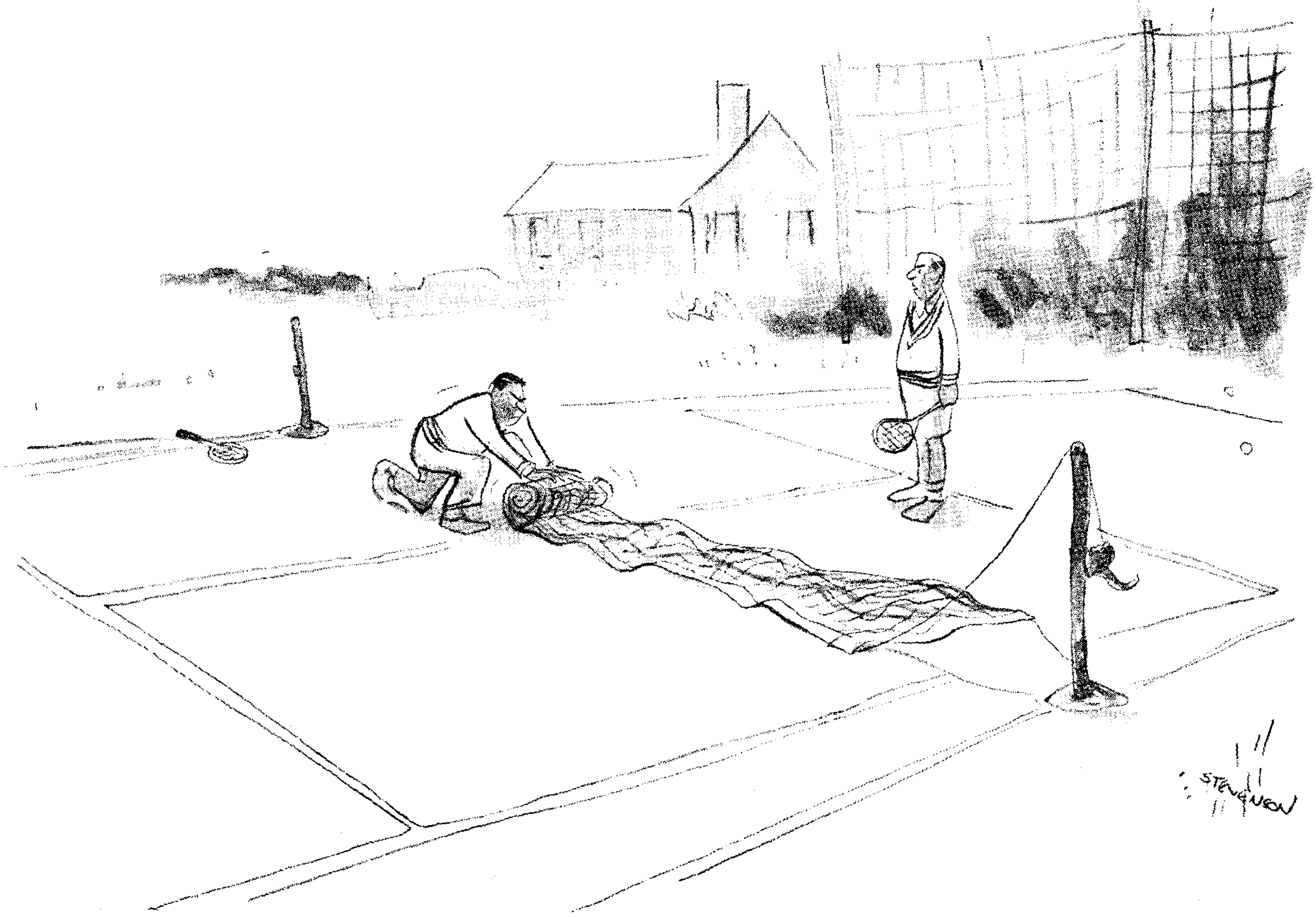
The Monorail also offers a circular tour of the heart of the Expo—a ride that we took and recommend. It begins at the Gare Centrale, where we bought our ticket (two francs) and proceeded to the platform, which was crowded with children, each carrying his identification in the form of a sizable green cardboard tag tied with a piece of twine around his neck. This was one of the many times during the day when we felt that the Expo had been designed not just for the Swiss but more specifically for Swiss children; we saw hundreds of them, almost always in groups led by one or two adults, whom we took to be teachers. All the children seemed to be having a wonderful time and to be admirably behaved, and having them around added to the general gaiety.

Presently, one of the Monorail trains, consisting of fifteen brightly colored, open-air cars that are covered with a wavy, lemon-yellow plastic roof, glided noiselessly into the station. We found a place in one of the cars, each of which holds four passengers, opposite a pair of black-robed, silver-haired priests. As our train pulled out, the assembled children, who were awaiting a train going west, sent ours on its way with a great waving of hands and cries of "*Bon voyage!*" Along with most of our fellow-passengers, we waved an enthusiastic farewell. Soon we were travelling slowly alongside the fairground, which contains the usual attractions—a Ferris wheel, a fun house, shooting galleries, a roller coaster. We rolled on past a stone-flanked breakwater in which rows and rows of small power craft were neatly moored. Looking ahead as our train made an angular turn, we saw that the Monorail track ran straight through an opening in a brown wooden building dead ahead. It was, we found by hasty reference to our map, one of several structures in the Art of Living sector. The next thing we knew, we were inside the cool, semi-dark building, where we noted a chapel and a few other components of an exhibit titled The Human Community. No sooner had we emerged into the sunshine than our attention was drawn by high-spirited noises coming from an open-sided building on our left that contained a swimming pool, in which a flock of young boys were engaged in a frenzied game of water polo.

Veering toward the lakefront, the Monorail now dipped to ground level and travelled for a couple of hundred feet across the beach. The train glided within ten yards of a swan that was sitting unperturbedly on the sand close to a nest that held three or four feathery young ones. While dozens of hands frantically reached for cameras, the train turned from the beach, climbed to the roof level of another of the buildings in the Art of Living complex, skimmed along its side, and then coasted into it. On our left now was the Court of the Arts, a sunlit courtyard containing many pieces of gleaming, gold-colored modern sculpture. On our right was The Arts in Human Life, adjoining which was the Bar du Théâtre, a long, narrow, glistening layout that was deserted except for the bartender and a solitary customer—a fat man in a black suit and a black hat—both of whom seemed frozen in position, like figures in a wax museum. Our train, continuing on its silent way, emerged briefly into the sunlight, soon entered another building, and then, presumably owing to traffic congestion ahead, came to a stop opposite the Tearoom de la Mode. As we waited, a group of young girls—each wearing a blue skirt, a middy blouse, and a white boater with black streamers—shepherded by a pair of nuns began ascending the stairs to the tearoom. We moved on, coming into the open again and passing almost directly over a long counter, from which rose the nostalgic mingled odors of hot dogs and pizzas. On a nearby terrace, visitors were consuming these, as well as delicious-looking bright-red cherry tarts. After proceeding through a section of the Communications and Transport Building and over a small pool in which a big frog was swimming, we rolled to the Gare Centrale, winding up our bird's-eye-view tour.

The Expo's most ambitious exhibit is, quite properly, the production called the Swiss Way, which is housed in a series of interconnected, triangular-shaped structures in the center of the grounds. As nearly as we could figure out, the Swiss Way is supposed to depict Switzerland's past, present, and probable future. We found the exhibit a noble effort that, almost inevitably, falls short of its goal. The Swiss Way—the living together in peace, harmony, and prosperity of five and a half million people of different languages, religions, and cultures—is a political miracle, and miracles do not lend themselves to illustration.

Since lunchtime was approaching, we headed for the Harbor sector, where many of the Expo's restaurants are situated. Altogether, there are forty-



"You're a damn sore loser, Lee."

• •

eight restaurants, as well as a great many snack bars, on the grounds, and the prices at all are controlled by the Expo management. On our way—and, indeed, throughout the grounds—elderly Swiss couples were much in evidence, and in a sober, quiet way seemed to be enjoying themselves. Many of the men, sturdy-looking, gray-haired, and wearing dark, store-bought clothes, put us in mind of Heidi's grandfather. Nearly all the structures in the Harbor sector are made of aluminum, glass, and canvas, and in shapes that give the collective impression of a small armada of boats under sail. The buildings, combining an extraordinary variety of colors, are placed around a lagoon. Near its edge, as we approached, children were feeding a flotilla of swans. The most imposing structure in this area is the Casino, which is built on piles in the lagoon, and includes, besides the gaming room (which offers boule—stakes limited to five francs), a French restaurant, a ballroom, and a music hall. Our choice for lunch was À l'Escalade, a restaurant opposite the Casino, where we were served a good small steak with a pleasant sauce, a green salad, roughly a peck of *pommes frites*, bread and butter, and a small carafe of Swiss red wine for ten francs, service included.

After lunch, we joined a number of visitors who were strolling along the shore of the lake, enjoying the cool breeze. Many of them had made their way out onto the rock jetties, where they were taking the sun, writing postcards, or dangling their feet in the water. It was a very peaceful scene. Falling in behind a group of boys and girls, one of whom carried atop a wooden stick a sign reading "Zofingen," which we assumed was the name of their home town, we continued until we found ourself under a collection of tent-shaped structures that house the sector called the Exchange of Goods and Services. The great attraction here, we learned, is a performance of the symphony "Les Exchanges," created especially for the Expo by the Swiss composer Rolf Liebermann. The piece is intended to depict the commercial exchange of goods and money through the noises of equipment used in this traffic. The instrumentation is composed of drums, piano, and a hundred and fifty-six machines, including sixteen typewriters, eighteen calculating machines, ten cash registers, eight Telex machines, sixteen telephones, a duplicating machine, and a forklift, as well as ten automobile horns and two railway warning bells. The machines are banked in tiers on a circular platform and are actuated by perforated tape. The audience, which was just about capacity for the performance that we witnessed, stands around the platform. The piece begins with a very long drum-and-piano prelude, after which almost all of the machines go wildly into operation at once. This creates a considerable din, but it isn't loud enough to drown out the laughter from the audience. Perhaps the most memorable passage comes when two typewriters are raised on the forklift and on this high perch perform a kind of frenzied duet. The symphony ends soon afterward.

•

A TRIP to the battlefields of Normandy, in commemoration of the twentieth anniversary of D Day, is being offered by an outfit called Happiness Tours.

BACHELOR

SHE hadn't said anything about it—he brought it up. "You know," he said, "I just realized that it must be awkward as hell for you, running into the other tenants every day."

He had the *Times* open in his lap, but for several minutes he hadn't been reading it. He had been watching her. She was pinning up the hem of a skirt at the table near the window. With the pins in her mouth slurring the words, she said over her shoulder, "I don't run into them every day."

"Of course you do," he said.

She put in the last of the pins and smoothed the hem with both hands. "But I don't," she said. "I hardly ever meet anyone on the stairs."

"I should have thought of it before," he said. "I don't know why I didn't."

Now she was threading the needle. Wetting the thread between her lips, she passed it through the eye, then reversed her fingers and pulled it out with a quick, almost ballet-like extension of her arm.

He watched her do this and was surprised at the pleasure it gave him. He folded the *Times* and dropped it on the floor. Then he got up and stood with his hands behind his back at the other window. He had bought a plant and put it there on the sill a few days ago, and now he noticed with satisfaction that it wasn't dying. He turned the other side to the sun. "It might not be a bad idea," he said, "if you stopped in at Woolworth's or someplace and picked up a ring."

A slight dip of her head swung her hair forward, and he could see only the tip of her nose. He sat down again and threw his leg over the arm of the chair. "Hey, I'm talking to you."

"I hear you."

"Well, *what do you think?*"

"I think it would make my finger green."

"What?"

"I said I think it would make my finger green."

He smiled unwillingly. "Well, then get one that doesn't make your finger green."

"No."

Surprised, he leaned toward her. "But it's just a practical thing. Like—well, like buying a toothbrush. I thought women were supposed to be practical."

"What a lot of thinking you've been doing."

"Besides," he said, "there's my landlady down below."

"If I wore a ring, she'd imagine you'd stolen someone's wife."

"I could tell her I got married."

"Did you tell her you married all the others?"

"Come on," he said. "You know there weren't any others."

"Come on yourself."

"You know there weren't any others. Just weekends."

"So far, I'm a fortnight."

"Listen—" he began, but he had no idea what he wanted to say.

She dropped the skirt into her lap and swung around in the chair. His palm was still extended with his unfinished sentence. She looked at him steadily and he let it fall. "Can't you understand?" she said. "Don't you see," she said in a softer voice, "that I can live here with you and like it, but I couldn't ever go out alone and buy a wedding ring?"

"Alone?" He jumped up and kissed her noisily in the neck. "Why, I wouldn't let you go alone to Gristede's."

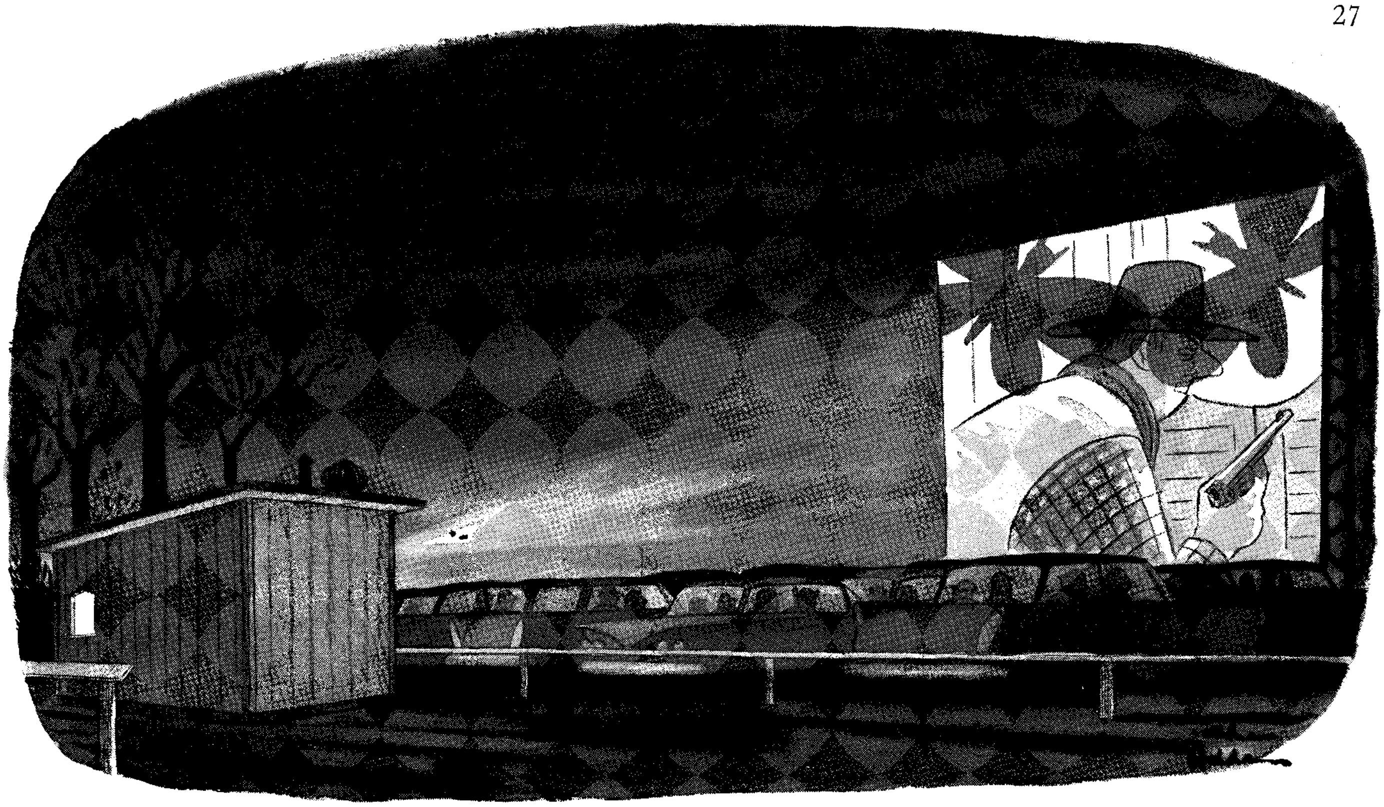
THE midday sun was so bright that it seemed to bleach everything clean. It was Saturday, and he knew Eighth Street would be clogged with tourists, but today, perhaps because of the blueness of the sky, he felt benevolent toward them, almost their host. As they strolled toward Sixth Avenue, he matched his step to hers, which was shortened by her straight skirt, and this gave him a slight swagger, like a soldier half-stepping in a parade. She took his arm, and his muscle tightened as he felt her breast against it. Frowning against the midday glare, he smiled a little at the same time, the way people smile when the sun is in their eyes, as though to explain.

Albert Hubbell

On Sixth Avenue, he found himself looking at a girl in front of them. He had noticed that he didn't look now as much as he used to, but this one was exceptional. A dancer, judging by her full calves and metronome movement. He felt a slight pang, and then realized that this was just a reflex; he didn't actually mind. He appraised her more analytically, searching for flaws. He studied the rhythmic one-two, one-two of her hips and the way the left side, stressed a little more than the right, sort of snapped into place. It was hypnotic—he had to shake it off—but there *was* something not quite right about the girl's walk. The emphasis, the connotation, you might say, was too—too— He probed for the word. Doctrinaire! It was too doctrinaire. Like so many Village girls—did they all study dance?—she walked flat-footed, and this flatness was a trademark. It stamped out all coquetry, it was heavy with frankness. Though she was graceful enough, she lacked *grace.*

The girl who walked beside him, now, she had fine legs, too, but she hadn't come by them sweating in a loft in a leotard. They were given. Tennis, riding, and skiing kept them supple. They were designed not for turning inside out or doing a split but for crossing under his admiring eye, for getting unforgettably out of his sports car. And though her hips weren't epic, she had a witty way of wagging them, as though she was secretly amused that they should matter to men in their right minds.

The comparison settled to his satisfaction, he gave himself up gladly to the weather again and looked affectionately at the Jefferson Market Courthouse. A Victorian Gothic freak that might have been a medieval castle, with its turrets, gargoyles, and traceried windows, it had always seemed to him a perfect symbol of the old Village—absurd but appealing. Peering up at the tower silhouetted against the sun, which gave it the gold background of a Gothic painting, he imagined his girl up there, in one of those tiny, fingernail-shaped windows, a princess in her castle keep. Her tilted head haloed her face in her pale hair as the narrow arch outlined her slender shoulders. A direct descendant of the Princess of the Pea,



"Now, isn't this more fun than circling some old flame?"

• •

she was so fine that anything but the purest gold would gangrene her flesh. Look—now she was stretching out her arms. Was she appealing to him, or only leaning her elbows on the sill?

A voice cut across his consciousness, a real voice. One of the prostitutes in the Women's House of Detention next door was calling down to a "visitor" in the street. Her voice came shrill but indistinct through the traffic, and the visitor, a Negro in a white hat, took off the hat and cupped it behind his ear.

Now the dancer had stopped at the newsstand on the corner of Eighth, and he saw that she wasn't pretty. Refusing to watch those hips one-two, one-two away, he turned almost uxoriously to the girl on his arm. On Eighth Street's narrow sidewalk, they squeezed past a bootblack shining another bootblack's shoes. They passed an optometrist's, a butcher shop, a toyshop, a marquee with a hand-painted sign saying "UBU! The Village's Scatological Play!," a homosexual bar, a supermarket, a beauty salon. Between the beauty salon and a record shop that leaked chamber jazz, he saw the recessed window of a jewelry store.

They angled in, and he ran his eyes over the display. The pieces were "free forms" in silver, copper, and bronze; they made him think of sweepings on a tinsmith's floor. Behind the jewelry there was a photograph of a girl with a long, thin Semitic face, pale-lipped and heavily pencilled around the eyes. She was modelling a pendant made of a length of copper wire twisted around a nugget of quartz and strung on a leather thong, but her mournful, almost accusing stare suggested that the pendant was disappointing, and that she wore it only as a reproach to whoever had given it to her. He looked past the photograph, into the shop, where the walls were covered with copper masks. "I guess not," he said.

He scanned the street. On the other side, tourists were pouring out of a sightseeing bus in front of the Village Barn. The Eighth Street Playhouse, next door, featured two foreign films about unhappy love. A few doors farther up he saw a sign: "Jewelry Antiques."

He pulled her through a break in the traffic, and pushed through the bus people on the other curb. It was a basement store, its window flush with the pavement. Typewritten file cards explained the pieces, whose motif was Oriental. A liverish stone in an ivory ellipse stood for the Eye of Friendship, and a ring with a sort of sundial design was the Wheel of Fortune.

He moved toward the short stairwell. The girl's hand was in his, and her unexpected pull caught him off balance and brought him up short. They had been going in opposite directions, and they were poised now as if in a jazz dance. "We might as well have a look," he said.

He pushed at the door. It wouldn't open. Then a buzzer snarled and he lunged for the knob again, and they went in. Behind the counter, under an umbrella-shaped chandelier, a woman smiled at them. She was heavy and dark, with protruding eyes and large gold rings in her ears.

"May we—"

"Please . . . " Her smile, stretching still farther, made him think of a thick red rubber band. "You are at home here."

The pieces in the showcase were like those in the window, running to petalled clusters, orange beads, carved elephant tusks, and jade figurines of multi-armed gods and many-breasted goddesses. He sidled along the glass. "Do you have plain gold rings?"

"Beautiful! I have beautiful rings." She arabesqued right and left.

He glanced through the glass again. "I don't see—"

"In the window," she said, dilating and protruding her eyes. "In the window I have." She slid back a panel, and her head and shoulders disappeared. In a few seconds, they emerged again, and she thrust one arm back in, holding her breath and turning her face toward them in a facsimile of a side stroke.

"Don't bother," he began, but her free hand shot up in an arresting gesture. "One moment, one moment." She hurried past him and plunged through a door in the rear of the shop. He put his back against the counter and smiled at the girl, but she didn't notice as she turned away toward the window, where the sun still shone.

The woman came out with a heavy carved chair, pushing it along behind the counter. He watched her climb carefully onto it, crouching over to grasp the back with both hands. As she reached into the window again, the chair creaked sharply, and he felt something creak inside him, too. Why was it so dark in here? The girl beside him was like a flower yearning toward the light. He wanted to take her by the arm and lead her back into the sun, but the woman, humpbacked with haste and enthusiasm, was shouting from the chair. "You see? Here you have the Eternal Union! They are serpents twisted!" She put one foot cautiously on the floor, then the other. "You see? Very ingenious, very original."

He drifted back. "No, I—"

"It is the antiquity," she said, trying to catch her breath. "A very great symbolism. You have interest in Zen?"

He felt behind him for the door. "No, not exactly," he said. "Perhaps we'll just—" The girl opened the door and the buzzer cut him off.

They moved with difficulty along the choked sidewalk, where it appeared to him that everyone was going the opposite way. They passed through a reek of barbecued chicken, and he shook off a bum who said, "Sir, as one gentleman to another—" He let go of her hand to steer her by the elbow, and they detoured into the gutter to get around a clot of young men in boots and bleached Levis. She looked at nothing and he looked at everything, his eyes rummaging the street.

Ahead of them, near Macdougal Street, he noticed a store front got up as an ornate gilt frame, and as they came closer he saw that it was another jewelry shop. The display surface of the window was vertical, and the "picture" was a scatter of amoeboid shapes in silver, clinging like barnacles to a coarse canvas mat. Some were specked with semiprecious stones, others etched or embossed. Their looped irregular edges reminded him of a jigsaw puzzle, and he thought he could tell where one had been cut from another. Absentmindedly, he began to fit them together.

They crossed Macdougal. He saw a clock outside a drugstore and was surprised that it was still so early. Unless the clock was slow, they'd left his apartment only twenty minutes ago. The Etcetera Shop was directly opposite them now, and he tried to remember what they had there. He couldn't, but it came to him very strongly that he didn't want an etcetera. He didn't want a free form, either, or symbolic snakes. All he wanted was a ring, an ordinary ring, the kind everyone—including his mother—used to wear.

They went toward Fifth, past the old Whitney Museum building, which was now a youth-hostel center. There was blue-and-white lettering over the fine Georgian doorway, and bicycles were stacked on both sides. He remembered kissing a girl in there, in a room full of Jackson Pollocks.

They reached the corner and were halfway across Fifth when he veered over and pulled open the door of a taxi waiting for the light. Handing her in, he got in and leaned back in the seat like someone settling himself for a long journey.

The driver looked at him in the rear-view mirror.

"Uptown," he said. "Just go uptown." He took her hand in his. She looked out of the window, and he looked at her. The radio was playing, and he heard Nat "King" Cole singing in Spanish.

After a while, the driver said, "Say when."

He looked out of the window; they were passing Sloane's. "Fifty-seventh," he said, and then he wondered whether it was what he had wanted all the time.

They pulled up in front of Tiffany's. While he was helping her out of the taxi, her skirt slid up to her stocking tops, and he stood there blocking her way and looking at her until she laughed and pushed him.

A TALL, British sort of man pointed out the right counter. Though there were quite a few people in the store, they were alone here. A small man, comfortably middle-aged, rested one hand on the glass top. "Wedding bands? Yes, sir. Plain or engraved?"

"Plain."

In the black velvet grooves of the tray, the gold bands stood like rolling hoops. "Will you try this?" The salesman held the ring on edge between his thumb and forefinger.

He took the ring from the salesman and, very carefully holding her hand, slipped it on her finger. It was her size. He twirled it clockwise and counterclockwise on her finger. "How does it feel?"

She held out her hand, and he followed it with his eyes.

"No," he said, pulling her hand back. "This one's too thin. It looks like a broomstraw."

The salesman raised his eyebrows politely, then scanned the trays under the glass. He brought one out and selected a ring. "Something like this?"

It was a modern design, about half an inch wide. The outer surface was not convex but flat. He turned it in his fingers and handed it back to the salesman. "Traditional," he said. "I want something traditional. You know—old-fashioned." Then he added, "But with some body to it."

The salesman brought out another tray. He chose a ring, replaced it, and chose another. "I believe this is the heaviest traditional model we carry."

He took it and weighed it in his palm. It was the same design as the first one, but wider, and it felt solid as a nugget. He slipped it on her finger, and she put her hand down on the counter. He picked it up in his again. "Do you like it?"

"Do you?"

"All right," he said to the salesman. He slipped the ring off and put it on the glass.

"Charge, sir?"

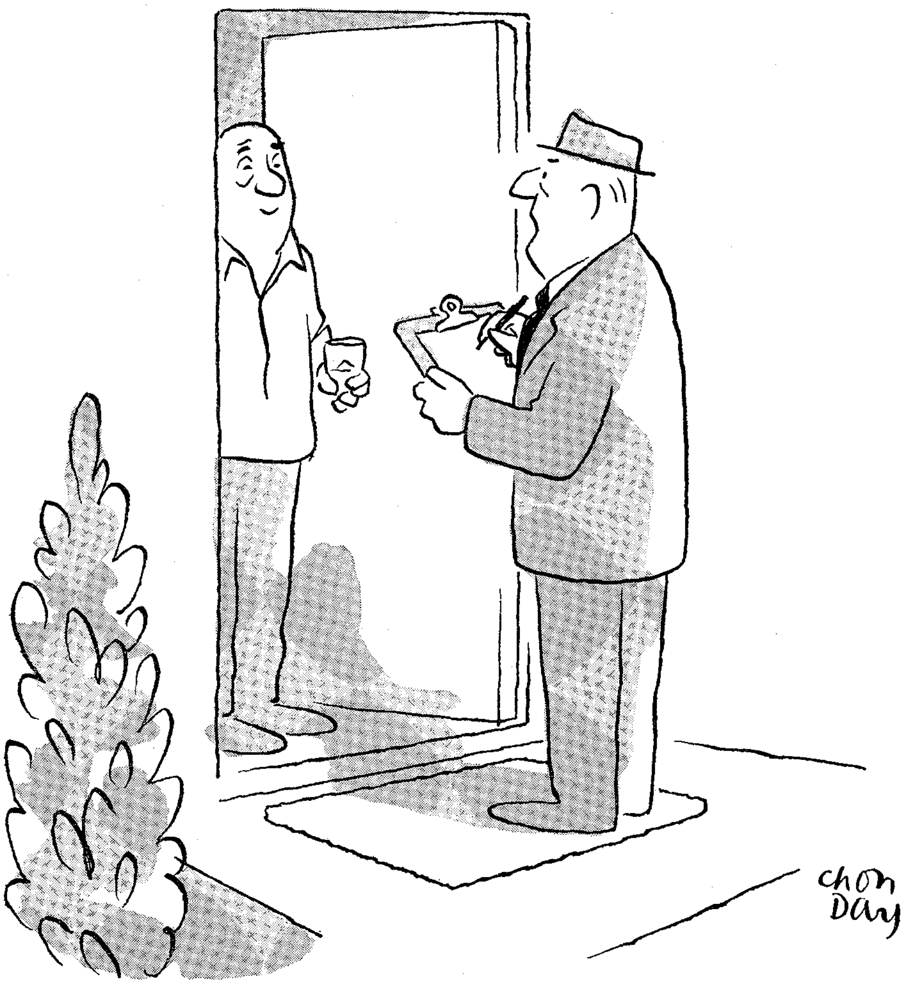
"No."

"That will be forty-two dollars, including tax."

"Forty-two dollars?"

"That's right, sir."

He was surprised that it was so inexpensive, that the heaviest wedding band in Tiffany's was only forty-two dollars. While the salesman was giving the money to the page girl, he picked up the ring and looked inside it. He could just make out "Tiffany & Co. 14k."



"Old Grand-Dad isn't running."

• •

THEY turned north, toward the Park. The light was with them, and they crossed Fifty-seventh. His hand in his pocket held the ring in its box. They crossed Fifth, then Fifty-eighth. In the plaza, he pulled her over to the rim of the fountain and brought out the box. He opened it and took the ring between two fingers. When he reached for her hand, the box dropped to the ground. He slipped the ring on her finger.

He let go of her hand and picked up the box and put it in his pocket. She held her arm straight down and spread her fingers, while he watched her with terrific concentration. Her head dipped, bringing her hair forward in a veil over her face, and he felt almost dizzy with pride and love.

She swung her hair back with a toss of her head and her eyes collided with his. They met and held his eyes for the space of a heartbeat, then they shifted away over his shoulder. "Did you know," she said, as if she was talking to herself, "that F.A.O. Schwarz was just across the street?"

He pulled her hand through his arm and they walked on toward Fifty-ninth. Their eyes had locked no more than a moment there, but for him it had been one of those moments people are said to have when the parachute fails and a lifetime flashes in review as they come down. Falling from a great height, he plunged through his history. Girls' names whispered like a rush of wind in his ears, and a blur of faces flitted by. Though they were all different, the expression in their eyes was the same. They slipped past like a runaway reel, and when they faded he came up against the knowledge—what she had always known, of course—that it just wasn't in him. He never had been, and never would be, a stayer. Not for all his playing house, his swelling heart, his pride in her that prickled the nape of his neck that very minute. And though he loved her more than ever for forgiving him, for playing out this charade for his sake, he knew that this, too, wouldn't help, nothing would help. All the best wishes and gold bands in the world couldn't change the brass taste he had now in his mouth.

—ANATOLE BROYARD

• •

BRINKER'S RATIOS

So many men who walked this planet
Are sealed—unmarked or marked—within it,
They dwarf the quick who walk upon it.

So many old contemporaries
Are cankering in cemeteries,
They dwarf us living antiquaries.

So many selves that once abided
Within this body's shell now lie dead,
They dwarf the one still trapped inside it.

—WILLIAM WALDEN

OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES

NEW YORK

IN 1938, when Hitler took Austria and was preparing to do away with the Jews, we all ran to the American consulate. Each one was given an immigration number, according to a system rather like that used by some bakeries to insure their customers' being served in the strict order of arrival. But the "American quota"—as the system came to be known through the eleven years we waited, first in England, then in the Dominican Republic—resembled a bakery system that has gone awry and issues separate series of numbers to people who come from different streets.

My grandparents, who had been born in Hungary and moved to Austria as children, were on the Hungarian quota and their number came through first. We were living in Santiago de los Caballeros, in the Dominican Republic. It was 1949, a year after my grandfather's death, and my grandmother, who was then seventy-five years old, went on to New York alone. My grandmother wrote that America was no good. An organization called Selfhelp had found her lodgings with one Amalie Kruger, a real Berliner, who couldn't even cook a proper soup, and when my grandmother had wanted to show her she had told my grandmother to get out of her kitchen, and my grandmother was never going to speak to her again. God alone knew if she would live to see the day of our coming to America, for she was ill with longing.

My mother, my Uncle Paul, and I, who had all been born in Austria, were still waiting for our numbers on the huge Austrian quota. I was twenty-one, and had a panicky sense that my young years were running out in that tropical backwoods island, though I, too, considered America no good. I had read "To Be a Pilgrim," in which Joyce Cary describes "The new lands where the weather is as stupid as the trees, chance dropped, are meaningless," and I could appreciate the justness of this without even having been to the United States. I copied it out. I felt that I was—at least, by adoption—English. I used my British accent and education as one might use a visiting card, to announce and identify myself. I displayed it prominently to the British-consulate people whom I met socially in Ciudad Trujillo. "I lived in England from the time I was ten," I said. "Precisely half my life. During the summer holidays, we used to bicycle all over—the Lake District, Malvern Hills, Oxford—though I myself went to Bedford College, in London. Do you know it? On the Inner Circle, Regent's Park. If you got tired of 'Beowulf,' you could watch the geese from the lake walking across the lawn. All I want is to get back to London."

"That shouldn't be hard under the circumstances," the consulate people said, and within a month they sent me a notification to come and pick up the visa that had arrived for me.

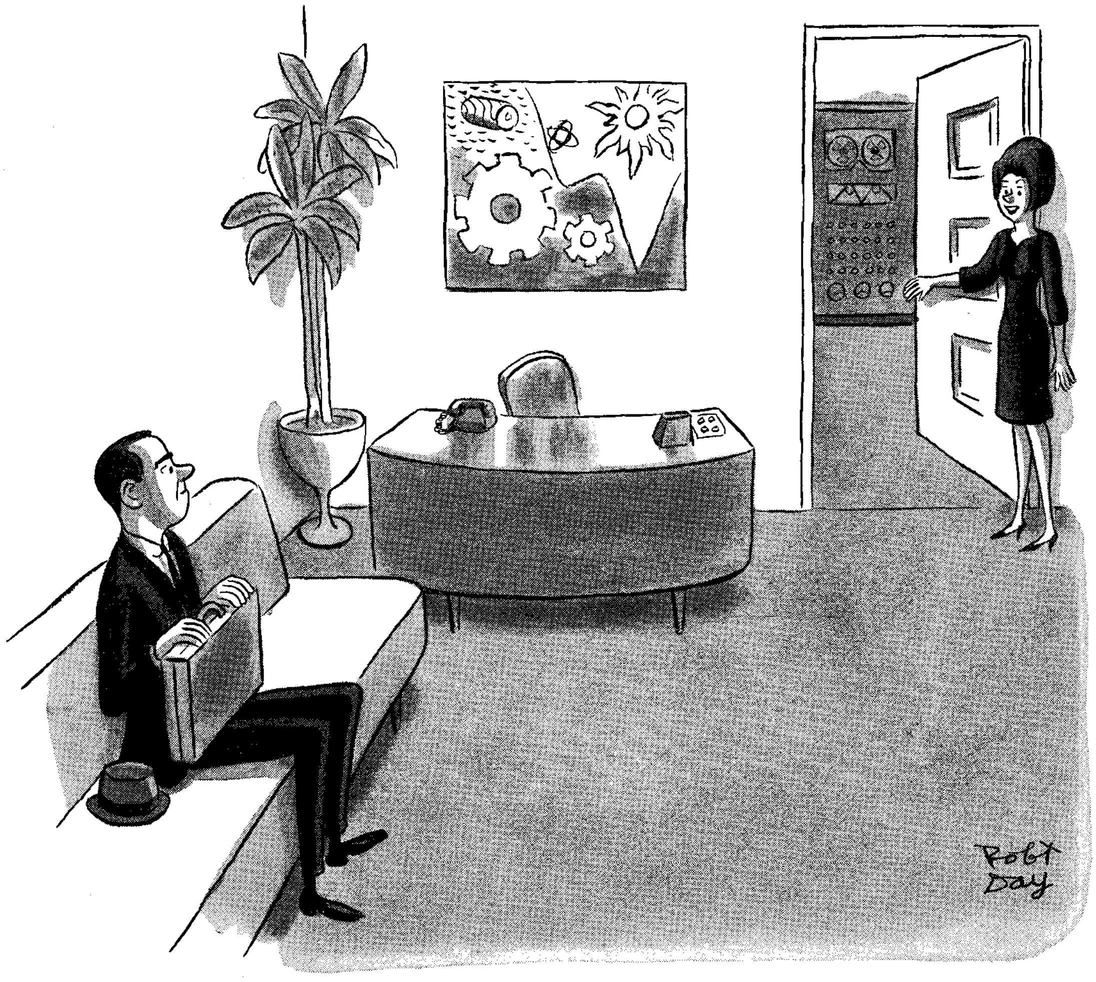
I was horrified. Behind the memory of the white geese under the great plane trees on the jewel-green lawn appeared like a double exposure my bespectacled self, one of three thousand students in mackintoshes and oxfords, in an all-women's college, one cold, wet English June day, coming across the bridge that leads out of the park into Baker Street in such an agony of loneliness that I recall it in my memory as an event. I remember standing a moment to diagnose the trouble and feeling my feet wet and knowing I hadn't a sixpence left for the meter of the gas fire in my room in the students' hotel in the dilapidated Victorian square behind Holborn.

"A visa!" I cried. "How marvellous! Only I won't have money for a while. . . ."

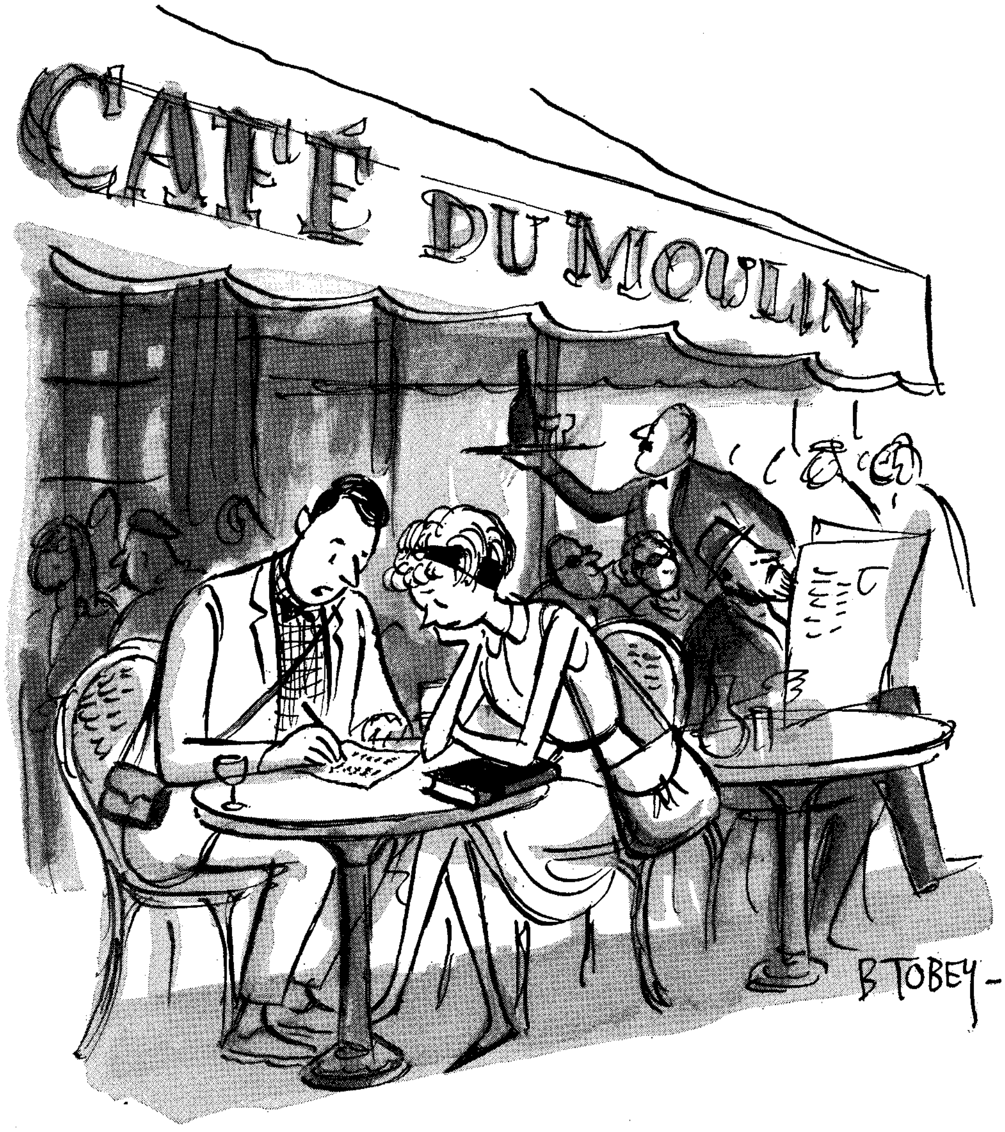
"The visa is renewable," said the consulate people.

"And my mother depends on me to go with her to America," I said, and blushed.

Paul's number came through in 1950, and he followed my grandmother to New York. In Washington Heights, they found an apartment, consisting of a narrow hallway leading to a kitchen, with a room for my grandmother on the left side and a room for Paul on the right. My mother and I arrived in May of 1951, and Paul moved his bed into my grandmother's room and bought two couches for us and a piano for my mother, and the right-hand room became a sitting-dining room, with a plastic-topped kitchen table for the four of us to eat on. The furniture was shabby, and there were several large, rickety chests of drawers from the Salvation Army, but I was on the whole gratefully sur-



"Our computer will see you now, sir."



"If we're sticking to 'Europe on Five Dollars a Day,' our trip ended the day before yesterday."

• •

prised—the rooms were of a decent size, the ceilings high. In my mind's eye, I redisposed the furniture, painted it; I could see the couches covered in some rich fabric. The place had possibilities. Paul promised that someday he would help me rearrange it.

The first evening, Paul walked me one block down to Riverside Drive.

"Why, it's pretty!" I said. "It's as pretty as the Thames Embankment. Prettier—if it weren't for all that horrible advertising." I pointed beyond the highway with the twin white headlights coming, the red tail-lights going in both directions as far as one could see. Road without end, I thought. (I was pleased with the thought—must remember to put it in a letter to my university friends in London.) The New Jersey shore threw its commercial neon messages in shivering paths of primary color across the water. "So garish," I said. "The sky is positively purple with it. Look!"

THE next morning, my mother and I set out for the employment agencies. My grandmother stood in the hall door, saying, "Have you your handkerchief? Money? Keys?" Then she asked Paul, who was leaving for work, if he had his lunch bag. "Come back soon!" she said to each one.

The sun was shining straight up 157th Street as we walked down, shielding our eyes against the flashing windows of the Republican Club over Liggett's at the corner. The sleazy Broadway small-town shops and the green-and-yellow taxis gleamed, freshly washed by the early-May morning sun. We went down into the subway and climbed out at Forty-second Street. I came, bringing my B.A. Engl. Hons. from the University of London, a prize in a short-story contest, and my talent in drawing, "looking," as I told the interviewers, "for an interesting job." They asked me to fill out an application card, and when they had read it they told me to get some office skills and a year or two of American experience and to come back again. As Paul put it that evening, "America is the land of unlimited opportunity for people who can work the I.B.M. machine."

Paul was working in a well-known New York research foundation. He had applied for a laboratory job, where his medical training might be useful, but his degree from the University of Vienna was not recognized in the United States. However, the personnel people expressed interest in the experience he had had with animals in the farming colony of Sosua, in the Dominican Republic, and he got a job as an animal attendant.

My mother, who had taken a course in large-quantity cooking before leaving Vienna, found work in the kitchen underneath a Fifth Avenue branch of a famous restaurant chain, helping prepare hors d'oeuvres. My mother did not know most of the house specialties, and even after she had learned how to make them she did not recognize their American names coming distorted down the speaking tube, and the angry Negro woman to whose table she had been assigned would not tell her. My mother was afraid she was going to lose her job, and came home evenings crying from nervousness and exhaustion.

I got a job as a filing clerk in a shoe factory in Queens, at forty dollars a week. I sat with the girls at a long table, transferring incoming orders onto pink cardboard sheets. On my left sat an obese, pimply blonde named Charlene. I told her that I had just arrived from the Dominican Republic, where I had taught English, that I was Austrian but had lived ten years in England. Charlene levelled unblinking blue eyes insultingly at me and said something to her friend about teacher types and how people with accents should go back where they came from. It was Charlene's job to make up the list of lunch orders, which it was my job to fetch from the luncheonette downstairs. She delayed giving it to me till precisely twelve, so that I was bound to lose ten minutes of my lunch hour, but I discovered that by dawdling a little I ran into the crowds from the other floors at the pickup counter and could waste fully twenty minutes of hers. I remember the thrill of my short-lived victory—we got daily cleverer in mutual meanness.

In my dreams at night, Charlene and I embraced and explained ourselves to one another, but every morning before I went to work I vomited. At lunchtime, to avoid the sight of her obscene back turned toward me, I went out. I walked around the factory district, stepping over abandoned railway tracks, seeing no one for minutes on end. Once I came across a couple of workmen in blue overalls, sitting on the steps of a rusty railway wagon, drinking coffee out of thermos flasks. They waved to me. I felt happy. Presently, I found myself at the edge of water, on the far side of which the huge slab of the United Nations building stood on its own reflection. I ran back to the factory, writing a mental letter to my London friends.

THE MUD TURTLE

Out of the earth beneath the water,
Dragging over the stubble field
Up to the hilltop in the sun,
On his way from water to water,
He rests an hour in the garden,
His alien presence observed by all:
His lordly darkness decked in filth
Bearded with weed like a lady's favor.
He is a black planet, another world
Never till now appearing, even now
Not quite believably old and big,
Set in the summer morning's midst,
A gloomy gemstone to the sun opposed.
Our measures of him do not matter—
He would be huge at any size—
And neither do the number of his years;
The time he comes from doesn't count.

When the boys tease him with sticks,
He breaks the sticks, striking with
As great a suddenness as speed;
Fingers and toes would snap as soon,
Says one of us, and the others shudder.
Then when they turn him on his back
To see the belly heroically yellow,
He throws himself fiercely to his feet,
Brings down the whole weight of his shell,
Spreads out his claws and digs himself in
Immovably, invulnerably,
But for the front foot on the left,
Red-budded, with the toes torn off.
So over he goes again, and shows
Us where a swollen slug is fastened
Softly between plastron and shell.
Nobody wants to go close enough
To burn it loose; he can't be helped
Either, there is no help for him
As he makes it to his feet again
And drags away to the meadow's edge.
We see the tall grass open and wave
Around him; it closes; he is gone
Over the hill toward another water,
Bearing his hard and chambered hurt
Down, down, down, beneath the water,
Beneath the earth beneath. He takes
A secret wound out of the world.

—HOWARD NEMEROV

• •

In the evening as I came up the street, I saw my grandmother at the kitchen window, and when I stepped off the elevator she was holding the hall door open. I kissed her and said, "Why do you have to stand around waiting for us? You could sit down."

"Your mother is late!"

"How late? Eleven minutes!"

"What could have happened to her!" my grandmother said in distress.

"Well, let's see." I held up my hand and counted the possibilities on my fingers. "Maybe she got into conversation with her supervisor; maybe she walked up Fifth Avenue to look at the shopwindows; maybe the subway got stuck between stations—"

"You think something happened on the subway?" my grandmother asked, and went back to the kitchen window. "There she is!" she said. "And there's Pauli, too," and she waved to them until they disappeared through the house door below her. Then she went to stand in the hall doorway to watch the red light of the ascending elevator, bringing her children home.

"I made some poppy-seed strudel today," my grandmother said. "The table is all set."

But Paul said he was going to shower and change and go over to have dinner with his friend Dolf. Dolf was Paul's best friend from Vienna, and Paul went to see him once in a while, to take great draughts of friendship and conversation, and each time my grandmother was unhappy and tried to dissuade him.

"Your wonderful friend Dolf, thoughtless as ever, making you go out again after a day's work. You look exhausted."

"I feel fine, Muttilein."

"Why don't you eat here and go afterward? What does his wife know about your delicate stomach?"

"She's a fine cook. Very good."

My grandmother took him to the door, to see that he had his handkerchief and everything. "Come back soon," she said.

"I don't understand Paul," my grandmother said when we three women sat down to supper. "How he can keep going to the house of a friend who doesn't think of inviting his mother, his sister, and his niece."

"Omama," I said, "what would you and Dolf have to talk about?"

"Lorle!" my mother said, with a pleading look to me not to be rude to my grandmother. "I'll tell you what we'll do—we will go and sit in the Triangle together."

The Triangle is a traffic island on the corner of Broadway and 157th Street, opposite Liggett's. It has benches, six dusty trees, and pigeons. Every time one of the Fifth Avenue buses lumbered past, the pigeons rose in the air—spreading disease and germs over everyone, my grandmother said. Here, in summer, at evening time, the elderly German-speaking population of Washington Heights came together. Frau Hohemberg, who lived in the house where my grandmother had her first lodgings, sat by my grandmother. "So this is the daughter and granddaughter! Why aren't you out with a boy friend?" she asked me.

"She doesn't have one," said my grandmother. "She is too choosy."

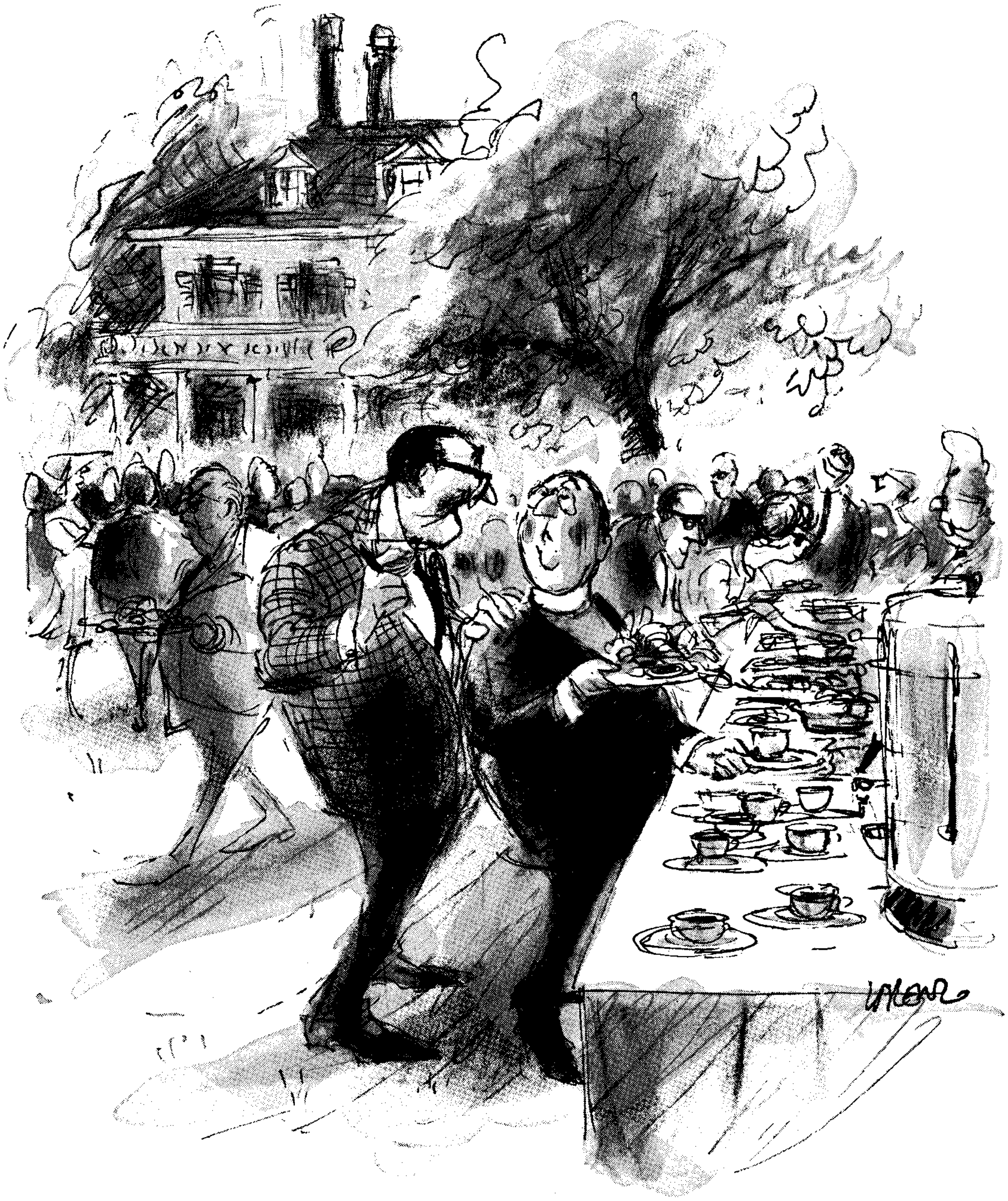
"I'll go out. Don't you worry about me," I said.

But I was worried. There was a picture printed permanently in the back of my mind. I had seen it through a door in the moment it had taken someone to open it and pass inside: a woman sitting on a high stool at the bar, swinging a leg; a man supporting himself on an elbow, standing and leaning toward her. Maybe I had only read about it in a book. On Saturday evenings especially, I thought about finding such a door, but some bars, I knew from the movies, did not admit single women, and I didn't know the names of drinks; no one might come and lean on the bar toward me. I looked at my ankle and doubted if it was the shape for swinging.

The next week, my mother invited my grandmother and me to come to the Triangle.

I said, "Not me! I'm going out."

"Where are you going?" asked my



"*The Lord helps those who help themselves—eh, Reverend?*"

• •

grandmother, when she came to the hall door to see me off.

"I don't know," I said.

"When will you be back?"

"Since I don't know where I'm going, it's hard to say how long it will take."

"Lorle!" my mother warned.

"Why don't you want to tell me where you are going?" my grandmother asked, very much surprised.

"Because I'm twenty-three years old, Omama, and might want to go somewhere you wouldn't approve," I said, though I think her probing into my affairs would have irritated me less if there had been an affair to uncover.

"Thank you," said my grandmother, her eyes starting angrily out of their sockets. "That will be a good thought with which to lie in bed at night waiting for you to come home."

"Don't think about me. I don't need you to wait for me."

"I will never ask where you are going again," said my grandmother. "The best thing I could do would be to die," she added, and went into the living room.

"Go quick and kiss her," my mother whispered, but my grandmother was laying out a game of solitaire and would not look at me.

I took the subway to Times Square and walked among the lights of the advertisements that blinked and ran and jumped, changed colors, and started over. Yah, I thought, Yah, "Times Square, Crossroads of the World," indeed! It reminded me of the Viennese fair to which our maid, Poldi, used to take me around Christmastime, where the countrypeople set up their gaudy booths. I walked self-consciously, philosophizing and describing in a letter to London the fifteen-cent turtles with "Greetings from New York" in red paint on their tiny backs, the Texas hats on which a woman at a rattling sewing machine would put your initials in rickrack for thirty cents. A fat girl in blue satin, wearing a flowered hat, pointed to the window next to the shooting gallery, where a crowd stood watching a Negro, in an outsize chef's hat, broiling frankfurters.

There was a bookshop. I went inside. Under the shrill lights I saw titles I was ashamed to appear to be looking at, but I found a fascinating book called "Writer's Yearbook," and in it there was a list of writers' clubs—one in Yellow Springs, Ohio, three in California, and one in Manhattan. I copied out the Manhattan address, and went home and wrote a witty letter to the club. (For weeks, I tasted the delicious phrases in my recollection.)

"Frau Hohemberg has a nephew, a very nice young man. She has told him all about Lore," my grandmother said the next day, speaking to my mother, because she had not forgiven me.

"He must have been thrilled," I said.

"He wants to get married," my grandmother told my mother.

"Good luck to him," I said.

"Lorle," my mother said, "why don't you at least see this young man? You might like him."

"Who said I wouldn't see him?" I said, and began to wait.

Toni Lustig came on Friday to take me to the local movie. He had a very pleasant face with Jewish brown eyes, exactly like the eyes of all my grandmother's brothers. Out of the sleeves of his navy-blue suit his wrists emerged nakedly, without cuffs. I cannot recall what film we saw, but I remember coming up the aisle afterward. Just as I was going to say, "What a nothing picture *that* was!" Toni said, "Wasn't that a lovely picture?" I told myself to keep silent. We had come out into midsummer-night Broadway. I asked him what he did.

"When I first came, I was a *Packerl-*

schupfer," Toni said in Viennese dialect—literally, "one who chucks little packages around;" that is to say, a shipping clerk. "Then I was a busboy. Now I'm working as a waiter and going to hotel school at night. What about you?"

"Well, in the Dominican Republic I taught English. I went to college in London," I said, and regretted it. I had heard, and believed, that intellectuality in women was sexually repellent, so I said, "Now I'm just a file clerk, and a bad one. But," I added, "I'm going to be a writer."

"Oh," Toni said, "you are a writer! What are you writing about?"

"About a girl who is saving up to buy the dress that's going to make her nose small and round."

"But a dress doesn't change a nose," Toni said.

"Because it's never the right dress. So each time she starts saving all over again, and meanwhile she is getting older, but she says, 'It's just the touch of rheumatism I had this morning that's making me look badly. Tomorrow I will be pink and smooth, and my nose will be round, and my glasses will fall off.'"

"So in the end what happens?"

"She dies."

"Oh! Don't you ever write about happy people?"

"I don't believe in the species. When did you ever see a happy person?"

"I'm happy," Toni said.

"A beautiful young man," my grandmother commented next morning, with a question in her voice.

"A very nice young man. Nicer than I," I said. "But just the littlest bit stupid."

"Poor old snobbish Lorle!" Paul said.

"Lore will never get a man," said my grandmother.

"Lorle, you criticize too quickly," my mother said. "How can you know anyone after a single evening? Even if he is not the right person, he might introduce you to people. You have to start somewhere, you know."

"Yes, I know, Mummy."

"Meaning 'Shut up, Mummy'?"

"Meaning I wish you would pay me the compliment of letting me make my own life in my own time. Just please don't worry about me."

"You're quite right," said my mother, looking anxiously at my grandmother, who, however, failed to be insulted and laughed gaily. "I've just this minute stopped worrying," she said, and folded her hands in her lap with the air of one who is not going to lift a finger.

THAT Saturday evening, I reminded Paul of his promise to help me rearrange the furniture. After we had moved everything around, my grandmother said she didn't see that the room looked any better than the way she had arranged it before we arrived.

I said, "The trouble is that it's impossible to see the space relations and planes till you've actually moved the pieces. Pauli, maybe the piano here and the couches parallel, and then the table can go under the window." But this change still failed to produce the elegant order, the sense of space for which I yearned. "How about the couches forming a corner under the window?" I said, and ran head on into the end of Paul's patience.

"Omama has a headache, your mother looks exhausted, and so am I. I'll give you a choice. You can leave it as it is."

"But it's not right this way," I said.

"Then we will put it back the way it was."

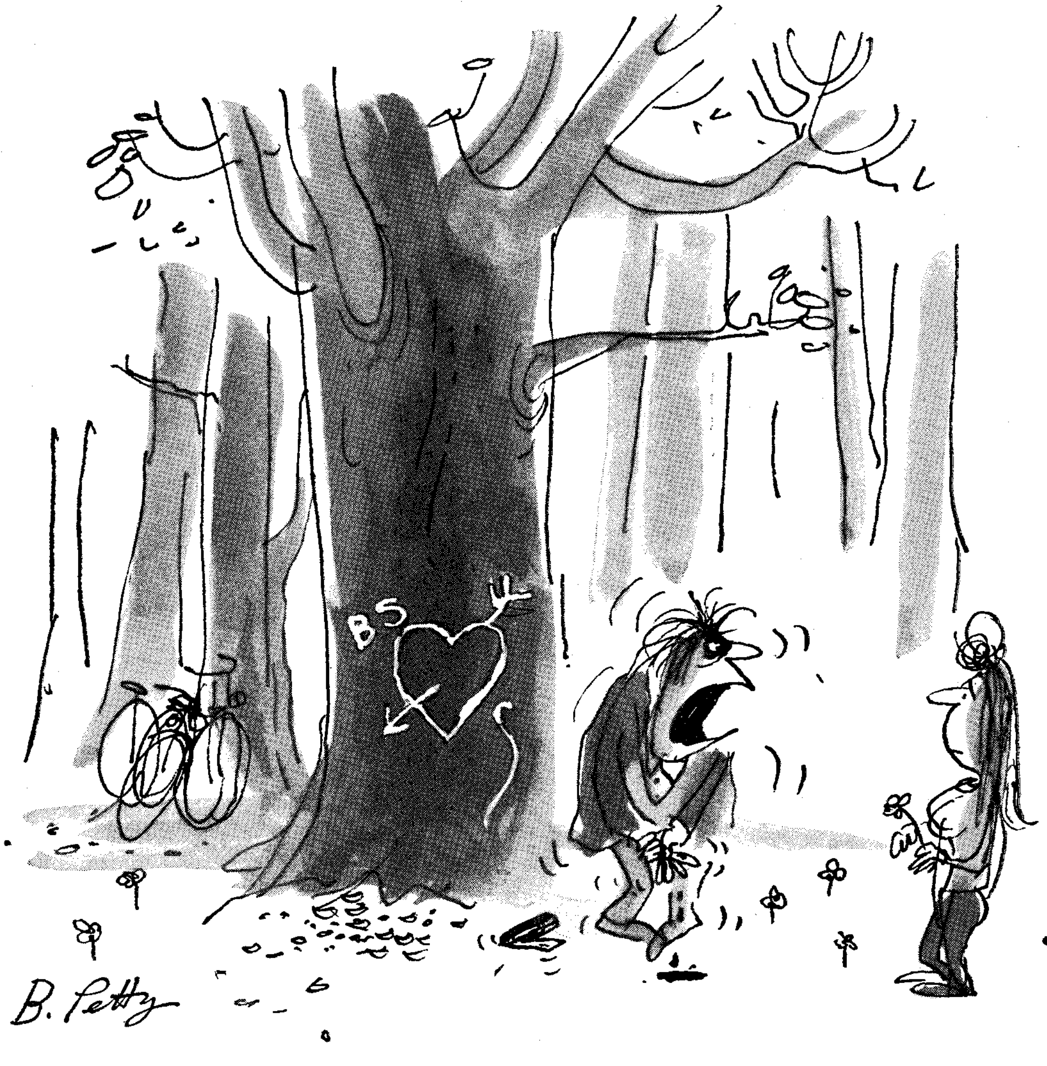
"But it was *ugly* the way it was," I said.

Horrified, I saw that even this word had not the power to move Paul. He loomed larger than life, with an angry mouth, saying, "This is your Omama's house, and you are only one of the four persons living in it. We must choose between your sensibilities and everybody else's comfort."

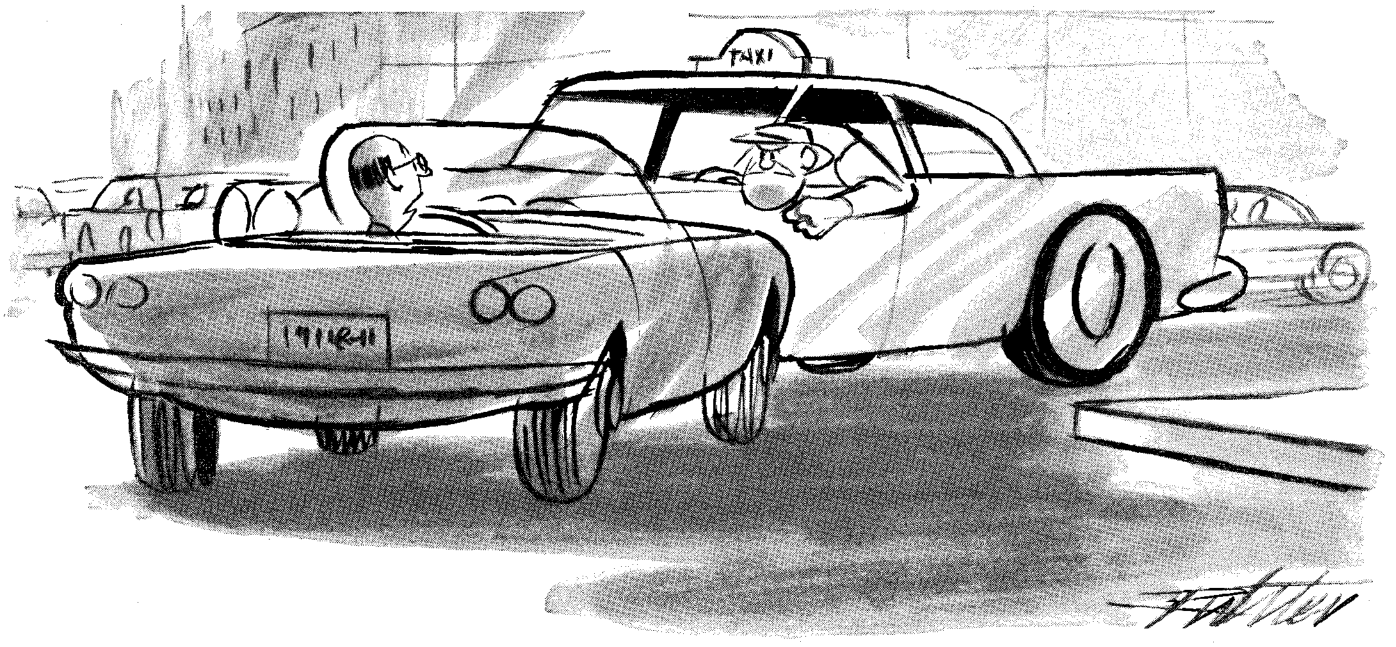
I went into the bathroom and cried, because I would have to go on living in an ugly apartment and because Paul had spoken to me in irritation.

When I came into the kitchen the next morning, he was studying the Sunday *Times* help-wanted columns.

"Lend me the 'Help Wanted Females,'" I said. "I keep looking where it says 'Wrtg.' or 'Coll. Grads.' I keep thinking that somewhere there is this fascinating job surrounded by fascinating people."



"*Well, don't just stand there, stupid!*"



"Golly, I'd better watch where I'm going, hadn't I?"

• •

Paul said he had been thinking about me. He very much regretted that he had no hand skills, and this might be the time for me to acquire some.

"Yes, I have been thinking myself of taking some evening courses. Maybe comparative religion."

No, no, Paul said, he had meant something more like shorthand and typing. "Only I think it should be something adjacent to your talents and interests—commercial art, perhaps."

"*Ech*, commercial art!" I said, and then I said, "Pauli, am I getting horribly on your nerves?"

"Horribly," Paul said. "Your mother and I were talking about you and saying that we're sorry for the man who takes you on but that you are well worth the trouble."

"What man?" I said.

Toni never called again. For weeks, I tried to recall the words Paul had said about my being a lot of trouble to a man but worth his while, and I could never make out in my mind's ear if he had said "the man who *will* take you on" or "the man who *would* take you on."

It was hardly three weeks later that my grandmother came home from the Triangle with the news of Toni Lustig's engagement. She had seen the girl, and she had buckteeth and was older than he.

One day, I opened our mailbox and found my witty letter to the writers' club, stamped "Address Unknown." I put my hand inside the mailbox and felt all around it; there was nothing else. The box next to ours had its door hanging open, and I felt inside it, too, and stood a moment, frightened that I was losing my good sense.

THAT winter, I took evening courses in shorthand and typing, and by the spring of my second year in New York I got a job with a public-relations firm on Madison Avenue. They liked my British accent, and at first clearly thought that at fifty dollars a week I was a bargain. The firm was a new venture by two men, one of whom was nervous and one good-natured. The good-natured one did his own letters, and so did the nervous one after he found how badly I typed. Their clients—they were, as I remember, Danish Whale Meat, A Refresher Course in Male Magnetism, and A Proposal for Sending the Liberty Bell to the Philippines World Fair—made little work for anyone. The nervous boss told me to keep looking busy. I asked if it would be all right for me to write my own stories, and he said that would be just fine.

On my lunch hour, I walked alternate pavements north and south, peering hungrily into the shopwindows of high-class dress houses and aristocratic antique shops. At home, I undertook to paint the furniture. "If I could think of exactly the right color," I said.

"Brown," said my grandmother.

"Brown! Like imitation wood? Never! Paint should be paint. Red and blue aren't very elegant. Green is impossible. Gray, maybe."

"Nobody in America has gray furniture," said my grandmother.

"How would *you* know?"

"I know," said my grandmother. "I hear what people say."

"Where? In the Triangle? What Frau Hohemberg says?"

"I've been in homes."

"In Frau Amalie Kruger's home. Just stop and think, Omama—when have you ever been inside an American home?"

"I have been, I have been," said my grandmother.

"Let me do it in gray, Omama. You'll see, it will look so much nicer," I said, and my grandmother raised her right hand, palm out, and made a motion of throwing it away—of giving up.

I agonized over the shade, and presently the apartment was full of large rickety chests of drawers painted gray, and my grandmother went to bed ill from the commotion and the smell of turpentine mixing with the heat of August.

In the fall, Paul married Dolf's sister Suse, with whom he had gone to school in Vienna, and they moved into an apartment of their own, in the Bronx. My mother moved into the bedroom with my grandmother and left me the sitting room, in which I moved furniture around like mad. I made what I thought a handsome corner of the two couches, and sewed Chinese-red burlap covers for them, which my grandmother complained were too scratchy to sit on. Nor could she make friends with the Danish teakwood coffee table I had got on sale; it was too low for playing solitaire. So my mother moved the old kitchen table into the bedroom, where, from then on, my grandmother mostly lived.

When my mother took a job in a bakery on Broadway and began to work late hours, she bought my grandmother an immense, square black television set for the long evenings ahead.

"That nice Liberace—he is Jewish, isn't he?" asked my grandmother.

"Oh Omama! He is not! That's an Italian name."

"I think he is Jewish," said my grandmother. "But I don't like this man." She pointed to the screen. A master of ceremonies was introducing a little dog that wore a ballet skirt and stood on its hind legs. "He is anti-Semitic," my grandmother said.

"He uses Jews on his show all the time," I said. "What makes you think he is anti-Semitic?"

"I can always tell," said my grandmother.

"But you don't understand a word he is saying. What are you judging by?"

"I can always feel it," my grandmother said, patting the air with her right hand in a gesture that was proof against the arguments of mere logic.

On Saturday, my grandmother said, "Frau Hohemberg says there's a nice young woman who used to work on the machine next to hers, who goes to a club on Broadway with a lot of nice young Jewish people. They have lectures and do interesting things. They go to artists' studios and to the stockyards, and in summer they have picnics. She's going to give me the address."

"I don't want to go to the stockyards or to picnics with any nice young Jewish people," I said. "But what about you, Mummy? You should go out once in a while."

"I go out," said my mother. "Last Sunday, Omama and I went to tea with Frau Hohemberg."

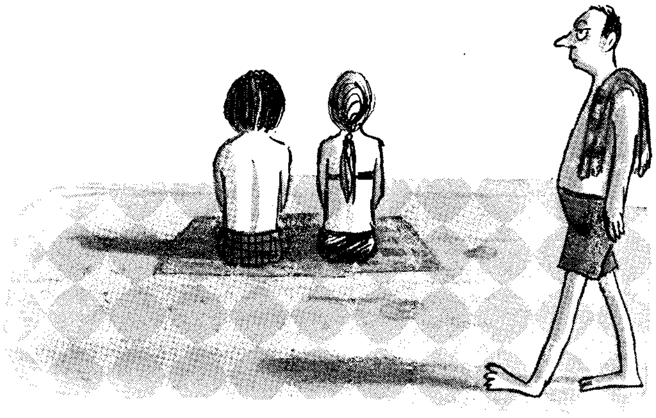
"Yes," said my grandmother, "and Frau Hohemberg had specially invited her brother, who is a widower, for you, and all you did all afternoon was play with Toni Lustig's baby."

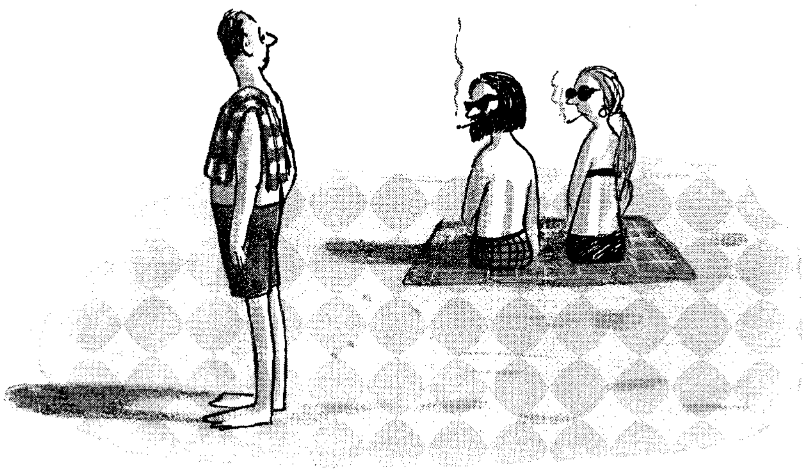
"But Muttilein, the baby was so much more charming than Frau Hohemberg's brother. He has a very high voice and a smelly cigar."

"But Mummy, maybe he would be interesting once you got to know him," I said. "Or he might know some other people. You have to start somewhere. Omama has her television."

"You don't have to bother about Omama, because Omama will soon be dead anyway," said my grandmother and went into her bedroom.

"Mutti! Lorle! I wouldn't even know where to go," my mother said.





"There are clubs!" I said. It was a long time after my mother had learned to keep silent on my affairs that I stopped advising her.

Then my grandmother took to going out by herself. In the fall, Paul had a son, Peter, and every week my grandmother undertook the trip, involving two changes of subway and one bus, to the Bronx.

I GOT fired from the public-relations office—the nicest job I ever had—when the nervous boss put a name and phone number on my desk and asked me to put a call through and I said, "One minute. As soon as I finish this paragraph."

I branched out into commercial art. I was hired in the capacity of apprentice-saleswoman-receptionist-bottle-washer in a small, sixth-rate textile studio, at thirty dollars a week. The boss said, "You stick with me. I'll make a designer out of you."

"You think I have talent, then?"

"Don't worry about talent. You keep your eyes open. I'll tell you what's selling. You'll be a designer."

I think he must have had high blood pressure. He was a huge, red-faced Pole called Polacek, who believed that the more you yelled, the more you got out of people. "You've got to yell at them!" he yelled, after hearing my embarrassed tone with a customer on the telephone. "Now sit down and paint."

"I thought you wanted me to—"

"Don't think. Paint."

A tall, handsome girl called Margery helped me mix my colors when the boss wasn't looking, and Mrs. Shapiro, the head designer, whispered that he really had a heart of gold—it was just that his voice was loud. Mrs. Shapiro was built small and round, rather like my mother, and had the clear skin and happy eyes of a young girl. Sometimes her husband came to pick her up, and he, too, was small and round, with clear pink cheeks and the same charming air of happiness. Mrs. Shapiro talked with modest tenderness of her two teen-age children and the senile mother-in-law who lived with the family in their little house in Queens. Once, after work, I followed her downstairs and invited her for a cup of coffee.

"I'm studying you," I said. "You look like a happy person, and I've always contended there was no such thing."

Mrs. Shapiro said she was going to bring me last month's *Woman's Day*. They had an article in there how you must give and give and happiness would

come back to you. She said it had always worked for her.

The studio was at Broadway and Fortieth Street, on the edge of the garment district, which is within two blocks of the Crossroads of the World. During my lunch hour that autumn, I walked systematically north and south—first along Broadway, then Seventh Avenue—and then east and west. But I had given up describing everything in letters to London. England had never replied.

One day, Margery asked me to come to a Jewish Youth dance with her on Saturday. "I wish you would come," she said. "I want to go, but I don't want to go by myself."

When I met her on the sidewalk outside one of the dowdy Broadway hotels in the Seventies, I could see that she was frightened, and she told me she threw up every time before she went dancing.

"So do I! I throw up in the morning before work!" I cried, drawn to her by the coincidence. "I'm scared all the time I'm going to ruin Polacek's designs and paint everything wrong."

"Me," said Margery, "I only throw up before I come to a dance. Grab those two chairs, quick! So we don't have to stand around if nobody asks us."

The hall was large and badly lit. On the far side stood a grim stag line backed against the wall, from which we saw a man suddenly part and drift like a falling star toward us, across the dance floor. I looked at my feet. But it was Margery for whom he came, and as he led her away she turned and gave me a desperate shrug. She was a head taller than he—a splendid woman next to a ferret-faced runt hiding his sad back and narrow shoulders in a loose-hanging, jazzy jacket three sizes too big.

A man with a purple chin under a day's growth of beard took me by the wrist and swung me around as if I were a gate he was closing upon himself. With an absent look, he pursed his mouth as if he were about to whistle a little song, and hooked his chin, like Alice's Duchess's, over my shoulder. We danced, and I thought there ought to be conversation, and I told him that this was my first dance in America, that I had been brought up in England and had taught English in the Dominican Republic. I asked him what he did.

"Electrician," he said.

I was trying to think up something more to say when the music stopped and he walked away.

Ferret-Face brought Margery back and sat beside her, and they seemed to be talking animatedly. They danced the second dance together. The electrician reappeared and claimed me without a word, slamming me upon himself; he was breathing hard, and crowding me so that I pulled back, but I thought, That's what I oughtn't always to do, and I tried to soften myself in his arms. My partner noticed neither my withdrawal nor my attempt at surrender, but I seemed to have given satisfaction, for when the dance was over he said I was a peach and walked off clicking his tongue.

At the studio on Monday, Margery told me that her dancing partner had taken her home and got grabby in the subway. She said there was another dance uptown next Saturday—a much nicer crowd, attached to a temple—but when, on Saturday, we met on the sidewalk outside the hall, we saw Ferret-Face in the doorway, and out of the ground sprang the electrician, who yanked me around by the wrist, saying, "Peach! Where did you get to last Saturday? Peachy-peach."

I refused to dance with him, which put it out of my power, as I said, quoting Jane Austen to Margery, to dance with anybody else.

"Why does it?" Margery asked. "Why can't you dance if someone else asks you?" Margery said she was going to Grossinger's next summer. "I'm going to be twenty-nine next week!" she said.

"What's Grossinger's?" I asked.

On Christmas Day, I had a phone call from a man who said he was Donald. I did not recognize either the name or the voice, which was thick, as if he had a cold. The only man I could think of was the electrician. I was frightened.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"How could you call me if you didn't know my name?" I asked.

"I just dialled," the man said. "It's Christmas, and I'm a little drunk. Not drunk, exactly. High. You don't have to tell me your name if you don't want. But would you talk to me a minute?"

"I suppose so," I said.

"You have a charming accent. You are not American?"

"I'm from Vienna," I said with a frightened sense that I was giving something away. "But I was brought up in England," I added.

"I'm a refugee, too," the man said. "From San Francisco. Would you allow me to call and talk with you once in a while? Say, once every two weeks?"

"I think better not," I said. "But I wish you a happy Christmas. Goodbye."

"Goodbye," he said. "Carry on."

I was still listening when the receiver

at the other end was placed in its cradle.

I had an image that year of a city made up of badly lighted single rooms—like the one in which I imagined my drunk sitting by his telephone, like the bedroom in which my grandmother sat by her television during the long winter evenings—and of innumerable ballrooms lined with men, their backs to the wall, waiting for Margery, who threw up before she went to meet them. These days, I threw up not only before going to work in the mornings but Saturday evenings when I was not going anywhere, and one day when I finally got a letter from England, and frequently for no reason at all.

With little Mrs. Shapiro I had a running argument. I tried to persuade her that she was not *basically* happy. "You just have moments, even hours, when you seem to *feel* happy." Mrs. Shapiro thought about what I had said, but she said she could not discover that she was basically miserable.

GM
General Motors
Futurama
WEBER

"Our generation sure has a lot to look forward to, I guess."

IN May, I had a most enjoyable quarrel with Mr. Polacek and quit the studio for a new job, where I got sixty dollars a week.

In July I met a girl I'll call Claire. As the No. 5 bus on which we were both riding uptown bent into Seventy-second Street toward the river, she turned to me and said she was an actress. She said she had just arrived from Rome, where they had wanted her to do the main part in "Bitter Rice," but her cousin, Vittorio De Sica, had explained the advantages of her working in Hollywood and so she had come over. She had a suitcase beside her, and a mackintosh over her arm. She wore her hair like a little girl—open, and shoulder length—and her face, without a trace of makeup, was nothing less than beautiful. "I'm originally English," she said, and I was very pleased, for I had feared I detected under the British accent a guttural Middle European "r" very like my own.

I said, "I haven't spoken to a real English person in three years! I spent half my life in England."

"Come up to my digs. They must be around the corner here somewhere."

As we walked to West End Avenue, Claire told me that a painter friend of hers had offered her his room. "We happened to get talking at the airport in Rome as he was taking off for Greece, and when he heard I was coming to New York he gave me his keys."

The room smelled of heat and rancid oil. It was bare except for a refrigerator, a couch covered with scarlet terry cloth, on which Claire, despite a certain dumpiness, disposed herself with a heartbreaking grace, and a telephone, which she picked up. She dialled a number and asked to speak to Elia Kazan.

"Look in the freezer," she said to me, covering the mouthpiece. "He said there was some ice cream."

Elia Kazan was out, and Claire left her name and number. "You must meet him," she said. "I'm going to give a party as soon as I have a bit of money."

"Where did you meet Elia Kazan?" I asked.

"I haven't yet," Claire said. "I want

Royal Secret
BATH PERFUME
Germaine Monteil
Merino

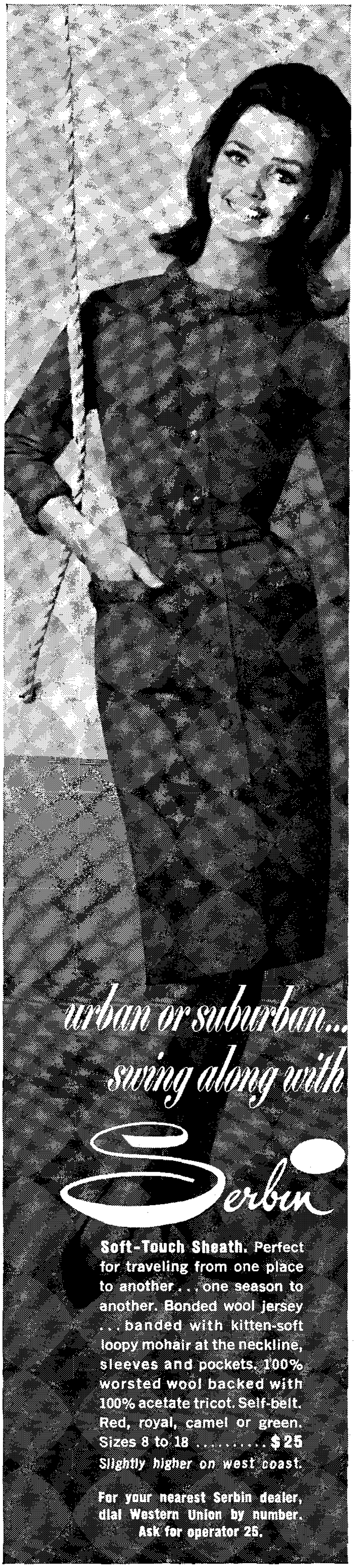
Royal Secret

FRAGRANCE

to make your bath pure luxury . . .
your body a scented column of silken smoothness
. . . and your presence a sheer delight!

BATH PERFUME · SPRAY MIST · BATH POWDER
BATH FOAM · SOAP

Germaine Monteil



Soft-Touch Sheath. Perfect for traveling from one place to another . . . one season to another. Bonded wool jersey . . . banded with kitten-soft loopy mohair at the neckline, sleeves and pockets. 100% worsted wool backed with 100% acetate tricot. Self-belt. Red, royal, camel or green. Sizes 8 to 18 . . . . $25
Slightly higher on west coast.

For your nearest Serbin dealer, dial Western Union by number. Ask for operator 25.

him to get me a part in something, so I can get enough money to go to Hollywood. Vittorio won't be there till the autumn."

The telephone rang. From Claire's end of the conversation, I understood the caller to be a friend of the room's owner. "In Greece," Claire said. "He won't be back till September. But why shouldn't you come and sleep here anyway? And maybe you could pick up some food on the way? I've got a friend here, and we're just finishing the last of the ice cream. . . . I don't think he has any money for a hotel room," she said when she had hung up. "And anyway, I believe in free love, don't you?"

"Oh, of course," I said, entranced by this free and worldwide intercourse in keys and beds and food, in which, however, I could not see myself included. I stood up.

"Where are you going? You might like him. Or maybe he knows other men around town," Claire said, getting shamelessly to the heart of my misery. "You have to go? Give me a ring."

It was the following Saturday evening, three days before I had figured I might properly call Claire and invite her to an English tea, that she called to invite me to a party being given that evening by two Pakistani students on her floor. I might like them, she said.

"It's after nine," my grandmother said. She never asked me anymore where I was going. "I wonder when your mother will be back?"

"Quarter past eleven, Omama. The same as always."

"You have your money? Keys?"

"Omama, I'm twenty-six years old. I've been getting out of the house and back since I was ten years old, all by myself."

"Wait till I am dead," she said. "Then I won't bother you anymore," and she returned to her room and closed the door. She never after that came to the door to see me off and check whether I had my necessities, and I remember that I missed it.

A VERY dark, very young man with eyes unnaturally long and big, and long, slow limbs, wearing a pink plastic apron, opened the door and said that Claire was helping with the curry. He led me through a room full of chatting young people, into the kitchen, which had a jungle temperature.

Claire was standing on the drainboard, peering into the top shelf of the cupboard; her lovely head seemed to be floating just below the ceiling behind a cloud of steam that was rising from the sink. She said, "This is my friend Lore. She's English, too. And this is Abdullah Shah." She pointed to a second man, less dark, less beautifully tall, and less young, who was stirring a pot. "These poor lads have no dishes. Tomorrow, Muhammad," she said to the young man who had let me in, "you and I go to Woolworth's," and so I knew that the beautiful young man was hers and that I had been invited to meet the other, who raised his eyes to look at me and said, "How are you?" in an accent straight from Oxford.

Later, when I was sitting on the floor with an Israeli student and his Hungarian girl, eating the furiously spiced curry and drawing air into my burning throat, Abdullah came with his plate and sat in a chair just behind me. He ate intently in silence, but I had a sense that he was listening as I launched upon an eloquent indictment of the American textile industry. "It is totally commercial," I said. "This is the year of the 'conversation' print, with a Roman theme. If gladiators with the Aqueduct in the background—aqua, pink, and black—sold last week, this week everybody paints chariots with the Colosseum in the background, in pink, aqua, and black." Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Abdullah yawn, rise, and carry his plate into the kitchen.

But he returned presently, stood behind me, and said, "Let's go."

At the door, we were intercepted by a fat young Indian, who said, "Where are you going? We were supposed to talk business."

"Come with us, then," Abdullah said without enthusiasm. "It's too hot in here."

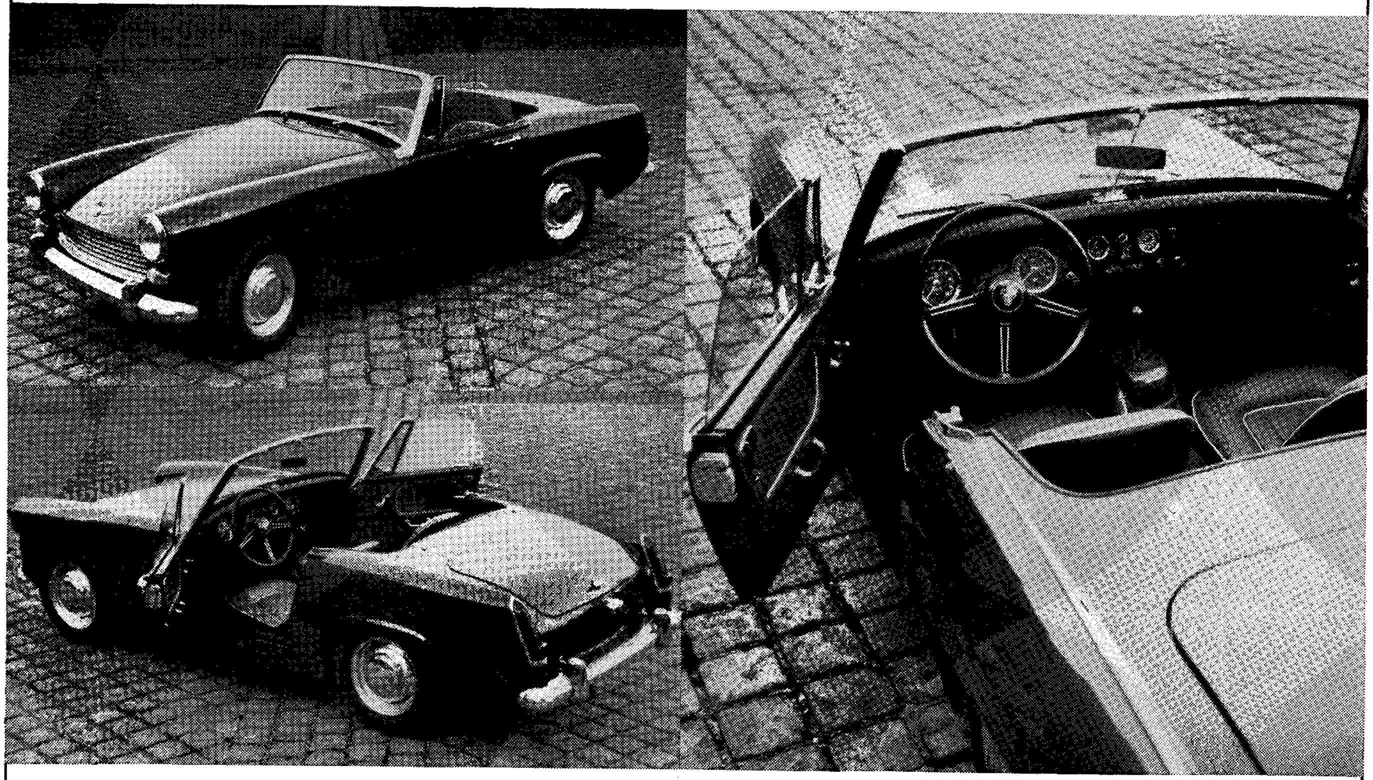
"I wanted to tell you about those washing machines," the fat Indian said as we walked up Riverside Drive between the black trees and the night-populated benches. Couples were kissing in pools of darkness; an old man slept stretched out neatly; a student was reading a book under a street lamp. A middle-aged couple walking two little dogs passed by, the woman saying "*Grauslich heiss*" ("miserably hot") with an Austrian intonation strangely familiar to me as I walked between my two Orientals. The fat young Indian was saying, "There's a chap I know who has a friend who has one of these washing-machine places. It nets him two hundred forty a week."

"That sounds good," said Abdullah.

"This chap must have money immediately. So he's letting it go cheap, for

THE NEW SPRITE

NOW WITH ROLL UP WINDOWS BUT STILL UNDER $2,000



The Sprite Mk III has the same old will to win—but in other ways there's plenty new. Roll-up windows. Side vents. A completely restyled cockpit. Redesigned instrument panel and new improved rear suspension.
This little tiger has been and still is winning more races in the 1100 cc Class than any car ever built. It's the lowest priced *pure* sports car. You can buy one for under $2,000. It offers not only looks and creature comforts, but engineering design that includes big safe disc brakes up front (drums on rear), twin-carb top speed over 90, 4-speed stick shift, and 30-plus miles-per-gallon economy.
So whether you're off to Sebring or the supermarket, you'll enjoy it more in a Sprite.

AUSTIN HEALEY
SPRITE

FOR OVERSEAS DELIVERY AND OTHER INFORMATION,
WRITE: THE BRITISH MOTOR CORP. / HAMBRO, INC.,
DEPT. Y-20, 734 GRAND AVENUE, RIDGEFIELD, N.J.

discretion

Falstaff believed, as Smith, Barney & Co. does, that "the better part of valour is discretion."

It's fine to be valorous about taxes; we all realize the necessity for them. But it's a good thing, too, to be discreet—and avoid taxes when possible. That's why we're reminding you that there's one way to make money without paying any Federal income tax on it.

That way, of course, is through investment in Municipal Bonds—the obligations of state and municipal governments and other governmental authorities. The interest on such bonds is entirely exempt from Federal income tax . . . and municipals are an investment second in soundness only to securities of the Federal Government itself.

If you're interested in the possibility of increasing your income without increasing your income tax . . . our Municipal Bond Department is at your service. Its staff is able and informed, with a background of more than ninety years of experience. Its discretion could be the better part of your valour— as far as taxes are concerned.

Smith, Barney & Co.
Incorporated
Members New York Stock Exchange and other leading exchanges
20 Broad Street, New York 5, N. Y.
529 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
Philadelphia · Chicago
Boston · San Francisco
Albany · Allentown · Cleveland · Dallas
Hartford · Milwaukee · Minneapolis

five thousand dollars—two thousand down."

We walked in silence.

"So what we need is two thousand dollars."

"Pink sky," Abdullah said, looking up.

"Pink-purple. That's one of the first things I noticed," I said excitedly.

Abdullah breathed deeply and said, "We must have put too much curry in that chicken."

The fat young man became genial. "Well, I'll be getting back to your party. I think we have something here. Think about it and call me."

"Right, I will. Good night."

"Spry for frying, Spry for baking," I said. "All those ghastly advertisements."

"That's what makes the charming purple sky," Abdullah said. He yawned and begged my pardon. "I can't remember when I slept the last time. Ever since I came to New York, I've been living this frustrating life—I work at the Voice of America all day without making any money; I give parties all night without making any friends. Every year, I get another degree I don't want. I've got a B.A. in English from Oxford and an M.A. in geology from Michigan, and here I am at Columbia taking a Ph.D. in political science—"

"All right, I'll ask! Why are you?"

"Because I'm in the U.S. on a student visa, and if I stop studying for half an hour they'll send me home."

"And would that be so very bad?"

"Terrible. I've been away for eleven years. I'm a Westernized Oriental. If I talked to my people at home the way I'm talking to you, they wouldn't know what I meant. Then, there's my family. Pakistani women are impossible."

"And American women?"

"They are very charming," Abdullah said, with the inward smile of a man looking back to many a tender history.

Abdullah telephoned the following evening to ask if he could come up after his last lecture.

"What, now he is coming up? At ten o'clock?" my grandmother asked. (*She never came to approve of Abdullah and his strange hours.*)

He arrived bringing a book he had to read for a term paper, already two weeks overdue, and asked me if I would make a précis of it for him. He knew what he was doing: the more work I invested in him, the more attached I became.

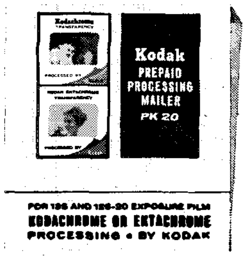
Claire was already a member of the Pakistani students' household, filling their shelves with crockery and their icebox with food that she bought, cooked, and ate with them. Then "Elia" took

Get Kodak Color Processing *by mail*

LETTER
MAIL

Just buy Kodak Prepaid Processing Mailers at your dealer's. (Price covers processing cost.) Mail your exposed Kodak color still or movie film direct to Kodak in the prepaid mailer envelope. Get your slides, movies or prints returned directly by mail, processed with the same care Kodak puts into making film. Sure sign of quality processing is "Processed by Kodak" on your color slides and movie film, and "Made by Kodak" on the back of your color prints.

USE KODAK PREPAID PROCESSING MAILERS

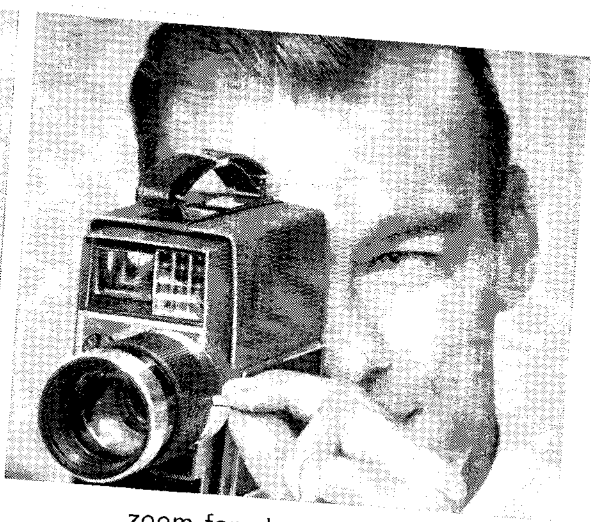


©EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY MCMLXI

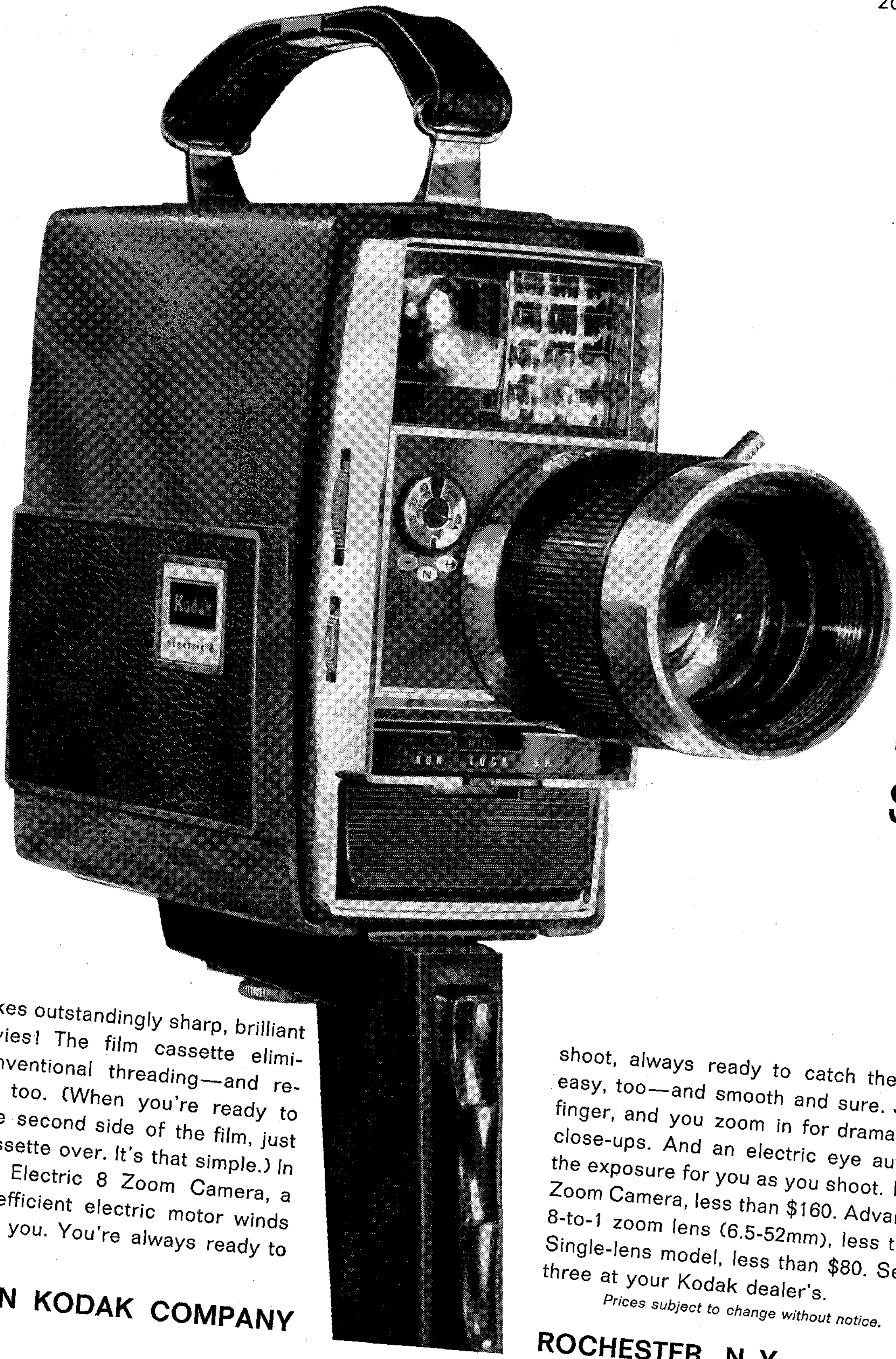
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Rochester, N.Y.

Film cassette loads in seconds...

battery drive...no winding...



zoom for close-ups.



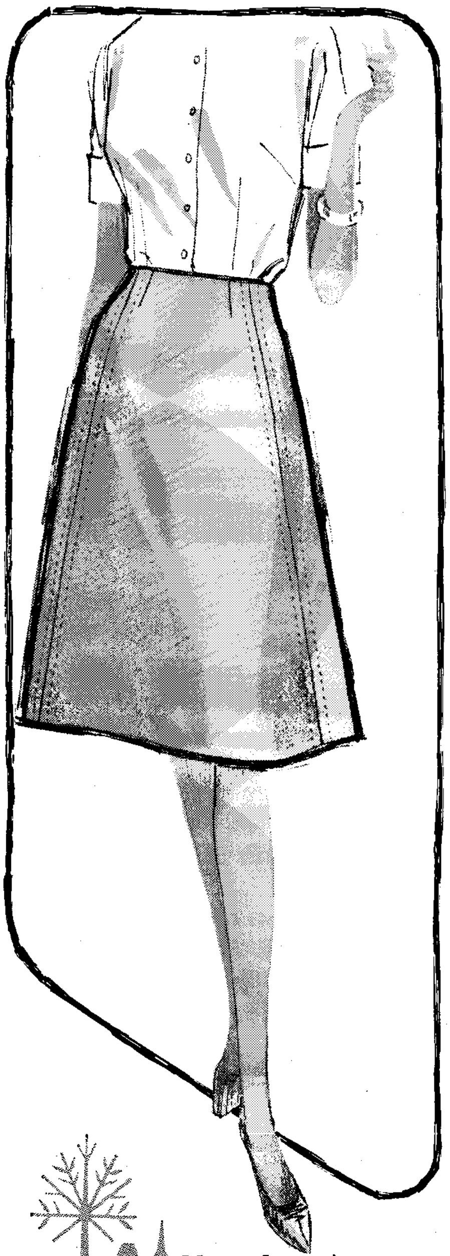
KODAK Electric 8 Zoom Camera loads in seconds...

...and takes outstandingly sharp, brilliant 8mm movies! The film cassette eliminates conventional threading—and rethreading, too. (When you're ready to expose the second side of the film, just flip the cassette over. It's that simple.) In the KODAK Electric 8 Zoom Camera, a small but efficient electric motor winds the film for you. You're always ready to shoot, always ready to catch the action. Zooming is easy, too—and smooth and sure. Just a touch of your finger, and you zoom in for dramatic, change-of-pace close-ups. And an electric eye automatically adjusts the exposure for you as you shoot. KODAK Electric 8 Zoom Camera, less than $160. Advanced model with 8-to-1 zoom lens (6.5-52mm), less than $296. Single-lens model, less than $80. See all three at your Kodak dealer's.

Prices subject to change without notice.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Kodak
TRADEMARK



Now, here is a really superior skirt. A-shaped, it has no waistband, and its clean and pleasant line takes definition from a stitched front panel. The lining, in appropriate colors, extends to the hem. Pure country wool, in heathery shades of Gold, Green, Blue, Cherry, and Brique. Sizes 6 to 16. About $15 at fine stores or write:

JOHN MEYER® OF NORWICH
NORWICH, CONNECTICUT

her to dinner at Sardi's, where she met "Harold," who lived in Stratford and was immensely rich. "He adores me, and his son-in-law is a V.I.P. in the Shakespeare company," she told us.

"And you think this Harold can do something for you?"

"At eighty-three? Precious little, poor sweetheart, as you can imagine, but I adore him, and he's going to get me into the company next season. And I can live with him over the winter."

Claire packed her suitcase and took her mackintosh, and borrowed travelling money from Abdullah—Muhammad was studying film-making at the time and had no job—and we all took her to the Port Authority Bus Terminal.

"What does your cousin think of the new plan?" I asked.

"Cousin? I don't have any relatives."

"I thought you said Vittorio De Sica . . ." I said, and blushed scarlet as a sudden sophistication tied into one neat answer the many loose ends of Claire's adventures.

"Vittorio De Sica!" Claire said. "He's in Hollywood, isn't he?," and she stared in surprise at the name I had pulled out of last month's dream when she was already in the full flow of today's. She kissed Muhammad and Abdullah and me, and, waving and weeping warm tears, she rolled out of my life as she had come into it, by bus.

ABOUT this time, Paul left the research center for a job in a philatelist's office, sorting stamps. I, meanwhile, had come to the conclusion that not only was American design terrible but I was a terrible designer. My austere and fastidious eye watched my very own hand drip lines and figures of a helpless vulgarity that never even got to be commercial, for the interior quarrel kept me from gaining an honest professional touch. I gave up "originating," and began to perfect myself in the skill of "repeating." This is the technical part of textile design. It is the reworking of the designer's painting in such a way that its top will meet its bottom without a break when engraved on the rollers that print it onto lengths of fabric. And though I never became good enough not to be frightened of every new design, I left the studio and began to free-lance, so that I could make room for hours of writing.

In the fall, I enrolled in a course in creative writing at the New School. The people sitting around the long table were none of them particularly bright-looking, but in the course of the first class they spoke with individual voices

These are Western International Hotels

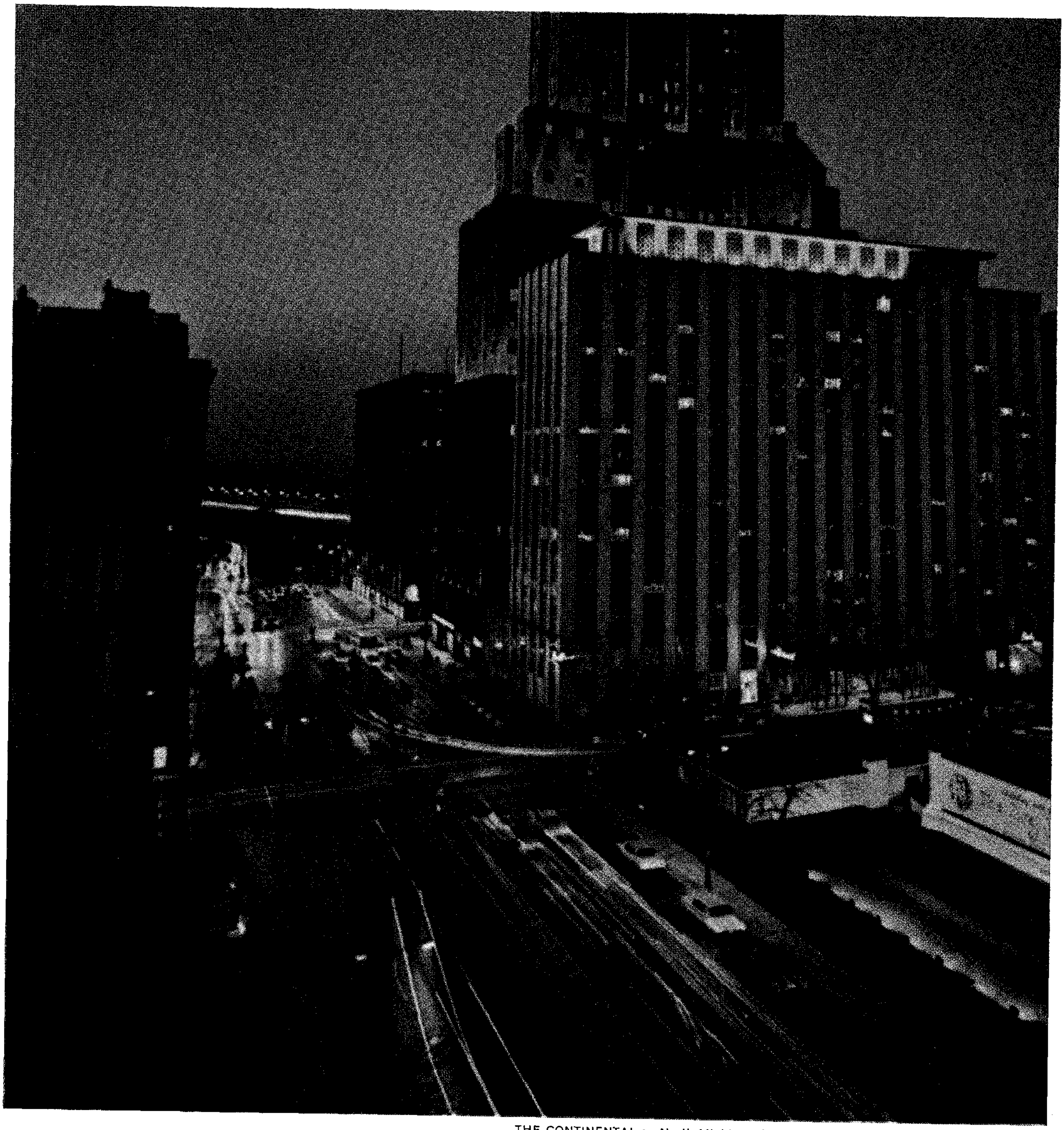
UNITED STATES
ANCHORAGE . . . Anchorage-Westward
BELLINGHAM . . . . Leopold
BILLINGS . . . . Northern
BOISE . . . . Boise, Owyhee Motor Inn
BUTTE . . . . Finlen Motor Inn
CAREFREE (Scottsdale) . . Carefree Inn
CHICAGO . . . . Continental
DENVER . . . . Cosmopolitan
GREAT FALLS . . . . Rainbow
HONOLULU . . . . Colony Surf
JUNEAU . . . . Baranof
LOS ANGELES . . Century Plaza (1965)
NEW YORK . . . . Savoy Plaza
PALM SPRINGS . . . . Oasis
PHOENIX . . . . Caravan Inn
POCATELLO . . . . Bannock Motor Inn
PORTLAND . . . . Benson, Multnomah
SAN DIEGO (Coronado) . . Del Coronado
SAN FRANCISCO . . . . . . St. Francis, Sir Francis Drake, Maurice
SEATTLE . . . . . . Olympic, Benjamin Franklin, Edmond Meany
SPOKANE . . . . Davenport
CANADA
CALGARY . . . . Calgary Inn
VANCOUVER . . . Bayshore Inn, Georgia
VICTORIA . . . . Imperial Inn
MEXICO
ACAPULCO . . . . . . Caleta, El Mirador
CIUDAD JUAREZ . . . . . Camino Real (Spring, 1965)
CULIACAN . . Los Tres Rios Motor Hotel
MEXICO CITY . . . . Alameda, Francis, Majestic, Ritz
MORELIA . . . . Virrey de Mendoza
SALTILLO . . . . Camino Real de Saltillo (Fall, 1964)
TAMPICO . . . . Camino Real
GUATEMALA
GUATEMALA CITY . . . . Biltmore
JAPAN
HAKONE . . . . Kowaki-en
KYOTO . . . . International
NAGOYA . . . . International
TOKYO . . . . Kokusai-Kanko

FOR CERTIFIED RESERVATIONS, SEE YOUR WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS CERTIFIED TRAVEL AGENT, OR CALL THE WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTEL NEAREST YOU. RESERVATION OFFICES IN THE FOLLOWING CITIES:

Boston
Cincinnati
Dallas
Detroit
Edmonton
Hartford
Kansas City
Los Angeles
Milwaukee
Minneapolis
Montreal
New York
Philadelphia
Sacramento
St. Paul
Toronto
Washington, D. C.

LOS ANGELES IN 1965—THE CENTURY PLAZA HOTEL
NOW IN NEW YORK—THE SAVOY PLAZA

WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS
Edward E. Carlson, President
Executive Offices: The Olympic, Seattle
MUtual 2-9400



THE CONTINENTAL on North Michigan Avenue—Chicago's newest, most elegant hotel.

TONIGHT IN CHICAGO...
It's a sitting-pretty, windy-city kind of a place.
It's a dine-au-Chateau, lake-shore-below,
Kind of a place.
It's the Loop and the Mart, a great city's heart;
It's a quiet-and-gentle, elegantal, Continental
Kind of a place.
A sprawl-in, sit-tall-in kind of a place.
A quiet lair, a want-to-be-there, a welcome face
Kind of a place.
It's a tall-one-all-tinkly, a smile-all-wrinkly.
It's a wonderful food, wonderful mood,
Kind of a place.
It's excitement and fun, adventure begun, a
Candlelight and spotlight
Kind of a place.

WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS
Managing fine hotels throughout the Western World

Their victory smiles reflect the rugged quality and superior performance of Ford Motor Company cars.

RIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY WONDER ROTUNDA, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

wo-year record of victories in open competition is more roof that Ford-built means better built!

nly the most durable cars stand up under the grueling grind f open competition. Since May 1962, specially modified ord-built cars have won 11 out of 13 stock car endurance vents of 500 miles or more—a record unequaled by any ther American car maker!

More important than winning, however, is the fact that ese races were won in the pursuit of knowledge. Open ompetition is a severe testing ground — an important adjunct to the millions of miles of testing carried on at our own proving grounds.

Competition sparks progress, helps us prove and "improve the breed." It is part of the same dedication to engineering excellence at Ford Motor Company that produced today's safer, self-adjusting brakes, and cars so self-reliant they need maintenance only twice a year or every 6000 miles.

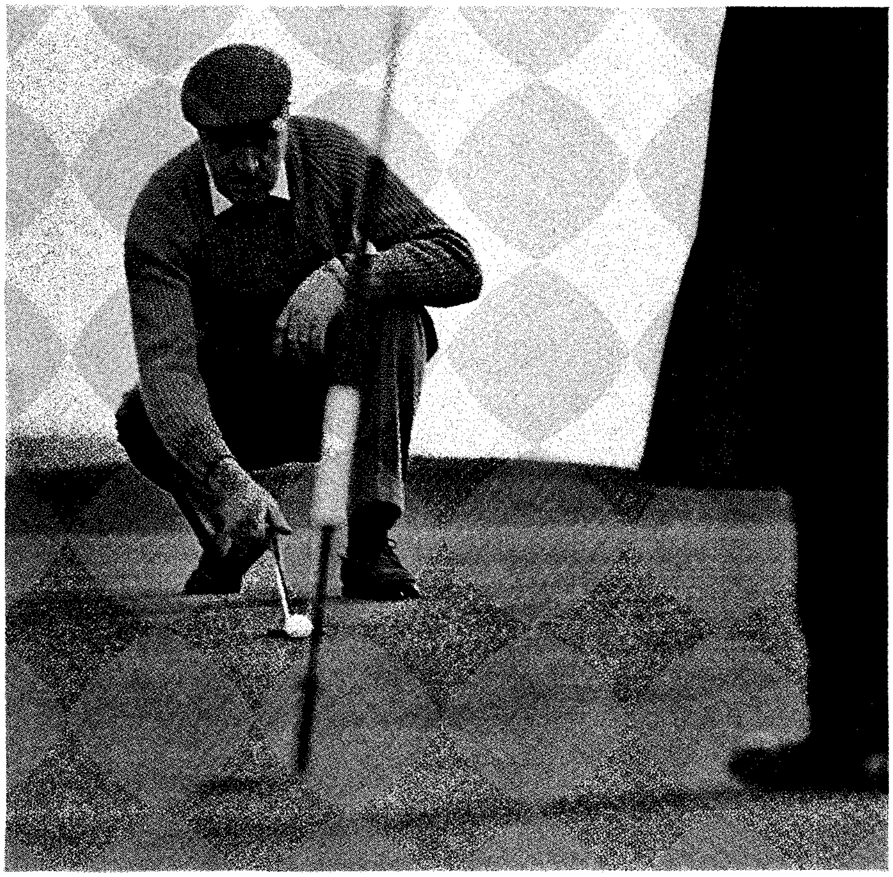
That's why you're better off in a Ford Motor Company car. They perform better. They last longer.

Not because we say so. But because the record does.

Ford-built means better built Ford MOTOR COMPANY

MUSTANG • FALCON • FAIRLANE • FORD • THUNDERBIRD
COMET • MERCURY • LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

This 2 handicap golfer also happens to blend the world's finest Scotch.



George Thomson lines up his putt at the Kilmarnock (Barassie) Golf Club. He plays an excellent game of golf, but his true claim to fame is the "educated" nose he uses to blend Johnnie Walker.

Its name is Johnnie Walker Black Label. And its secret is the precise, authoritarian nose of one man. George Thomson, third master blender in the 144-year-old history of John Walker & Sons.

Why his whisky stands apart. Experts will tell you the sumptuous character of Black Label can come only from the richest of the 101 straight malt whiskies produced in Scotland. And Mr. Thomson's educated nose knows them all—their characteristics, their personalities, and how they'll "marry" with others.

For Black Label, he uses more than 40 of the expensive "single malts." To this blend of flavorful Highland malts, George Thomson adds just the exact amount of aged Scotch grain whisky necessary to complete the unique formula that is Johnnie Walker Black Label.

Are you paying a premium for Scotch? If you're paying for "the best," you ought to be getting all the smooth Scotch richness and true Scotch character of Johnnie Walker Black Label.

The superiority of it is recognized throughout the world by people who know Scotch whisky. It's in such demand in the United Kingdom that it's actually on ration there. But the current U.S. quota allows you to get a reasonable supply.

Ask for Black Label tonight. Its smooth, satisfying flavor could change your taste for fine Scotch.

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF.
IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

and, as the term proceeded, turned into persons. There was a couple called Herb and Louise, both very tall and blond, who always sat next to one another, looking not so much at one another as out together, and they looked very kindly at me. After a story of mine had been read, they asked me to have dinner with them before class the following Thursday. We ate at a Mexican restaurant in the Village, and I talked a great deal. I said, "Do you know, you are the first honest-to-goodness Americans I've ever sat down to dinner with?"

Louise said she had come all the way to New York from a small town in Indiana to avoid having to eat dinner every day with honest-to-goodness Americans.

Herb, who came from the same town, said, "If Lore wants to meet Americans, you should take her home to visit your family next year."

Pholidae
Pholis gunnellus
L.

"Oh, I wish you would. I'm serious. All I've ever met in New York are Pakistanis, Indians, and Hungarians, and Israeli, German, and Austrian Jews."

"Pakistanis, Indians, and Jews!" Herb and Louise said with increased respect. "You must give a party and introduce us."

In class, before the instructor arrived, I paraded this interesting inability I had discovered—the inability to penetrate America—for the benefit of the oldest of the students, a middle-aged Negro I'll call Carter Bayoux, who dominated the class with his powerful presence and silence. He invited me to dinner for the following week, after class. "We will go to a jazz place and give you an introductory course in Americana. I'm a great teacher," Carter said.

He called the following day. "We made our date for next Thursday. We both forgot that it's Thanksgiving and there won't be any class."

"I didn't forget. I never knew."

"You won't be celebrating with your family?"

"We don't celebrate anything anymore. No Christmas, because we're Jewish, and no Jewish holidays, because we were assimilated Austrians, and no Austrian holidays, because we got thrown out for being Jewish, and we haven't acquired the American holidays yet."

There was a silence, and then Carter said, "And I don't have anybody to celebrate with, so you and I will put on the dog together."

At the restaurant, Carter Bayoux said to the waiter, "This lady and I are going to put on the dog because it's Thanksgiving. What will you have?" he asked me.

"I didn't know we had a choice. I thought it was turkey?"

"You may have the turkey. I'll take *tournedos de bœuf*."

"I'll have that, too, whatever it is."

"Two *tournedos de bœuf*, and bring us a Chambertin '49," Carter said.

"Have you noticed that brutal poster of a red-faced turkey running in terror from a greedy-looking Puritan with a raised hatchet?" I asked Carter. "That's American Thanksgiving for you."

Carter was looking at me with very bright brown eyes opened so wide that the pupils stood free of upper and lower lids. He seemed to be waiting for me to continue.

I said, "I've been too shy to tell you, but I did awfully like your story about the Negro journalist who marries the white psychiatrist. I thought it was marvellous."

"And you also thought that because I'm a Negro and write bitter stories you and I were going to sit here and make snide remarks about Thanksgiving together. I'm an American, you know. At any rate, there's nothing else I am," Carter said, keeping me impaled on his bright stare but staying with me through the rise of my blood to a full flush and its fading, so that we seemed to come out together at the far end of my first lesson. "I may order a French dinner and wine, but I do it affectionately and with a bit of bravado, like an American. And I'm sentimental about Christmas and Thanksgiving, too, and if I celebrate by getting a little drunk it's because I'm alone. I left the Negro world when I married a white wife, but I never married the white world. And then I divorced my wife."

"That's like a Pakistani friend of mine," I said. "He's lived in America for eleven years and he's no longer an Oriental, and yet he's not an Occidental, either."

"No," Carter said. "It's not like that at all. I have not, like your friend, lost my culture, nor, like you, my country. My isolation is peculiarly American. When you told me that you didn't have any holidays to celebrate, I was moved for you."

I looked at him, amazed. I had been boasting when I spoke of our emanci-

ARDEN for MEN
AFTER SHAVE LOTION
SANDALWOOD

Choice

of the well-groomed gentleman, Arden for Men After Shave Lotion. Its fragrance is subtle, woody, marvelously masculine, not at all sweet. Refreshes and rejuvenates your skin after shave, after shower or any time of day. 3.50, plus tax, at

Arden For Men
1 East 54 Street

HANG YOUR HAT ON AVRIL RAYON

Stephan Ltd. does.

What's wonderful to put on starting in late August? This V-neck dress and jacket. And, why is it so wonderful? First, because it's terrifically good-looking on, and extremely well made. Second, because when Avril® rayon is added to Fortrel, this outfit is so much stronger, smoother, more colorful and lustrous. Comfortable and easy to care for.

American Viscose Division

BLENDS' "Scuba," woven of 50% Avril rayon/50% Fortrel® polyester. Brown, green, blue or black in sizes 6-16. About $40. Stephan Ltd. available at Lord & Taylor, New York; I. Magnin & Co., Los Angeles; all stores.

pation from public celebrations. Now I was suddenly moved myself. "It *is* rather sad. There's my mother working in the bakery because it's one of their busiest nights, and my grandmother watching television of which she doesn't understand a single word."

"Then we will take your grandmother some flowers," Carter said.

"She'll only think they're an extravagance, I'm afraid."

"But that's why we are taking them to her," Carter said.

I had my fears about my grandmother's reception of this large, portly, elderly brown man, but she rose from her chair and took Carter's bunch of yellow pompons, and made him a small bow of politeness belonging to another style of manners. She even made a try at conversation, pointing to the television set and saying, "Liberace. *Spielt wunderbar*."

Carter looked at me.

I said, "She listens to that horror every week. She says, heaven help us, that he plays wonderfully."

Carter turned to my grandmother and said, "Beautiful, wonderful!" and played the air with his fingers, nodding his head up and down.

My grandmother had discovered someone she could talk to. "Liberace *ist ein nobler Mann*" (literally, "a noble man"—a gentleman). "He is always polite—not like the young people who dance in the afternoon. I watch them, but they have bad manners," my grandmother told Carter in German.

Carter kept nodding and smiling. My grandmother nodded back with a bright, shy smile. After he had gone, she said he was a noble man.

The following week, I gave a party, pleased to find that I knew enough people in New York to fill my sitting room. My grandmother insisted on staying in the bedroom, but she had put on her best pewter-colored silk dress and looked out of her door every time the bell rang. When Carter arrived, she came and stood outside her door, making him a little smiling bow, but Carter seemed nervous and upset and walked straight into the room, already full of people and voices, and did not notice her.

WHEN I was a child, I used to sit on the blue-on-blue carpet in our *Herrenzimmer* in Vienna, trying to catch the small hand on our mahogany clock in the act of moving from one hour to the next, and never could. Once in a while, and always by accident, I have caught that visual click of time advancing. One day, I looked in the mirror and saw that though my nose was still

HANG YOUR HAT ON AVRIL RAYON

Stephan Ltd. does.

What else is wonderful to put on starting in late August? This three-piece outfit. And, why is this so wonderful? Because this is equally as good-looking on, and extremely well made. Plus, in this outfit also, Avril® rayon is added to Fortrel. That makes it stronger, smoother, more colorful and lustrous. Comfortable and easy to care for, too.

American Viscose Division

BLENDS' "Scuba" in skirt and jacket; and "Four Winds" in blouse. Woven of 50% Avril rayon/50% Fortrel® polyester. Green or brown in sizes 6-16. About $40. Stephan Ltd. available at Lord & Taylor, New York; I. Magnin & Co., Los Angeles; all stores.

long and sharp, it was newly accommodated by a softened cheek. The eyes behind my spectacles had lost their eager anxiety spelling hopelessness—thanks to Abdullah and to time. Simultaneously, I noticed my grandmother take a leap forward into old age. "It's just that she's been ill," I said to my mother, when I saw by the way she looked at my grandmother that she had noticed, too. "You wait a week and she'll be the same as she was."

However, my grandmother remained visibly shrunken, with a new economy in all her motions.

"Your mother will make supper when she comes home," my grandmother said.

"Are you going to the Bronx?" I asked. Paul had had a second son, called John.

My grandmother said maybe next week she would go.

"Then why have you got your silk dress on?"

"It's time for Liberace."

"So?"

"He always wears a tuxedo," my grandmother said, and turned the knob and sat down facing the box and smiled as Liberace appeared, playing himself his own theme song. The camera panned to his smiling face. With horror, I saw my grandmother lift her hand and wave delicately with her fingers.

"Omama, do you know where Liberace is? In California. Do you know California is thousands of miles from New York?"

"But I can see him here," my grandmother said.

"You've been to the movies, Omama. You've seen figures moving on a screen."

"But he is smiling at me," said my grandmother.

"He's smiling at the camera, Omama. Can't you imagine a man standing in front of the camera and smiling into it?"

"Where is the camera?"

"Nowhere. In California."

"Come here, Lore! Stand behind me a minute and you will see he is looking right at me," and my grandmother smiled at Liberace and nodded her head.

"Omama, do me a favor? Come over here just for a moment. Please."

"I'm too tired."

"All right, I'll turn the television around. Look! How could there be a man inside this box? Omama! Imagine a piano!"

My grandmother said, "Aren't you going out with Abdullah tonight?"

"I haven't seen Abdullah in a year. Where's your *TV Guide*? Here,

AMATEURS LOVE ME——AND TO BE PERFECTLY HONEST, I LOVE THEM TOO. I'M STRICTLY FOR PEOPLE WHO ENJOY HAVING GOOD PICTURES, BUT WHO FRET ABOUT THE MECHANICAL BUSINESS OF TAKING THEM. MOST CAMERAS IN MY PEER GROUP TEND TO MAKE PEOPLE WARY, POSSIBLY EVEN NERVOUS, BUT NOT I. SIMPLY SET MY SHUTTER SPEED AND I'LL TAKE OVER THE LENS-OPENING ADJUSTMENTS, AUTOMATICALLY. THAT WAY YOU GET CRISP COLOR SLIDES OR BLACK-AND-WHITE PRINTS FROM EVERY SCENE YOU SHOOT. ☐ LATER ON, WHEN YOU'VE GOT THE HANG OF IT, YOU JUST RESET ME SO YOU CAN CHOOSE YOUR OWN LENS SETTINGS. I'M AUTOMATIC OR NOT, JUST AS YOU LIKE. ☐ MAY I GET TECHNICAL FOR A MOMENT? JUST LONG ENOUGH TO SAY THAT I HAVE A FAST f/2.8 COLOR-PANTAR LENS, AND A PRONTOR-MATIC SHUTTER (1/30 TO 1/125 SEC. AND TIME EXPOSURE). ☐ FOR LESS THAN $80 I COME IN A HANDSOME KIT THAT INCLUDES AN EVEREADY CASE, IKOBLITZ 5 FLASH GUN, AND LENS SHADE. ☐ PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE GIVEN YOU MY NAME EARLIER. I'M THE ZEISS IKON CONTESSAMAT 35 AUTOMATIC.

ZEISS IKON
PRONTOR-MATIC 125

WRITE DEPT. 22 FOR LITERATURE.
CARL ZEISS INC., 444 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.
IN CANADA, CARL ZEISS CANADA LTD., 60 OVERLEA BLVD., TORONTO 17, ONTARIO

SYMBOL OF EXCELLENCE ZEISS IKON IN WEST GERMAN OPTICS

danish
×
mary

WHAT'S NEW?

THE SECRET IS
AALBORG
AKVAVIT
INSTEAD OF VODKA

True, it's new. But more than that, it takes all that tomato juice and makes it exciting. There's taste. There's dash. There's a hint of caraway in this extremely dry, crystal-clear liquor, Aalborg Akvavit. This national drink of Denmark makes many other interesting drinks. See the recipe booklet on each bottle.

Featured at the Danish Pavilion — N.Y. World's Fair

Sole Distributor U.S.A. Munson G. Shaw Co., New York. 86 proof, 100% grain neutral spirits.

Liberace. Look—in parentheses it says 'Film.' That means he isn't even on live in California. This program was filmed days ago—maybe months."

In the following days, I noticed that my grandmother was not watching television. "Do you want me to turn it on, Omama? It's time for Liberace."

She raised her right hand and then threw it away. It didn't matter.

"Don't you like him anymore?"

"He's on film," said my grandmother.

"Omama, would you like to go down to the Triangle?"

"Not today."

"I'll go with you, if you like."

"I don't want to get dressed. Maybe tomorrow," said my grandmother.

"Come on, Omama. You have to get out sometimes. I'll get your silk dress for you. Just for half an hour."

My grandmother rose slowly. She said, "I'm going to die soon. What am I waiting for?"

"So am I going to die. So is everybody," I said, for I considered this a malicious line on my grandmother's part. If it was anything besides, I didn't want to know. And I noted how in the street she waited for the lights to turn green more carefully than I, who had my whole life to lose, and how cautiously she stepped off the sidewalk into the dangerous road.

We sat in the Triangle. My grandmother said, "I've been thinking about God."

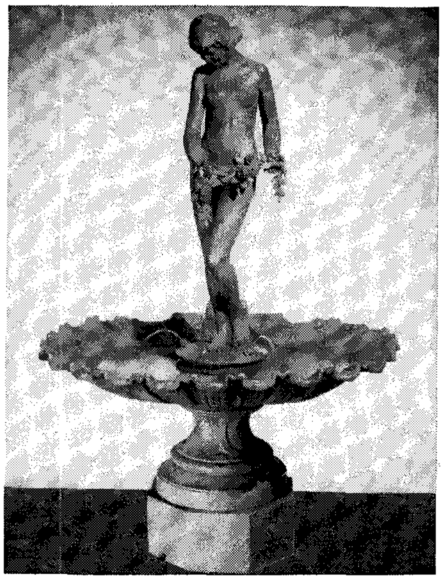
"What have you been thinking? Do you believe in God, Omama?"

"God . . ." said my grandmother, and was silent, and in a moment she threw him away with the downward wave of her right hand.

She sat, not talking, though she bowed a little from the waist when anybody she knew came by. After half an hour, I was ready to leave but my grandmother didn't want to come home.

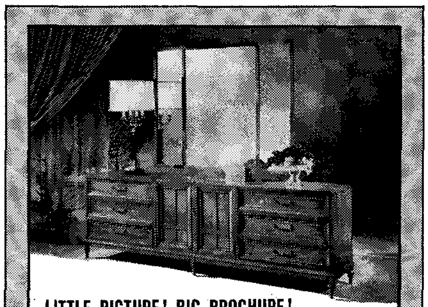
THAT Thanksgiving, Paul brought his two American sons to visit my grandmother. The boys spoke only English. The older one kept fiddling with the knobs on the television set, and little John turned around and around, and my grandmother was glad when Paul took them away again.

One evening in late spring, I brought home a new design to put into repeat, and carried it straight to the drawing table, which was permanently set up in the sitting room. I unrolled the painting and studied the intricate blue and purple roses, of which I would have to forge a dozen more, with such nervous distaste that when I realized my grand-



"LA PRIMAVERA" Complete fountain with recirculating motor and pump in lead and heavy cast aluminum ■ One of many famous fountains, statues and garden ornaments in lead, bronze and stone to be seen at Florentine Craftsmen showrooms ■ "La Primavera" complete fountain with recirculating motor and pump. In Pompeian green finish, white or antique white, in lead and heavy cast aluminum. Overall height 62", Shell basin 42" wide, projection 32", from floor to shell 24". Complete $1,250.00 F.O.B. N.Y.C. Express collect ■ 25¢ for catalogue M 63 in coins or postage.

The FLORENTINE CRAFTSMEN Inc.
479-485 FIRST AVE. (28th St.) NEW YORK 16, N.Y.
Phone LExington 2-3926



LITTLE PICTURE! BIG BROCHURE!

SEE BIG PICTURES in our brochure, "Furniture for Gracious Living" ■ Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at Decorator's Mart, 425 E. 53rd St., N.Y.C. ■ Also at leading stores everywhere ■ For brochure send 30¢, Department N. **UNION-NATIONAL, INC., JAMESTOWN, N.Y.**

HOUSE BUYERS..
Know how to find the best house, for your price, to your specifications, in another community, anywhere?
Ask
HOMERICA INC
New York: 200 Park Avenue, 661-3111
Chicago: Marina City, 6023 East Tower, 527-3111
Los Angeles: 3460 Wilshire Blvd., 387-3111

mother had followed me in I said, "Hi, Omama" without turning around, though I felt the strangeness of her standing there behind me. It was months since she had even come into the hall to meet me. Presently, I knew that she had gone away. I followed her into the bedroom. She was sitting on the chair facing the silent television. "Did you make supper, Omama, or do you want me to make it? Mummy is going to be late."

"You make it," my grandmother said.

When I brought in the plates, my grandmother was sitting in the same position, and I said, "Omama, don't you want to turn your chair around? Omama?"

She put her right hand on the table edge as if to help herself up, but still she sat.

"Omama!"

My grandmother rose slowly, but remained standing.

"Turn around, Omama." I moved her chair for her and she sat down in it. "Aren't you going to eat?"

She picked up her fork but did not raise it to her mouth.

"Don't you feel well, Omama?" I asked her.

My grandmother's right hand twitched, as if in memory of the old wave of rejection and resignation. I asked her if she would like to go to bed, and she said she would. She leaned on my arm, moving so slowly across the room she seemed to be forgetting how to put one foot before the other. I took off her shoes, but she had not the strength to lift her legs onto the bed. I called my mother, and by the time she arrived my grandmother had lost her speech. My mother called the doctor.

My mother stayed home from work and nursed my grandmother. Her power of speech returned, but she seemed to find nothing worth the trouble of saying, nor anything to eat that tempted her to chew. Yet soon she was sitting up, and in another week she could stand, though she never regained more than the merest shuffle of a walk.

"You won't be able to stay home from work permanently," I said to my mother.

"I know," she said.

"Besides, it isn't right for you to spend all your life nursing sick people—Daddy, and Grandfather, and now Omama."

"I know," said my mother. Her face was flushed. The tears that dilated her eyes began to roll down her cheeks.

"Of course, I'm home most of the time, but how would I go downtown to

Eve
would've
if she
could've...
carpeted
the garden
with
**carpet
by
magee**

the fibre ACRILAN acrylic fiber CHEMSTRAND Acrilan

The Magee Carpet Company, Fifth Avenue, New York

KNOTT HOTELS ARE TOPS...

Both Sides of the Atlantic!

The renown of Knott Hotels is world-wide... for gracious, deluxe hospitality, for luxurious accommodations, for the finest in food and beverage service. Specify Knott Hotels, next time you travel.

NEW YORK
INTERNATIONAL
Kennedy Airport (Idlewild)
Jamaica, N.Y. 11430 • 995-9000

NEW YORK
NEW WESTON
Madison at 50th St. • PL 3-4800

NEW YORK
BERKSHIRE
Madison at 52nd St. • PL 3-5800

NEW YORK
WESTBURY
Madison at 69th St. • LE 5-2000

TORONTO, CANADA
WESTBURY
475 Yonge Street • 924-0611

LONDON, ENGLAND
WESTBURY
Bond Street • MAYfair 7755

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM
WESTBURY
6, rue Cardinal Mercier • 13.64.80

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY
ROBERT TREAT
50 Park Place • MA 2-1000

For reservations, see your travel agent... or call:

NEW YORK	PL 9-6100
BOSTON	542-1112
CLEVELAND	333-2404
CHICAGO	FR 2-7741
DETROIT	KE 1-4400
LOS ANGELES	BRadshaw 2-9551
MONTREAL, CAN.	844-3274
PHILADELPHIA	Enterprise 6800
SAN FRANCISCO	EX 2-7277
SEATTLE	MA 4-7537
WASHINGTON, D.C.	546-4040

KNOTT HOTELS CORPORATION
575 MADISON AVENUE,
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10022
KNOTT K HOTELS

collect and deliver work? I mean, she can't be left even for a moment."

"No, no," said my mother. "You can't live like that. We will have to put her in an old-age home."

"Mutti, it won't be so bad," I said. "They have trained personnel, and there will be other old people. She'll never have to be alone again."

"That's right," said my mother, and all the time she was crying and crying.

Once a week, I went to visit my grandmother in the nursing home in a converted brownstone around the corner from Central Park West on Seventy-fourth Street. My grandmother sat in a chair next to her bed. I sat next to my grandmother and studied the gray wallpaper with the green and yellow chrysanthemums and wormlike leaves, looking for the repeat.

"So? Warm enough for you?" said an obese Negro nurse to Mrs. Kelly, who sat, on an August dog day, in two sweaters, with a coat wrapped about her legs, guarding the closed window. The nurse stuck the last spoonful of applesauce into the baby-pink face on the pillow in the bed next to my grandmother's and said, "Good as gold. Never any trouble out of her. Not like you, Mrs. Mankjewicz. Now, you cover up—aren't you a terror!" Mrs. Mankjewicz, who was dying of diabetes, had thrown off her covers and was waving her two skinny stumps, amputated at the knee, in the air. "And how are you today?" the nurse asked my grandmother, and stroked a hand over her hair.

When the nurse had turned her back, my grandmother made a face at her and said, "She doesn't understand a word I say. But the night nurse is German. America!" said my grandmother, looking all around the room until she came to Mrs. Mankjewicz, who had thrown her covers off again. "America is no good."

"Goodbye, Omama," I said. "I have to meet a friend on Riverside Drive." And because my grandmother asked me no questions, I said, "His name is David."

"Come back soon," she said.

That corner of Seventy-fourth Street still has the power to move me to a dry sort of tears, like sinuses aching behind the eyes. I walked out of the nursing home with a gasp of joy, into the city lying in the exhaustion of the late-afternoon heat. Behind me, lovely Central Park was green, and the young girl crossing at Columbus Avenue swung her meagre shoulders and swished her gay skirt, printed with orange, black, and turquoise galleys. It had pyramids

Sunny Lee

Joyful departure for fall... slightly lowered waist and vivid green grosgrain on green striped navy cotton knit. Three to six-x about $9; seven to fourteen about $11.

LORD & TAYLOR, New York
Filene's, Boston
Marshall Field, Chicago
or write Borgenicht Bros., Inc.
520 Eighth Avenue, New York City

Southern California's Finest
McHENRY'S
Tail o' the Cock
RESTAURANTS
LA CIENEGA BOULEVARD
One Block North of Wilshire
CRestview 3-1200
VENTURA BOULEVARD
One Block West of Coldwater
TRiangle 7-0889
LOS ANGELES

900 NORTH MICHIGAN
Jacques
FRENCH RESTAURANT
CHICAGO
Dine in our beautiful Outdoor Garden or Air-Conditioned Dining Rooms. Facilities for parties. Parking at Delaware Street entrance. Reservations: WH 4-4795
OPEN DAILY 11:30 A. M. TO 12:00 P. M.

in the background, which hit me familiarly, so that I followed her a block uptown to get a closer look—and yes, no hand but mine could have painted that awkward curl of the prow. It was a "conversation" print of the Egyptian period, which preceded the Roman era and placed the fabric squarely in my year at the Polacek studio.

I turned down Amsterdam Avenue, assailed by a complexity of misery in which I tasted the ingredients of loneliness and shame and the beginnings of nausea, and, stopping for the light at the corner of Broadway, I looked inward, wondering what was the matter *now*. Then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw the marquee of the Hotel X and recalled intact its dimly lit dance hall, and myself softening experimentally in the arms of the sad and beastly electrician. New York is full of my past. My old textile designs walk about its streets. At Fifty-seventh Street, there is a car dealer with the same name as the editor who turned down my first story, and every time the No. 5 bus carries me past this dealer's sign on the way to Fifth Avenue, I feel an embarrassment grown so faint by now I hardly bother to diagnose its cause. It is, I think, the way our histories become charged thus upon the air, the streets, the very houses of New York, that makes the alien a citizen.

The traffic lights changed. I crossed Broadway. At West End Avenue, I caught the warm wind stirring from the river, and saw David waving from a bench under the heavy summer trees.

MY grandmother died on the evening of her eighty-first birthday and was buried in a huge graveyard in New Jersey. David and I married, and I left my mother on 157th Street and moved midtown, into an apartment of my own. I keep looking around me, and the war is still cold, and overseas; none of my people, this moment, are ill; and there are hours, every day, in which I can write. We have friends. My husband, who is Jewish, too, but was born in America, accepts without alarm this normal season of our lives, but I, now that I have children and am about the age my mother was when Hitler came, walk gingerly and in astonishment upon the island of my comforts, knowing that it is surrounded on all sides by calamity. —LORE SEGAL

•

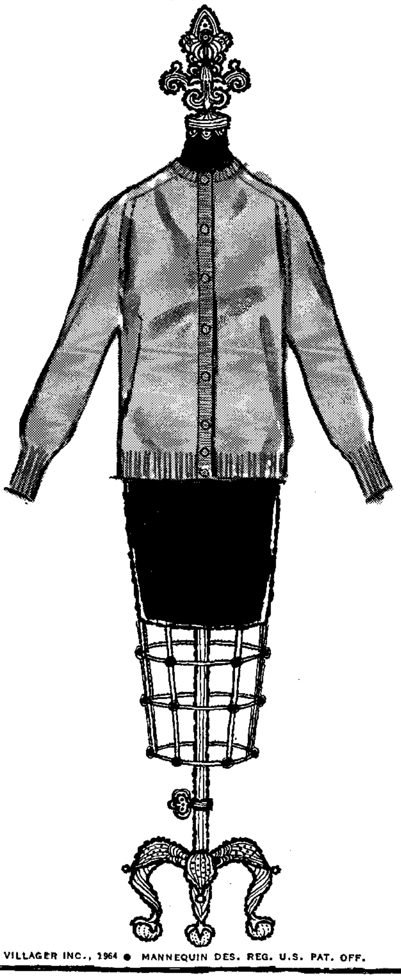
PRIVATE SUMMER SCHOOL
REMEADAL READING
ALL LEVALS
—*Tucson (Ariz.) Weekly Chronicle.*

What leval are we on now?

EXHIBITION Useful and beautiful objects in Tenera, a new ceramic medium created by Royal Copenhagen Porcelain. Through August 15. Make a visit to this exhibition a part of your World's Fair Plan.

GEORG JENSEN INC
667 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N.Y. PL1-2400

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.



First Love

There are other VILLAGER® sweaters, but none has replaced this classic wool cardigan in the devoted affections of VILLAGER® collectors. A grosgrain ribbon runs down its front. It comes in thirty-nine colors, a selection that should assure its cooperation with every nuance of a wardrobe, and satisfy the most passionate collector. Sizes 34 to 40.

About thirteen dollars at good stores and college shops

The Villager ®
1407 Broadway, New York

©THE VILLAGER INC., 1964 • MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

take two

(At least.) Here, the authentic pan-collared cotton LADYBUG®, with long sleeves. Its early-American print of geometric flowers is neatly regular. Altogether like one of those small-boned and serious-minded heroines of 19th century fiction. Blue, Brick, or Olive. 5 to 15. At nicer stores. About $20.

Ladybug®

1407 Broadway, New York 18

© 1964, LADYBUG JUNIORS CO.

shirtdresses

Something more easy-natured, more gregarious, for a damn-the-torpedoes mood. Invincible Fortrel polyester and cotton, sweepingly shaped, its dashing sash reversing to another color. Italianate lapels and long cuffed sleeves. Navy, Red, or Denim Blue. 5 to 15. Write for your nearest LADYBUG® shopkeeper. About $23.

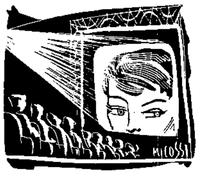
Ladybug®

1407 Broadway, New York 18

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Mexican Blues

LAST winter will be remembered by the children of New York as the one in which they rose up against the Disneys of the world by delightedly supporting revivals of Chaplin and of Olivier's "Henry V," and even by sampling "Tom Jones" with reportedly excellent results. They would now be wise to consider a Mexican film called "Yanco." A fairy tale, it is at once sweet and tough and sad and unsentimental. Its hero, an eight-year-old Mexican boy, is obsessed by music. When the cacophony of church bells, the blacksmith's hammer, and wagon wheels on stony roads deafens him, he escapes to a pool outside his village, where he accompanies the birds and the frogs and the wind on a crude homemade violin. The villagers jeer at his passion, and his mother is frightened by it and takes him to a witch doctor. Then the boy meets an old man who gives him violin lessons. The boy's mother falls ill, and while he is nursing her the old man dies. The boy's grief lasts until he discovers the old man's violin hanging high on a wall in the village general store. Late each night, he borrows the instrument and goes to his pool and fills the fields and trees with his music. One night, during a religious festival, the villagers hear it and, regarding it as an evil omen, set out with torches to find its source. But a terrible thing happens: the ground the boy is standing on beside the pool breaks off and he is thrown into the water and drowns.



Servando Gonzalez, who wrote and directed the film, tells this ironic tale as a child might—simply by following the boy about with his camera, which, despite countless temptations, never swoons. Ricardo Ancona, as the boy, is remarkable. His large, wide-set eyes and broad cheeks and shy, full mouth more than reflect his emotions; they are the features of the spirit of music. The picture is also blessed by an almost total absence of dialogue, which is particularly fitting, since few children really need words to communicate.

"NOTHING BUT THE BEST" is an arch English reworking of the basic ingredients in "Room at the Top." The main differences are the setting, which here is London rather than Yorkshire, and a Pygmalion twist. A lowly, ambitious employee in a swank real-estate firm beats his way to the top largely with the help of a dissolute black sheep who, in return for lodging and loans, teaches him the proper use of "bloody," the behavior of a Cambridge man who has read history, how to play squash, and so forth. The black sheep is then done in by the hero. The humor is sarcastic and mainly visual, and to impress this upon us the director, Clive Donner, makes the camera gape in admiration at the unrelievedly nasty principals. In time, the picture becomes a static, self-pleased montage of sly expressions and mocking ones and ho-ho-so-*that's*-the-way-it-is ones. The accomplished Denholm Elliott, as the oily black sheep, often looks as if he were being ogled by a child.

"SEDUCED AND ABANDONED," which was produced by Franco Cristaldi and directed by Pietro Germi, who were responsible for "Divorce—Italian Style," is a noisy, long-winded, and presumably unintentional parody of that considerable effort. Its hopelessly complicated story has to do chiefly with the serpentine efforts of a Sicilian merchant to save face when his fifteen-year-old daughter is seduced by her sister's fiancé. All this is carried on fortissimo in an endless succession of family quarrels, chase sequences, and predictable slapstick. As in "Divorce—Italian Style," however, the background details are a treat, and are caught on the miraculously natural black-and-white film that the Italians alone seem masters of. The musical score, by Carlo Rustichelli, is full of mock-mournful solo trumpets and tremolo strings, and is also first-rate.

DEBBIE REYNOLDS, affecting a deep Colorado twang, a mulish soprano, and lots of "hells" and "damns," dances, sings, and swears her way through "The Unsinkable Molly Brown" as if her materials, taken from the Broadway musical, had enormous merit. They have none, and neither does she.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

ABELITES.—An African sect which opposed procreation on the ground that it was a perpetuation of sin. Extinct.—*Encyclopedia Americana.*

So much for the Abelites.

Come to the Valley and eat Corn-on-the-Curb

Having an affection for Niblets® corn (it's our livelihood) we celebrated the harvest one year by eating fresh roasting ears on the main street of our home town, Le Sueur, Minnesota. With bunting and all. Sort of a Minnesota Mardi Gras. Later when paving came along people began calling the occasion Corn-on-the-Curb Days.

And this year you are invited. There's a corn-eating contest, which you may enter, or you can eat solo. What we offer mainly is Valley scenery and serenity. And lots and lots of fresh buttered Niblets corn right out of the field. And if you listen hard you may hear a Ho Ho Ho off in the distance.

So if your vacation might bring you up this way around August 21-22, drop us a line and we'll put on some extra ears. Or if you can't make it, drop us a line anyway and we'll send you a coupon good for two cans of Niblets, the next best thing to being here.

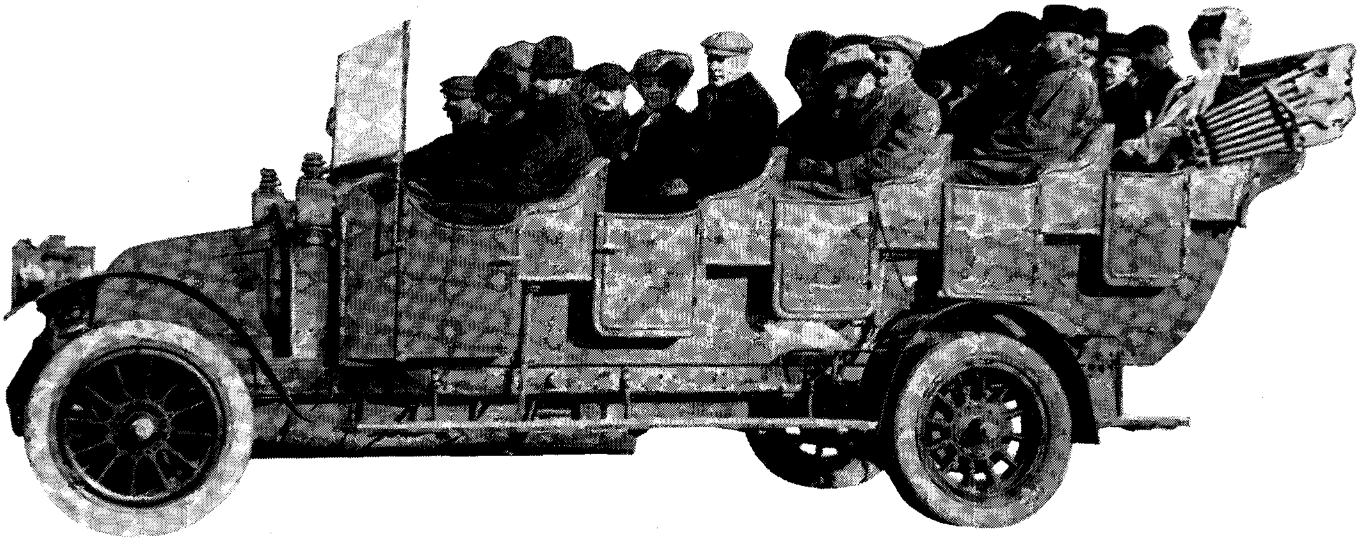
Green Giant®
Good things from the garden

© G. G. Co. Niblets is a trademark of the Green Giant Company.

LETTER FROM SENDAGAYA

As an American family arriving without ceremony or special credentials, and, more significantly, without unlimited funds, for an extended stay in the dizzying and almost prohibitively costly city of Tokyo, my wife, my two small children, and I have completed what I cannot help calling our orientation in remarkably fast time. Equipped with the nostalgic curiosity and rusty Japanese of a Second World War soldier-interpreter, I came here with my somewhat baffled but willing companions to spend a year observing the much advertised postwar reincarnation of this city and of Japan. Within two weeks after we had taken up residence in the Sendagaya section of central Tokyo's Shibuya Ward, we discovered that we had already acquired a neighborhood identity—a reassuring sign that our transplantation was a *fait accompli*, at least in the eyes of our fellow-Sendagayans. We were, it seemed, *Kiyosawa no nikai*—in effect, "the people upstairs at the Kiyosawas'." It was my wife who first became aware of this one day while placing an order with the neighborhood *shōyu*, or soy-sauce, dealer and using the few words of Japanese that she knows and enthusiastically employs. When she began trying to explain to the merchant the precise location of the quarters that had been commandeered by us, the latest contingent of *gaijin*—"foreigners," or, literally, and more to the point, "outsiders"—he stopped her with a reassuring smile and an understanding "*Kiyosawa no nikai.*" And we have been successfully identifying ourselves around here ever since as *Kiyosawa no nikai*. Somehow, it has given us a stronger sense of belonging than the フラグラ, pronounced "Furagura," that has been newly painted on a small wooden plaque on the outside of the house, just under the more plausible name 清澤, or "Kiyosawa." フラグラ is the way our name, Flagler—a bad tongue twister for the Japanese—has been rendered in *katakana*, the stiffish-looking syllabary that is used to transpose foreign words and names into written Japanese.

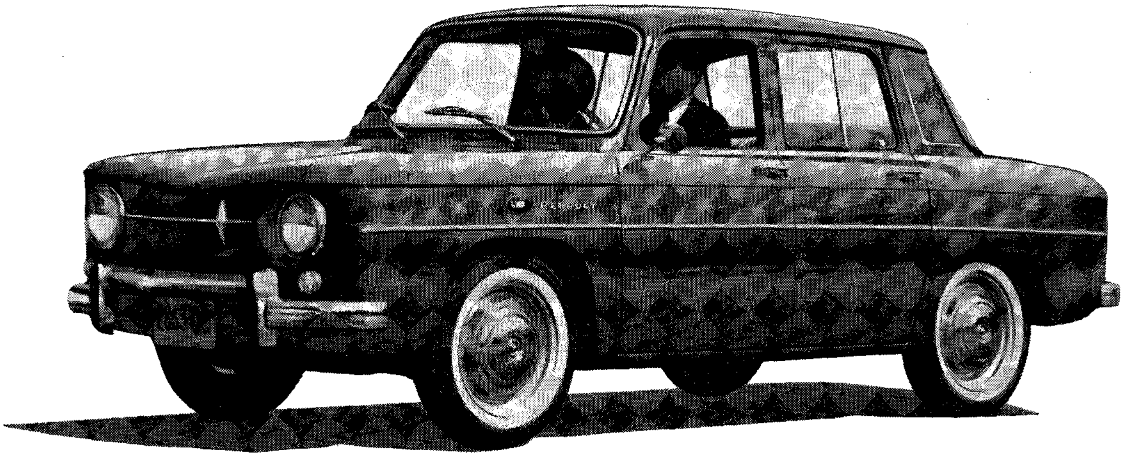
How we happen to be living at the Kiyosawas' is a tale briefly told, and one germane to this particular report. Indeed, the acquisition of a satisfactory place to live in what is officially called the Metropolis of Tokyo is always a pertinent story these days, and usually an involved one, in this, the world's most populous city—which, at last count, six months ago, had more than ten million four hundred thousand people living within its nearly eight hundred square miles. The master of the Kiyosawa house is a successful young Tokyo businessman, who is, at the moment, representing his Japanese firm in New York City, where my family and I make our permanent home. Shortly after I had started planning our trip to Tokyo, I happened to find myself seated next to him in one of Manhattan's Japanese restaurants, which seem to be enjoying a vogue that is growing constantly (although at nowhere near the pace of the craving for Western foods here). I had developed the habit of bearding anyone who looked Japanese in order to get some practice in the language—a custom that, in reverse, has almost overwhelmed me in Tokyo, where English is a second language, though still an elusively distant second. In any case, I struck up an acquaintance with young Kiyosawa. When he heard of my plans to bring my family to Tokyo, he recalled that his late father, a journalist—and, as I have since learned, the author and English translator of some twenty books and an eventually blacklisted critic of prewar Japanese militarism—had enjoyably spent a good bit of time in America before the war on a similar sojourn. After a number of cups of *sake*, the amazingly practical upshot was that the brutal housing problem confronting any family so reckless as to insist upon moving to the heart of Tokyo was solved when Kiyosawa agreed to rent me the upper floor of his house, which he had left in charge of his mother. The Kiyosawa place, a six-year-old structure of handsomely dark-stained wood, part Japanese and part Western in design—in fact, an interesting trans-Pacific echo of our own split-level houses, with five rooms on one level and three on another above it—nicely met our demands for felicity, roominess, and a central location. Furthermore, while it was understood that we would pay for our quarters, a most friendly rental was set—no small break in itself. Tokyo is a city where six rooms in an undistinguished-looking new coöperative apartment building can sell for the yen equivalent of two hundred thousand dollars. (Apartment buildings, coöperative or rental, are actually still quite rare, despite the total postwar rebuilding of Tokyo and its seemingly wholesale Westernization.) To give an inkling of what the problem is like for the vast majority of people here, two hundred thousand dollars equals the combined yearly income of three hundred and twenty-five average Tokyoites—each of whom, it has been estimated, occupies living space the size of three three-foot-by-six-foot *tatami*, or straw floor mats. The housing problem almost invariably proves a stern trial even for foreign families sent out here by their business firms and provided with generous living allowances. Stories of families' having to spend as much as six months cramped in hotel rooms or similar temporary quarters before settling for outrageously overpriced and unattractive houses are the rule, and the only exceptions are the cases of the few families that inherit houses from company predecessors and, of course, those of people whose housing is taken care of by their governments. Clearly, Tokyo is no cut-rate paradise for the expatriate bargain hunter. A recent report in an American newsletter calling it by far the costliest city in the world told me little that I and my teller at the Bank



We tried to seat as many people as possible in our 1914 Renault. It got out of hand. The new Renault below seats 4 comfortably, has automatic transmission, 4-wheel disc brakes and gets up to 35 miles a gallon. And look at that snazzy shape!

(If you have a family like the one above, we can get you a good deal on four Renaults.)

RENAULT



MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS
BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

J.L. MANKIEWICZ
NO
BW
huehnergarth

Rejection slip.

Recently, we got a rejection slip from a writer—Joseph L. Mankiewicz, winner of four Academy Awards and author of many notable films.

Mr. Mankiewicz, it seems, received a BUSINESS WEEK subscription letter. It explained that BW wasn't for TV stars, housewives, basketball players, or authors—just management men. He wrote:

"Unhappily, I must disqualify myself . . . In my youth I was a basketball player—I have appeared on TV —I am married to a housewife from whom I could not hide my copy of BUSINESS WEEK—and most disastrous of all, for almost 40 years I have earned my living as . . . an author. Please do not pity me. I have no one to blame but myself."

As for BUSINESS WEEK, we have no one to blame for our selective circulation policy but our editors and advertisers. Both like having an audience composed strictly of decision-level executives.

Thanks, Mr. Mankiewicz, for being so straightforward. If you ever mend your ways, let us know.

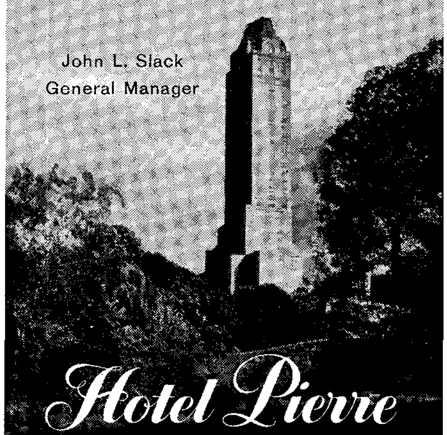
You advertise in
BUSINESS WEEK
when you want
to inform
management
A McGraw-Hill Magazine

BUSINESS WEEK

of Tokyo didn't know already. The newsletter said that it topped New York and other major cities in almost every category of living expense, including food, transportation, clothing, *entertainment*, and *rent* (*two and a half times higher than the New York average*); the exceptions were listed as household operation and schooling, but I'm prepared to argue about those also.

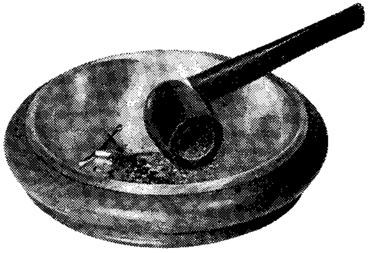
Tokyo may strike the passing tourist as just another Westernized Oriental city, but the truth is that, outside the narrowly circumscribed sightseers' track, a Caucasian is nowadays a rare sight here. Among a swirl of short, slim, tidily put-together Japanese—for instance, among the jam-packed passengers on a bus—he usually stands out as a starkly gross-boned, disarrayed, and terribly white object. Current prices make it more understandable that there are only six thousand Westerners, not connected with the American military, now living in Tokyo (and there are surprisingly few of the military in evidence). Primarily, then, Tokyo is the business of nobody but the Japanese. And while I cannot quite agree with A. M. Rosenthal, who used to cover Japan for the *Times*, when he calls Tokyo the "purest" of all the world's major cities ("pure" is a word that I find difficult to apply to Tokyo in *any* context), I cannot quarrel with his enthusiastic point of view. Among cities throughout history, postwar Tokyo is certainly one of the great originals. Furthermore, it has the air of just having begun to go places—perhaps a hundred different places. (Not yet completely spread out, it is on its way *up* for the first time, with a seventeen-story hotel nearing completion and a thirty-four-story office building in blueprint.) Prohibitive though living here may be, the mere feeling of being in on the ground floor of an epochal urban era has held a good many of the hardy Western carpetbaggers here. In my own case, I would not have missed the glimpse I have had for anything. A few years ago, Arthur Koestler came out to Japan with the apparent intent of dismissing Zen and decrying the illogic and irresponsibility seemingly behind so much of the present-day hubbub here. He finally came to the very Japanese conclusion that, if he were ever exiled from Europe, this is where he would settle. I have, as an adoptive New Yorker out of Chicago, developed similar feelings about Tokyo, even after having seen Paree.

If our experience in getting a place to live was highly unusual, even more exceptional has been our almost painless

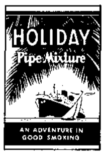


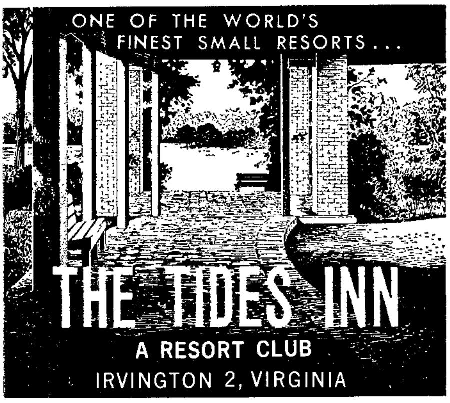
Exquisite Accommodations in New York
AVAILABLE FOR TRANSIENT OCCUPANCY
Single Rooms $24-27
Double Rooms $28-33
Two Room Suites from $44
Home of the famous
CAFE PIERRE & PIERRE GRILL
John L. Slack
General Manager
Hotel Pierre
OVERLOOKING CENTRAL PARK
FIFTH AVE. at 61st St. • NEW YORK 21

Pipe offend?



Try Holiday free!
Holiday's five custom-selected tobaccos give pipes exciting, aromatic flavor. It's an aroma that men relish and women welcome, too. For free pack (offer limited to U.S.A.) write Holiday, Dept. B-19, P.O. Box 3-AC.
THE HOUSE OF EDGEWORTH Richmond 8, Va.
Larus & Brother Co., Inc., Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877



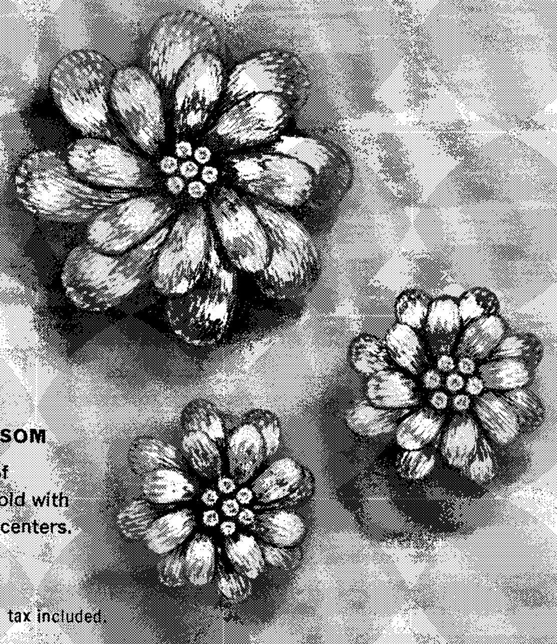


ONE OF THE WORLD'S FINEST SMALL RESORTS . . .
THE TIDES INN
A RESORT CLUB
IRVINGTON 2, VIRGINIA

transplantation into a going Japanese household. In the absence of the younger Kiyosawa and his family, that household's other regular members—his widowed mother, a nonpareil of a maid named Sumiko, and a large and gregarious collie called Eddie—had been charged with keeping things running. The two Japanese women occupy three rooms downstairs, my family and I are in three rooms a flight above, and the first-floor living room, dining area, and kitchen constitute common ground, as does the lawn outside, which is the special sharehold of the collie, and in one corner of which stands a wire-enclosed runway for him. Collies are one of the unexpected phenomena that the visitor soon gets used to meeting in this hybrid city. Their presence is simply explained by the fact that "Lassie" has been through here on television, leaving a sizable spawn of the breed in her (or his) wake. (Another and more improbable example of Western influence accounts for the "Eddie" to which our collie responds. His owners named him, in a moment of historical reverie, after the abdicated English king.)

On the whole, our setup here has proved both convenient and comfortable, as well as instructive for my family, and it seems to suit the resident Mrs. Kiyosawa, a comely, quick, and graceful woman in her middle fifties, as well. To some degree, I must say, her approval of our tenancy is apparently motivated as much by practicality as by sentiment. It seems that the Sendagaya section, like all of Tokyo these days, is plagued by *dorobō*, or robbers—the house behind ours having been hit three times in the past year—and, as Mrs. Kiyosawa has gratefully explained, it is nice to have a man around the house. For my own part, I find that the role of squire, or *danna-sama*, of a Japanese home has afforded as illuminating a perspective on the life of contemporary Tokyo as I could want. Tokyo is best grasped, I have discovered, from the inside out, so to speak. On balance, I would say that I have learned more from an occasional glimpse into the endless and arresting rituals of Japanese housekeeping or from an afternoon's stroll about the alternately busy and tranquil back streets of Sendagaya than I have from a night on the town or a talk with an official of the metropolitan government.

There are, of course, occasional strains in the course of our people-to-people experiment, as there are bound to be when petite, well-ordered Japanese ladies are cooped up with an-



Boutique Cartier

EXCLUSIVE
CARTIER BLOSSOM

Fashion import of textured 18 kt. gold with diamond-cluster centers.
Brooch, $360.
Ear Clips, $525.

Actual size. Federal tax included.

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK • PLAZA 3-0111

BONWIT'S BLAZER FLUFF
Light as a soufflé, and just as delectable...our sweater-soft blazer in a fluffy mix of brushed mohair and wool. Red, white or sapphire blue. By Blairmoor for 36 to 40 sizes, 19.00
Mail and phone orders filled.
Sports Floor

BONWIT TELLER

Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York Also in Manhasset White Plains
Short Hills Philadelphia Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston

Only the look is priceless

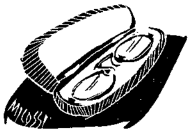
For a look of absolute ease, the soft-spoken overblouse lightly tops a round of pleats. Celanese Acetate gives this crepe its smooth luxurious look. Arthur Originals' two-piecer in Julius N. Werk's crepe of acetate and rayon. Beige, red, black, brown, royal. 8-18. About $18. At B. Altman & Co., N.Y. & branches; Bonwit Teller, Phila.; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chi.

Celanese®

Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

archic, larger-than-life Americans for a good while. Even my nine-month-old son strikes me as lout-size in this Japanese milieu, whose miniaturized qualities I am made aware of several times a day when I bang my head against overhanging light fixtures and the tops of doorframes.

It would seem, though, that we have survived one standard domestic conflict—that posed by foreigners' refusal to grasp Japanese attitudes toward feet and floors. The long history of this conflict was brought home to me recently when I came across a comic print, dated early in the two-hundred-year period of near-total isolation forced on Japan by the Tokugawa Shogunate, which showed a seventeenth-century Dutch trader in a coat with leg-of-mutton sleeves, obliviously wearing his shoes on a *tatami*. (The Dutch were the only Westerners allowed into Japan by the Tokugawas.) To be truthful, before we successfully mastered the footgear problem, there were a good many moments, painful to our forbearing hostess, when we might easily have fitted into a modern version of that scene. Although only three of the Kiyosawas' eight rooms are carpeted with *tatami*, and the floors of the other five are constructed of wood that, to the casual Western eye, looks perfectly treadable for street shoes, in reality the house must be considered completely Japanese underfoot, since, as a matter of both aesthetics and conservation, the despoiling of handsome wooden flooring by dirty, scratchy street footgear makes no more sense to the Japanese than the carving of initials on a living-room wall would make to us. We are reminded of this Japanese outlook each time we return home and step into the stone-floored *genkan*, or entryway, just inside the front door. Here we see the street shoes of those already inside the house, a bench for sitting on while removing one's shoes or replacing them (as well as long-handled shoehorns to assist in the job), and several pairs of Japanese *surippa*. The latter are backless scuffs, soled with soft fabric, to be worn on the wooden floors of the Western-style living room and in any other un-*tatami*-ed part of the house, save the bathroom and the separate toilet room. Before stepping onto the tile floor of the latter, one kicks off one's wood-floor *surippa* and replaces them with a waiting pair of *toiretto surippa*, also backless but having ridged rubber soles. By backing out of the *toiretto*, one can leave the just vacated *surippa* ready for the next party to step right into. Etiquette, as well as reason, dictates bare feet for the bathroom, which contains the *ofuro*, or deep tub, while not even the soft-soled scuffs may be worn atop *tatami*—which will give you an idea of the enormity of the Dutchman's *gaffe*. Nor do the intricacies end here. When stepping into the garden, house slippers are properly exchanged for *waraji* (straw scuffs), for *zōri* (hard-soled, thonged sandals), or for *geta* (stilted, wooden sandals secured by means of a thong between the big and second toes, and surely the most challenging piece of footgear I have ever encountered).



All this has necessitated fancy footwork on our part, as well as the sharp exercise of our memories. And for a time, my wife, my five-year-old daughter, and I were badly flubbing the job. Many were the moments when my wife and I winced to hear the clatter of a wee *zōri* or the rasp of a tiny straw scuff as my daughter skipped through the living room with some news of the outside world that simply would not wait for a brief stop in the *genkan*. And many were the forgetful mornings when I would terminate a reflective turn about the lawn, the felt soles of my house slippers soggy with dew. Indeed, as the Japanese expert in the family, I lost considerable face over the foot situation at the very outset of our stay here. We had not been in the house two days when Mrs. Kiyosawa was obliged to remind me, ever so gently, that I was wearing *toiretto surippa* in house-slipper territory.

For that matter, just the sheer, aggressive size of American feet at first almost overwhelmed the household. As it turned out, not a pair of the Kiyosawas' attractive adult scuffs—ordinarily used by both sexes—proved a practical fit for either myself or my wife, who theretofore had harbored some rather vain notions about her shoe size (what she had always considered a dainty 5½ B). "I hate to think of Mrs. Kiyosawa's being presented with the feet of *some* American women I know," my wife remarked after our hostess had rushed out and scouted up two pairs of seemingly enormous, bright sky-blue sponge-rubber scuffs. Then there was the awful evening when my wife, having already put on high heels in the *genkan*, preparatory to our going out with friends, suddenly—and with a thoughtlessness that she still shudders to recall—bolted into the living room and upstairs to fetch her purse, each heel clack going through

THE GERSON REPORT

A "House to House" survey* conducted in Washington, D.C. revealed that in both Houses of Congress the largest percentage of members agree "The Star is the National Capital's most accurate, most objective, most authoritative and most complete newspaper." Among all members of Congress who replied and who preferred one Washington paper over another (56% of the 513 members of Congress interviewed) this was the vote: 63% preferred The Star as Washington's most accurate newspaper; 63% voted The Star Washington's most objective newspaper; 62% rated The Star the most authoritative Washington newspaper; 62% chose The Star as Washington's most complete newspaper. Where does this leave Washington's two other daily newspapers? Combined The Washington Post and Daily News mustered less than two-fifths of the preferences. Want to reach the influentials? Put your message in the most influential medium in the nation's most influential market—the quality medium in the Nation's Capital, The Washington Star.

*Readership Study among Members of the United States Congress, December, 1963, Walter Gerson and Associates, Inc. Based on members of Congress who read more than one Washington newspaper. Complete survey available on request.

Since 1852, Washington leaders have followed The Washington Star looking for length?

Play TITLEIST

Every golfer wants to use the longest golf ball that's made — especially the pros and top amateurs who are playing on the tour. That's why more of these great golfers play Titleist than any other ball.

That's also why more Titleists are sold in Pro Shops than any other ball. They have been proven consistently longer in competition — millions of times over.

Play the ball the best players choose and remember:

NO ONE IS PAID TO PLAY TITLEIST.

TRADEMARK

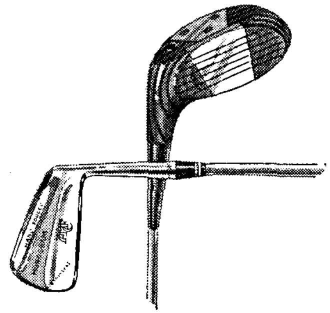
ACUSHNET GOLF BALLS

SOLD THRU GOLF COURSE PRO SHOPS *ONLY*

me (and, doubtless, through Mrs. Kiyosawa) like a pistol shot. In fact, as my wife started her racketing descent, Mrs. Kiyosawa, who was putting away a stack of dishes in a dining-room cupboard near the foot of the defiled stairs, dropped the lot. I'll never know whether my wife's aberration had anything to do with it, but the next morning our hostess departed for a brief vacation at a country retreat she owns in Karuizawa, a mountain resort popular with Tokyoites. After she returned to face the alien music, my wife and I resolved the whole footwear problem by following the lead of our exasperated daughter and going shoeless at all times in both house and garden.

THE Kiyosawa house has proved to be quite Japanese in less befuddling ways, but it also has a strongly non-traditional Americanized accent, characteristic of new, Western-minded Tokyo. Architecturally, Tokyo is eclecticism rampant, although there is perhaps less of this in the public and commercial buildings, which, for the most part, suffer from a uniform lack of architectural character that results in either dullness or tawdriness (both odd, considering the general native flair for art, beauty, and color). Among the neighboring houses in Sendagaya, almost all of them built, owned, and occupied by Japanese, are not only several other new ones on the order of the Kiyosawas' but also a sort of Tudor, a Main-Street-America Colonial model, and several Spanish-style stuccos (a couple of them incongruously topped with wavy-slated, tilt-cornered Japanese roofs), as well as a good many purely Japanese dwellings. It is now increasingly common practice among houseowners who have managed to secure more than a house-sized patch of precious Tokyo ground to forgo the traditional Japanese garden, with its maintenance problems, and, in the Western manner, turn most of the space into lawn, and this is what the Kiyosawas have done. The only traces of a traditional garden are a dwarf pine that stands over a tiny pool near the stone front steps, and, at opposite ends of the lawn, which is about the size and shape of a tennis court, a large stone lantern and a modest *tsukiyama*, or artificial mountain. The latter is banked with low trees and bushes and circled by a stone pathway that affords a contemplative thirty-second stroll, which I find quite to my restless taste most mornings before I settle down to work. As a matter of fact, I can find little fault with the Kiyosawas' planning. It

A&F the greatest sporting goods store in the world



the Monogram® on A&F golf clubs signifies . . .

- power and distance
- steel Pro shafts, Pro grips
- irons with imported stainless steel heads
- woods with laminated, hand-rubbed heads

set of 8 irons 168.00
set of 4 woods 128.00

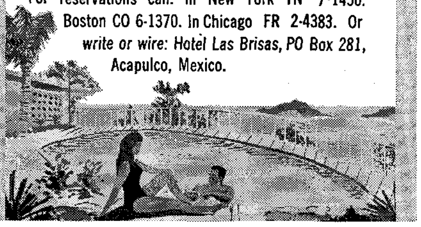
. . . or custom-fitted shaft grip and weight, if you prefer!

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
Madison Ave. at 45th St., N.Y. 10017—MU 2-3600
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
COLORADO SPRINGS SHORT HILLS
BAY HEAD SOUTHAMPTON HYANNIS

ACAPULCO
at the Hotel las brisas
Mexico's fabulous tourist haven

Ask about our summer FAMILY PLAN -one couple plus one or two children, or one adult and up to three children FROM $16 PER DAY!

For reservations call: In New York TN 7-1450. Boston CO 6-1370. In Chicago FR 2-4383. Or write or wire: Hotel Las Brisas, PO Box 281, Acapulco, Mexico.



The Leopard RESTAURANT

RESERVATIONS ONLY
253 EAST 50TH ST., PL 9-3735

Decalcomania Lamps
WARD and ROME
63 E. 57th St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

strikes me that they have achieved the ideal balance for urban living. Their place reflects the amenities of both city life and—because Tokyo is essentially a horizontal rather than a vertical metropolis—modern suburbia. Yet, it is about the same cab ride away from Tokyo Central Station as our New York apartment in the East Nineties is from Grand Central Station, although the chances of a passenger's travelling the distance in one piece are hair-raisingly poorer here, where driving seems to serve as an outlet for the suicide instinct.

Within the house, the traditional influence asserts itself strongly—in the *tatami* rooms and, most ingeniously, in the treatment of windows and glass doors, room dividers, and cabinet doors. While the house has a good many Western-style doors (albeit concussively low ones), it also contains abundant evidence of the Japanese genius for movable screening. This becomes most apparent in the evening, shortly after supper, when other domestic sounds give way to a gently susurrating and rumbling concerto for *shōji*, *fusuma*, *amado*, and just plain glass doors and windows, in addition to insect screens, curtains, and draperies. (*Shōji* are the familiar translucent sliding screens for doors or windows, made of rice paper and bordered and panelled with fairly thin wood; *fusuma* are heavier sliding doors and screens, made of heavier, opaque paper, for interior use; and *amado* are, literally, "rain doors," of wood.) This is the hour when Sumiko, the indefatigably busy and cheerful *tetsudai-san*, or Miss Helper, as maids are prettily called here for their pains, goes about the ancient nocturnal ritual of converting the house into a tightly sealed box, walled in by a baffle of closures, of which my favorites are the *amado*. Designed to seal window and door apertures, *amado* are a prime expression of the Japanese talent for saving space. When not in use, they are slid out of sight into openings in the walls at the sides of the window frames. If, as in the case of larger windows and doorways, more than one *amado* is needed to cover an opening, the extra ones can be stored upright inside the hiding place. When circumstance—nightfall, deluge, or typhoon—dictates, they are slid out and interlocked to form a continuous barrier. *Too* cooped up now? The *amado* are rigged against that eventuality, for there are slides fitted into these slides—slatted subpanels that can be opened to admit shafts of light and air. But the most admirable aspect of all this slide panelling (which

Spiral vase · Height 6¼ inches · $30

Trim-waisted crystal vase for long-stemmed flowers

STEUBEN GLASS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET · NEW YORK 22, N.Y.

Daiquiri Mix
JUST ADD RUM

Look how easy it is to mix 12 perfect Daiquiris in 30 seconds flat!

Now you can make Daiquiris by the pitcherful—in seconds. All you need: Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix and dry, light Puerto Rican rum.

Why Daiquiri Mix? Saves you the bother of squeezing limes. Each can makes 12 Daiquiris. Look for Daiquiri Mix at food or liquor stores.

Why Puerto Rican rum? Because a perfect Daiquiri must be *dry*, and Puerto Rican rums are always distilled at high proof for *extra dryness*.

Free recipe booklet with 31 delightful rum drinks. Write: Rum Booklet, Dept. Y-3, 666 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019.

Daiquiri Mix is distributed by Wilbur-Ellis Co., Inc., New York and Los Angeles.

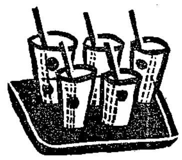
LIKE MIST ON A MOOR...
that's the Gordon-Ford fit. It's natural.
Examples: RFD pants
in thick country wale corduroy,
about $14. Or in all wool heather tweeds,
about $19. Activair's cotton
oxford cloth shirt, about $6.50.

GORDON-FORD

At Lord & Taylor, all stores
John Douglas, Wellesley
Ann Taylor, New Haven
Halle Bros., Cleveland
Or for store nearest you write:
GORDON-FORD
350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1

my daughter and I, equally fascinated, are constantly vying with each other to test) is that it always seems to work. Never does a door or window get stuck, despite the frequent visitation of earth tremors that soundly shiver the house's timbers and ours, and any one of which, occurring in, say, Westchester, would surely untrack both slidable woodwork and the tenor of domestic life from one end of the county to the other.

The genius behind this craftsmanship is, in most cases, an unassuming little man who wheels up to his carpentry projects on a bicycle, wearing khaki puttees, a clean white shirt, and *tabi*—thick-soled socks that are cleft to separate the big toe from the others and that give their wearer the singular appearance of being both working-stiff and satyr. It has been my privilege, in the course of several recent weeks, to observe closely just such a *daiku-san*, or master carpenter, who had contracted to add a separate kitchen to Mrs. Kiyosawa's quarters to facilitate her making her own meals. (She is a vegetarian, and our robustly carnivorous board must look to her like the feasting place of a lion pack.) Inevitably, I found the slidework the most engrossing part of the carpenter's job. Always a good audience for an ace craftsman, I could have watched for hours—and perhaps did—as our man grooved out five perfect channels, to accommodate all possible combinations of screening, in the cedar crosspiece that was to become the top of the kitchen-wide doorframe. The secret of his skill proved to be nothing more than a set of two venerable hand gouges, an unerring eye, and a thousand or so years of know-how. The Japanese may soon be cursing at jammed *amado* as disgustedly as Americans do at stuck bureau drawers, though, because, according to the *daiku-san*, more and more grooving is being done by machine in Japan.



The nightly zip-ups of the Kiyosawa house are not performed solely to keep out the Tokyo damp, nor, despite their traditional aspect, do they simply hark back to the feudal past, when a householder might have had reason to fear a vengeful band of samurai materializing outside his walls during the night. The pressing practical reason for them is the *dorobō* problem. It, of course, is also an ancient one, but if the local press is to be believed, robbery and other forms of anti-social activity are increasing at such a rate here, despite the efforts of a harassed and barely adequate police force, as to conceivably threaten a political *Putsch* by rightist hoodlums on some distant day. The left here, with its bullheaded anti-Americanism and antediluvian Marxism, can be disruptively and unreasonably obstreperous, but outright criminality has not been a noticeable trend among its ideologues, whereas the police themselves were recently moved to publicize an apparent relationship between criminal gangs and corrupt right-wing groups in Tokyo.

Dorobō are also responsible for another protective rule of our house; namely, that someone must be at home at all times—though the presence of a middle-aged woman or her maid, or even of both, would hardly be likely to stop a really determined thief. And because I have less faith than Mrs. Kiyosawa does in the possible deterrent power of myself and the few jujitsu holds that I might, in a pinch, dimly recall from the illustrations in a Second World War tract entitled "Kill or Be Killed," it is good to know that I am not the last line of *dorobō* defense. In the hall outside our bedroom is an alarm button that, when pressed, sets off a buzzer downstairs in the communal kitchen to arouse the other members of the household. They, in turn, can press another button, on the wall near Sumiko's room, that will sound a tocsin in the house of one of the next-door neighbors, who are expected to summon the police and otherwise swiftly render succor. Naturally, these neighbors have a reciprocal arrangement with the Kiyosawas, and every Saturday night at eight there is a test exchange of alarm signals between households.

BOTH Sumiko and our carpenter friend are examples of a Japanese rarity—the one-man work force. Long hours are the rule in Japan (anyone on these islands who works no longer than the theoretically standard six-day, forty-eight-hour week—now under all-out attack by the country's militant unions—counts himself lucky), and minute division of almost every kind of labor seems to be its corollary. For example, a family that is able to afford servants at all is quite likely to end up with a squad of them. This is particularly true in the case of Western families here. One of our neighbors is a Briton who works for the Japanese branch of an English firm, and when he and his hitherto servantless family, which includes five children, cast about for domestic help, they ended up with no less than three female servants, to say nothing of an exasperating tangle of disputes over the servants' respective prerogatives and duties. When I last saw the lady of the house from my study window, she was hanging up the family's monumental wash by herself, with a resigned air, and with the sure hand of a suburban London housewife. It seemed that her most reliable helper, a woman in her fifties, had just quit, with the enigmatic explanation that she planned to go back into television writing—or that's what my friend understood her to say.

I have noticed a good many other examples of what in the West might be regarded as excessively multiple labor, if not downright featherbedding. The other morning, four *uekiya*, or nurserymen, wearing puttees and headbands, appeared in the Kiyosawa garden and proceeded to spend the entire day pruning the single decorative dwarf pine, painstakingly going over it, needle by needle, in search of dead needles. At a neighborhood garage not long ago, I counted nine mechanics at work on what I finally identified, through a momentary break in a wall of white overalls, as a Japanese automobile the size of a Volkswagen. When my wife and I dined with another couple not long ago in one of the private rooms of an elegant, classic-style Japanese restaurant, at no time were there fewer than four serving girls attending us, and at one time we were outnumbered three to one by waitresses, geisha dancers, samisen players, and other strolling performers and well-wishers. Then there was the day when the Kiyosawas' sink needed some routine repair, and the three plumbers who showed up took a ten-hour day to finish the job, offering quite a contrast to the skill and efficiency of the carpenter. (Japan, historically a country of wood, is clearly not yet one of pipe, as an aromatic stroll along one of the open drains that border most of Tokyo's lanes and roadways will also attest.) Japanese major-league night baseball games—which I watch at Meiji Stadium, a convenient ten-minute walk from the house—require six umpires (to our usual four), and whereas the American television series "Naked City," which is about New York City police detectives, gives steady employment to three actors who portray the principal sleuths, its Japanese counterpart is called "Seven Detectives." (We can see dubbed reruns of the prototype "Naked City" here, too—rendered all the more piquant when the actor Horace McMahon growls out of the side

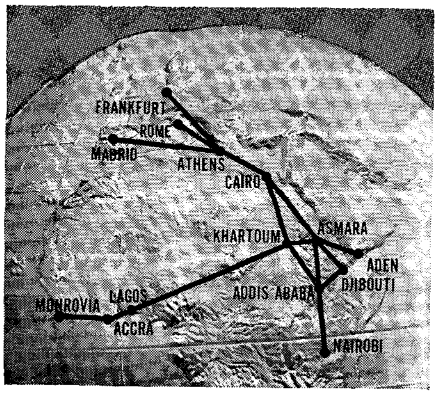
Sketched at a GAME PARK in Kenya

FAR AWAY PLACES WITH ENCHANTING NAMES

improve your travel status!

The experience of a lifetime! Fly away to the land of Kilimanjaro, aboard a power-packed **Ethiopian Boeing jet.** In Nairobi, for example, you'll find game hunting and good theatre, exotic sights and urbane hotels, old world bazaars and modern shops...and mile-high hospitality. Enroute, stop over at enchanting Addis Ababa, too. Aloft with **Ethiopian Airlines,** you'll enjoy attentive service, gourmet meals, and reliable performance.

Ethiopian Airlines offers seven Fan Jet Gateways to Africa... Madrid, Frankfurt, Rome, Athens, Cairo, Accra, and Nairobi. Ask your Travel Agent about Sightseeing Safaris in East Africa.



ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES
TWA GENERAL SALES AGENTS IN U.S.A.
EUROPE-MIDDLE EAST-AFRICA

of his mouth in the accents of the Tokyo streets as he collars a suspect down on the Uesut Saidu docks.) Japan's free press, unlike ours, I am happy to report, is also a prodigious tapper of the labor market. More than thirty-six hundred representatives of Japanese news media have already applied for the thirteen hundred passes available to the entire world press at next October's Tokyo Olympic Games. Furthermore, there are estimates—none that I would call reliable, but they do give an approximation—that Tokyo harbors up to a hundred thousand nude dancers (or, to be more accurate, showgirls who take their costumes off) and as many as a quarter of a million bar hostesses. It has come as no surprise to me, considering the lavish tables of organization of most enterprises, to learn that economists say there is a labor shortage here. None of my statistics is meant to imply that the Japanese shirk. On the contrary, everybody works not only long but hard—even, somehow, the supernumeraries on a job. The Japanese have a knack for appearing to be busy even when just standing still and watching. Indeed, they will work to the point of seeming exhaustion and then go on to play with the same total dedication. Nothing has better symbolized for me the prevailing Japanese mood than a recent story about a frail young Tokyo coed who collapsed from malnutrition and overwork (students being perhaps the most driven group of all in this degree-obsessed society) while on a weekend mountain-climbing expedition.

Both native observers and well-meaning foreigners constantly bemoan the lack of what we like to call "national purpose," to say nothing of that *sine qua non* even for Godless Communist nations—a well-defined code of ethics and morality. Indeed, the government of Premier Hayato Ikeda, in an attempt to cope with what it regards as the disturbingly anarchic spirit developing among the restless youth of Japan, has instituted a national policy of what is called *hito-tsukuri*, a vague coinage generally interpreted as meaning "character-building." (Premier Ikeda himself has not been too specific about what he had in mind when he used the term, except to make clear that he thinks character-building begins at home, a credo that is construed by Japan's largely left-leaning teachers as an attack on their considerable influence over the thinking of the young.) Seeing the Japanese hard at work and play; noting the incredible improvement in their standard of living (Japan is the

AT THE TUSCANY LIFE IS AN
ADJUSTABLE BED OF ROSES

Long famed for its fabulous "firsts" in guest luxuries . . . The Tuscany has done it again: **FIRST HOTEL ANYWHERE** TO INSTALL A SIMMONS BEAUTYREST **ADJUSTABLE BED** IN EVERY ROOM! At the touch of your finger, "The World's Most Obedient Bed" props you into perfect position for reading, lounging, sleeping. Want to breakfast in bed? . . . Watch your Tuscany color TV set? . . . Press the button — You're Sitting Pretty! Among other Tuscany firsts: Every room has bathroom extension phone, Irish Linen towels, butler's pantry, BarcaLounger Chair, air conditioning, Electric Shoe Polisher, Color TV. **Our restaurants are extraordinary, too.** MAY WE SEND YOU A BROCHURE?

"NEW YORK'S BIGGEST LITTLE HOTEL"
THE Tuscany
39th Street Just East of Park Avenue, N. Y. 10016
Phone (212) 686-1600. Teletype (212) 867-6585
Bertram Weal, General Manager

Big Anti-pasto Meeting Tonight at Trattoria
The new restaurant on East 45th Street. Pan Am Building. MO1-3090.

Daytime it sparkles. And at night it glows. Come for breakfast, luncheon, dinner, pizza after the theater, or for gelati any old time. Open very late every night.

De Busschere of Bruges
Shoe Artisans for over 300 years
Belgian Shoes
Cousu-Main Par
De Busschere

Barefoot freedom in hand-sewn, hand-turned soft soled casuals made in Belgium.

For Her
MIDINETTE
Over 17 colors
Calf **$22.50**

For Him
MR. CASUAL
Black or brown
calf **$25**

Full color brochures on request
MR. HENRI BENDEL *Owner-President*

BELGIAN SHOES, Inc.
60 East 56 St., New York 22, N. Y.
IN CALIFORNIA: I MAGNIN & CO.
San Francisco • Beverly Hills • Los Angeles

Bachrach
First Family of Photographers

Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
48 East 50th Street, New York • PLaza 5-6233

Have you looked at your watchstrap lately?
STRAPARAMA®
Has 25,000 watchstraps! Luxurious leathers—soft, supple, Swiss made. Imported madras, linens, shantungs, braided nylons.
All colors and sizes for men and women attached in one minute. Prices $2.50 to $10.00.
Who says a watchstrap has to be ordinary?
TIME MART
PL 3-9284
425 MADISON AVE.
Bet. 48 & 49 Sts.

OPEN 5 DAYS A WEEK
CLOSED SAT. AND SUN.
RESTAURANT
Laurent
111 East 56th St. • PLaza 3-2729

only Oriental country to approach the economic levels of such nations as Italy and Argentina); hearing about the country's rate of economic growth, which for several years now has been running at ten per cent or more annually (some three times higher than the United States'); and remarking that Japan is the one major nation, and certainly the only Oriental nation, to have reduced a punishing rate of population growth, one is tempted to raise a doubt or two about the pressing necessity for a stringently defined "national purpose." The temptation becomes even greater when one considers—especially in the light of Japan's unstoppable dynamism—what happened the last time she developed one. In any event, Japan now seems to be doing a bang-up job of living for the moment.

BEING *Kiyosawa no nikai* has meant a few trials other than those occasioned by improperly shod feet. For instance, while the neighborhood merchants have been fully prepared to admit that we exist, the Tokyo postal system, at least initially, seemed badly shaken by the unusual arrangement whereby an American family was quartered with a Japanese one. The rule of postman's thumb here seems to be that mail addressed in a Western language gets delivered to a Western home, and for a good while our mail was being handed around among other foreign families in the vicinity before it reached us, if it did so at all. Our experience with a magazine that is airmailed to us each week from New York has been especially instructive. Though this publication has often mystifyingly arrived more quickly than any other mail (within four days, that is), it can also miss its goal altogether. This, I suppose, is really not too surprising. While I am not prepared at the moment to become entangled in trying to explain Tokyo's baffling street system, which remains essentially unchanged since Tokugawa times, the fact that the Kiyosawa house and the one behind it, on an entirely different street, bear both the same house and block numbers (only the main thoroughfares having any names) will suggest something of that system's interesting character and the mail-delivery chaos it can create. For me, the magazine problem has been the subject of many hours' discussion not only with the several different mailmen who have worked our route since our arrival but also with about a dozen higher-level ratings in the Tokyo Central Post Office—which is, needless to say,

Celebrating tonight? Make it champagne—make it
Great Western
(says Bacchus)

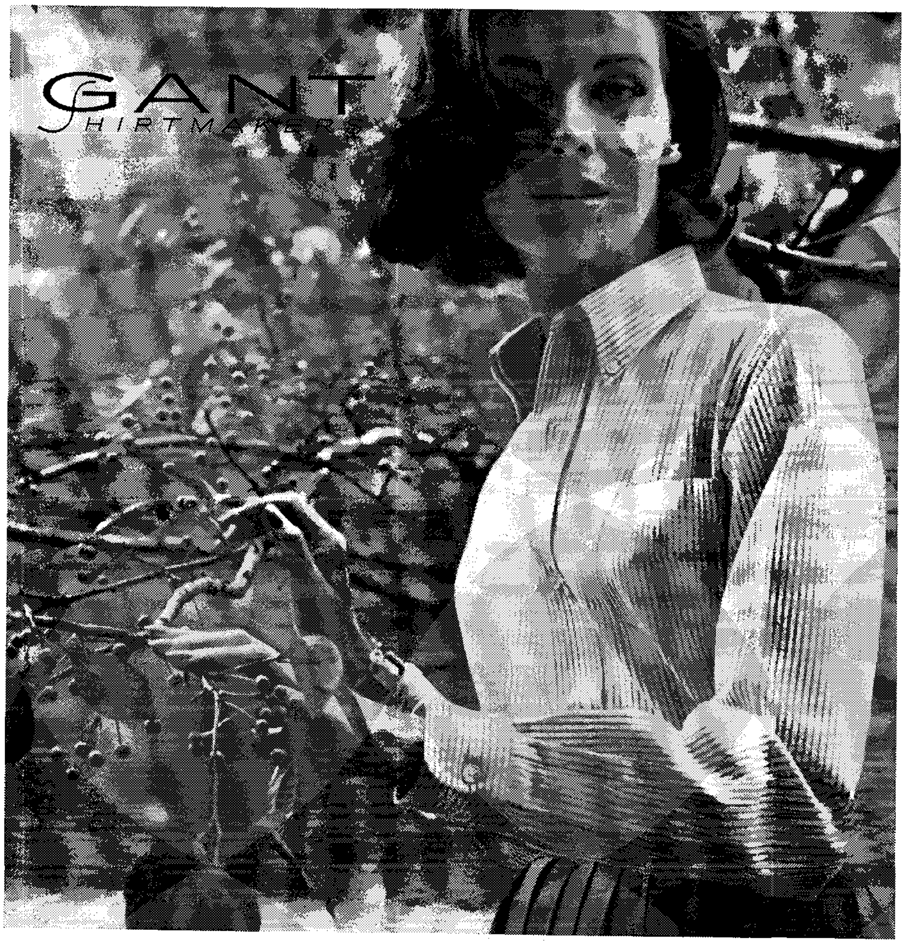
Great Western
EXTRA DRY
New York State
CHAMPAGNE
Great Western
PINK
New York State
CHAMPAGNE

Don't wait for a special occasion to enjoy Great Western New York State Extra Dry—or Brut (very dry)—Champagne. Or lively Pink Champagne. Or robust Sparkling Burgundy.

These champagnes won six European medals, hold a high place on the wine lists of famous hotels, clubs and restaurants. A sip will tell you why. The special taste comes from selected wine grapes grown only in New York's Finger Lakes region—the superb quality, from 104 years of wine making. No wonder they are such great favorites!

Try these famous champagnes next time you dine out or celebrate at home.

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE COMPANY, HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK



for women, Gant makes shirts, not blouses

A Danish lady may light up a cigar. The corner cop in Copenhagen might stop traffic for a line of ducklings. Be prepared for anything. Like love at first sight when you see our furs.

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE ROYAL DANISH COURT
BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 OSTERGADE—COPENHAGEN—DENMARK

ISLAND TESTED

Royall Lyme
Sun Tan Lotion

Blended to gentle the tropical sun. This lotion is compounded from a secret formula for yachtsmen and sun lovers in the Islands. Contains insect repellant for extra comfort.

4 oz. $2.00
plus tax.

ROYALL LYME LTD.
292 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 16

Your
choice of
today's
foremost
portrait
painters
and
sculptors

PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA

136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK

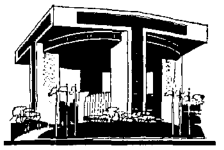
a hotbed of employees. All involved have given the matter their most respectful attention, but while I have thus struck up many new friendships and have become, I am sure, the ranking foreign expert on postal Japanese—the only claim to distinction in the language that I can honestly make—the magazine still arrives only fitfully. Were I a more rancorous type, I might have been tempted to drop a few indelicate hints into a receptacle in the general-delivery room of the C.P.O. that was, until the eye of some linguistic purist fell upon it recently, marked "Suggestive Box."

Otherwise, home life in Sendagaya has been largely a series of grace notes to the furious anthem of activity that is public Tokyo, and I use a musical figure advisedly, for sounds tell a large part of this city's exhilarating story. In the middle distance, as I write—or, for that matter, at almost any time of the day or night—can be heard the noises of a modern megalopolis asserting itself. Motor traffic massively snorts and screeches along a nearby boulevard. Helicopters flap low and incessantly overhead. Tattoos echo from the guns of countless riveters. And, from the elevated-railroad tracks, some three blocks away, of the Yamate Line, a twenty-one-mile loop that encircles the city's heart, come the distinctively Japanese, peanut-whistle toots of freight engines and the businesslike blats of electric commuter trains. Meanwhile, reassuringly homely against this puissant background, sound a bean-curd peddler's horn, a carpenter's hammer, passable Bach from a neighbor's piano, something approximating jazz from a teen-age combo, an exchange of barks between the collies of the quarter, and the everyday round of human chatter, squeal, cry, and shush. And punctuating the whole every forty-five minutes, there rings throughout the neighborhood the amplified tinky-tink-tink-tink of a music box, playing a Japanese children's tune. I have been unable to determine the exact source of this music. Mrs. Kiyosawa, who combines a shrewd *Hausfrau* view of life with a weakness for the romantically Japanese, says that it is the local middle school's gracious version of the class bell. Sumiko claims it is a garbage truck. This is an example of how hard it can be in Japan to get right down to cases even when they are close at hand. As a matter of practicality, I'd be inclined to believe Sumiko, but the trouble is that I have not so far seen a single garbage truck in all of Tokyo. (The fact that the city is, on the whole,

SEE THE FAIR FROM THE AIR

Don't miss the biggest thrill of the Fair—the dramatic "straight-up" take-off of the Sikorsky S-61, latest 24-passenger helicopter. **See all The Fair.** Locate the exhibits and snap your own aerial photos on a spectacular 10-mile, figure-8 ride. Continuous helicopter flights from the roof-top Heliport in the Transportation Section. **Save time** by getting tickets in advance for the whole family. Adults $6.50, children $3.50. Special arrangements for groups. **See your travel agent** or write NYA.

SIGHTSEEING HELICOPTERS
OPERATED BY
NEW YORK AIRWAYS
LaGuardia Airport Station, Flushing 71, N.Y.



12th year—over one million passengers carried on regularly scheduled flights between Kennedy International, Newark and LaGuardia Airports and Wall Street Heliport, and to the Fair.

Imported
TEQUILA
PRODUCE OF MEXICO
TEQUILA
GAVILAN
FOREIGN VINTAGES

90 Proof

Gin and Vodka's new rival . . .

GAVILAN TEQUILA!

Meet this spirited new challenger in the
Tequini
(Gavilan Martini)
Margharita
Tequila Collins

Send for free recipes: Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y. Sole U.S.A Distributors

The Three Fountains
Cuisine par Excellence
Saint Louis

TOM'S
Shangri-La
Res: MU 3-0996
237 MADISON AVE.
near 37th Street

Cantonese
& Mandarin
Cooking
3 Private Rooms
for meetings &
parties
AMPLE PARKING
AFTER 6 P.M.

less messy than New York I attribute to the revulsion of the individual Japanese against filth. The pavements in front of neighborhood shops always seem to be freshly wet down.) But neither has anyone been able to direct me through the back-lane maze to the school in question. Japan's fascination with things Occidental frequently takes some anachronistic turns, and among them can be cited the passion for music boxes. Indeed, music-box music is so ubiquitous that there are moments when Tokyo might be confused with old Vienna. A common household and office item is a musical cradle, designed to hold a phone receiver, and which soothingly plays a tune while the caller waits for the callee to be summoned to the telephone. Incidentally, the Japanese call music boxes *orugōru*, a Japanese rendition of the English words "old gold"—and I am content to let the reason for this remain one of the many little mysteries that characterize the widespread Westernization of a language about as constitutionally ill-equipped for it as any in the world.

A musical phone cradle is among the pleasantly quaint touches in our own house. So, in a more purely Japanese way, are glass-doored curio cabinets with displays of Oriental knickknacks and plump-faced dolls in ceremonial robes. In fact, the aura of the place is in great part agreeably old-fashioned. Most of its furnishings, originally the property of the elder Kiyosawas, are prewar—miraculous survivals of the fire bombings. And there are also the traditional intangibles. In this, as in most Japanese houses, for instance, the wood has a distinct aroma, vaguely like peppery incense, that I have encountered nowhere else since I was last here, in 1946. And I find that I am still a pushover, as I was then, for a *tatami* room and for the relief that its orderly crisscross of springy mats provides from the obsessive clutter and muddle of Western décor. In accord with one theory of the great practical philosopher and tutelary divinity of our family, Dr. Benjamin Spock, I have found, in commandeering the one upstairs *tatami* room for my study, that clinging to the floor does indeed impart a sense of security. Unfortunately, though, my taking over the *tatami* room has threatened the security feelings of my daughter, who had previously snugly bedded down there each night behind closed *fusuma* on a *futon*, or Japanese floor mattress. She now occupies, in another room, a so-called *Furansu*, or France, bed—a remarkable piece of folding equipment that weighs about ten pounds

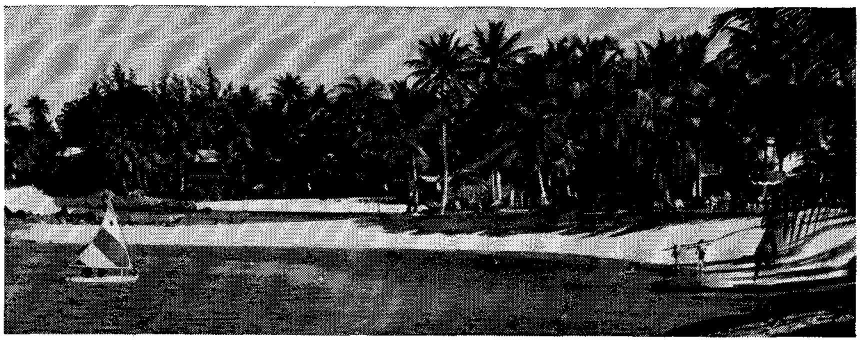
Summer rates are irresistible.

Dorado Beach Hotel now offers off-season rates from $15, with breakfast and dinner. Special package rates for families, golfers. Come!

Rates to Oct. 20: $15-$21 per person, dbl., $20-$32 sgl. including breakfast and dinner. See travel agent or contact Reservation Offices for color brochure A-1: New York, 30 Rockefeller Plaza West, N.Y. 10020-JU 6-1141; Chicago-922-4139; Boston-423-4888; Dallas-RI 7-0932; Washington-347-4951.

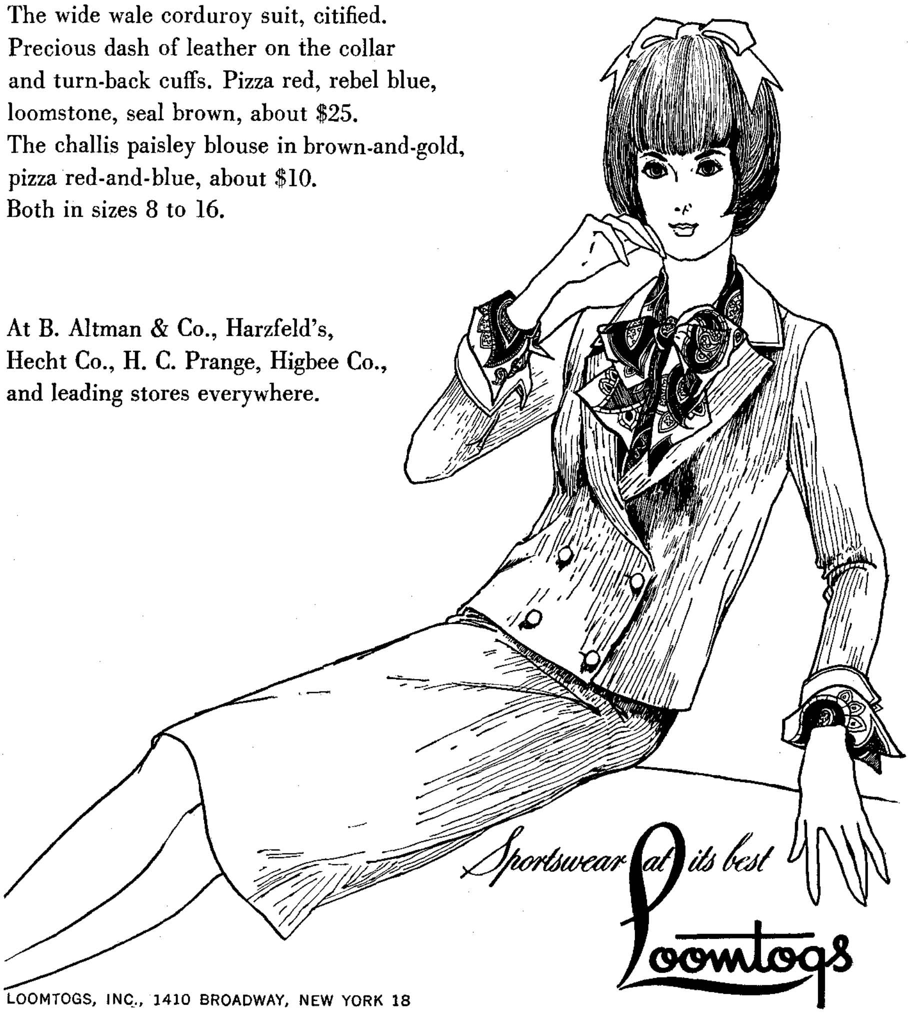
SPECIAL EVENT: 3RD ANNUAL SAIL-IN, AUGUST 8-9

DORADO BEACH HOTEL
PUERTO RICO



The wide wale corduroy suit, citified.
Precious dash of leather on the collar and turn-back cuffs. Pizza red, rebel blue, loomstone, seal brown, about $25.
The challis paisley blouse in brown-and-gold, pizza red-and-blue, about $10.
Both in sizes 8 to 16.

At B. Altman & Co., Harzfeld's, Hecht Co., H. C. Prange, Higbee Co., and leading stores everywhere.



Sportswear at its best
Loomtogs

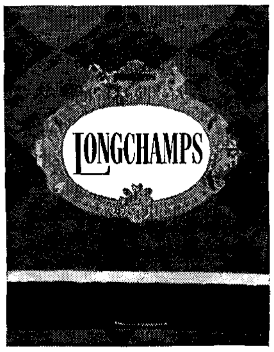
LOOMTOGS, INC., 1410 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18

TERRY FROSTED
(top left)
Beguiling coat-robe in clear pastels liberally iced with white. Young white collar, cuffs and patch pockets . . . a half-belt of white terry across the back to rein in the inverted pleat. Polished white buttons. In Pastel-pink or Aqua-blue terry with white terry trim. Small (8-10), Medium (12-14), Large (16-18). **$10.95**

MORNING GLORY
(bottom right)
Now blooming, our flower fresh terry in dawn's own hues—Pale pink for the V-neck top with its pretty sleeves . . . aqua for the gathered skirt . . . deep-pink to sash the empire waist line. Pocket deftly hidden at one side. In the blend of pinks and aqua described above. Small (8-10), Medium (12-14), Large (16-18). **$12.95**
Add 35¢ each for shipping. *Send for color catalog.*

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

Nine of New York's great restaurants are named



and converts, when necessary, from a sturdy, comfortable sleeping piece into an attractive two-piece sectional sofa. Having become accustomed to rolling off the *futon* onto the adjacent *tatami* with impunity, she has lately been dropping out of the *Furansu* bed with a thud that always awakens her father, but never herself. (In their linguistic borrowings, it might be noted, the Japanese do have a certain sense of fitness. They take over English and German words for practical description—*shyappingu senta* [shopping center], *takushii* [taxi], *kōn furēku* [cornflakes], and *arubaito*, meaning "part-time work," from the German word for labor, *Arbeit*. When it comes to things of the flesh, though, Japan looks to another nation of sensualists, France; thus, the *Furansu* bed and the *avec*, or *abekku*, hotels, usually charming-looking little inns, a good many of them concentrated in Sendagaya, where couples may check in at an hourly rate with no questions asked.)

Actually, I feel that my daughter has adequate compensations for her loss of the *tatami* room; for example, there is her Japanese-style school lunchbox, no bigger than a small dictionary and made of burnished tin, which she carries as proudly as if it were a slab of silver and which she insists be stuffed with some of the local specialties that have helped to make Japanese eating a delightful surprise for her. (A favorite lunch is lightly salted Hokkaido salmon and rice, seasoned with peppers and onions, plus pieces of Japanese pear, firm as an apple, yet running with juice.) And, like her parents, she revels in the Japanese bath, though she uses a shallow tub made of rich cedar, instead of the grownups' deep tile *ofuro*. She is too short even to squat in the *ofuro*, which is designed for almost total immersion by seated adults, and which is filled with water heated to the point where the bather may be parboiled, unless he is careful or Japanese. There is a definite communal flavor to the *ofuro*. Not only does the whole household soak in the same water—separately, of course, and after each member first scrubs and rinses meticulously clean with soap and water from a bucket while standing over a drain in the floor near the tub (heating the water and filling the tub itself are major projects that practicality, to say nothing of tradition, limits to a once-an-evening performance).

BECAUSE of Japan's seeming homogeneity, the temptation to generalize about it is always strong, but

***IN WASHINGTON, D.C.**

"Really, it's incredible!"

We've even thought of a *magnifying* mirror as part of the extra conveniences at the Manger Hay-Adams Hotel! *Everything's* been thought of for your comfort in *every* room . . . from regular-size soap (not those elusive little bars!) to oversize towels. Guests call *this one of the world's finest hotels.* *You will too!*
Completely Air Conditioned
Manger Hotels
HOTEL **Manger Hay-Adams**
Across from the White House
16th AT H STREET, N.W. • WASHINGTON, D.C.

LANCERS
Crackling Carbonated Vin Rosé

AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE!
Imported from Portugal. A Light-bodied Rosé wine—slightly effervescent—delightfully different in taste. Bottled in hand molded earthenware crock or glass jug.
SOLE IMPORTERS VINTAGE WINES, INC.
625 W. 54th St. N. Y. 19, N. Y.

KNIFE & FORK INN...
ATLANTIC CITY'S FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912

Maharas

in Cleveland for superb
Boston Strip Steak
and "That" Salad
Convenient to Motels and Hotels

one generalizes about this really many-sided land at great risk, for what one may take to be the rule frequently proves to be the exception. If Tokyo can be called a city of single-minded busyness, it must also be described as one that makes almost a fetish of hedonistic relaxation. While it is assuredly a brand-new city, there are aspects of it that seem absolutely hoary. And if both the restless energy of its citizens and its own geography make it one of the most turbulent cities on earth, one can readily find islands of calm in it, as we have.

These particular contradictions were all brought home to me one recent evening. I was enjoying an after-dinner *sampo*—stroll—about the Kiyosawa garden, which might have been in Pleasantville, for all its serenity, and was contemplating the soon-to-come luxury of a tranquillizing soak in the steaming *ofuro*, after an exhausting day that had involved making my way to various parts of town on various errands. Dusk had just settled, in its sudden Japanese fashion, and, since it was a warmish evening and I was still outdoors, Sumiko had not yet closed the *amado*. Consequently, I had both an instructive view of the exterior of the house and, through the large sliding glass doors and windows that stretch its length on the lawn side, a cross-sectional one of its interior. From right to left, I saw, first, the unlikely collie, standing behind the wire-mesh fence of his runway and cocking his head at me in canine curiosity. Next, I could see Mrs. Kiyosawa in her *tatami*-ed sitting room, wearing an at-home kimono, and kneeling at her low supper table while she ate and simultaneously watched, as she does every evening, one of the several television classes in English that enjoy wide popularity here. Then my eye took in the living room and dining area, with their Western furniture, and with the Western mother remonstrating with the little blond Western girl to get the devil *nikai* and into bed. Finally came the *genkan*, with its tidy pairs of contrasting footwear. After a few minutes, I went inside, where I found my wife and Sumiko in stitches over a dubbed rerun of an "I Love Lucy" episode, causing me to ponder whether *all* American television shows might not come across better in Japanese. At any rate, after I came in, Sumiko took a break from "Rūshi" to slide the *amado* to for the night, and she had barely returned to the room when they suddenly began to rattle furiously, as if some giant *dorobō* were angrily trying to force his way in, while the floor began to vibrate beneath us at the same time.

"*Jishin*," said Sumiko, not casually. Earthquake.

I had assumed as much. I'd experienced several real tremors when I had been in Japan before, and this was obviously not the usual gentle vibration set up for blocks around whenever a freight train passed along the Yamate Line. This was a thorough shaking, and it lasted about ten seconds. Any tremor that lasts much more than five seconds is enough, I have noticed, to make even the earthquake-seasoned Japanese pause at whatever they are doing. Nature does not allow them to erase the memory of the catastrophic earthquake of 1923. After this particular temblor had passed, both my wife, who had never experienced such a thing, and I, who had almost forgotten how eerie the sensation is—the momentarily giddy feeling of "Well, this is it, and there's nothing humanly possible that can be done about it"—looked at Sumiko with what must have been more alarm than we realized.

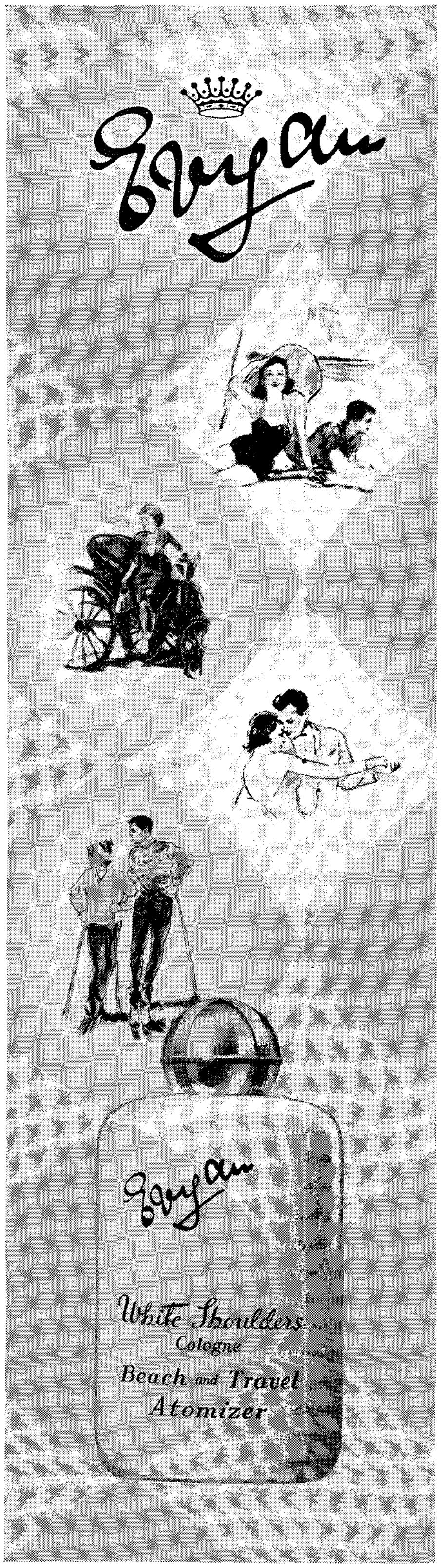
"Because," she told us, reassuringly, in Japanese, "Japan is a small country"—which, while not exactly scientific, may be a good explanation for most phenomena here. —J. M. FLAGLER

• •

A VIEW

A silence of our watching, waiting springs
A net between ourselves and what's out there.
A powdery landscape rises and floats free,
As if Paul Klee had willed it to appear.
Some elements of church and wharf appear
To twinkle in it. Irresistibly

The lights drift up and tug the sky with toy
Machinery, my room turns as the stars regroup
Themselves. My room, desk, lamp extend, float past
Through window frames and windowpanes. My shelves
Are empty. And still my feet hold fast.
—BEVERLY QUINT



BEACH and TRAVEL ATOMIZER
feather-light—to tuck into your purse or bag—wherever you go
Bathing—Traveling—Skiing—Picnicking—Romancing
—take along—
"White Shoulders" or "Most Precious"
2 oz.—2.75 plus tax
EVYAN PERFUMES, INC.

"You've come to mean more to me than just another portrait commission," he murmured, as he prepared to put the finishing brush strokes on the skirt of her Cos Cob shirtdress, a standard in muted madras tones. Tailored in Fortrel® polyester and cotton. Junior Petite sizes 3-13. About $13 at fine stores everywhere.

COS COB

1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N.Y.
A DIVISION OF OXFORD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, INC

THE RACE TRACK

Bingo Mongo!

THE really top horses are so few in number that you can count them on your fingers, but they make up for their scarcity by putting on a good show. They've certainly given us some smashers recently—Iron Peg and Kelso in the Suburban, Quadrangle and Malicious in the Dwyer—and last Saturday Mongo beat Kelso by a neck in the Monmouth Handicap at Jersey's Monmouth Park, with Gun Bow a distant third, followed by Dean Carl and Olden Times. Just watching the race on TV left me excited almost beyond the point of endurance. And, by the way, it was the only major handicap I can remember in which the five horses assigned top weight by the handicapper were the only ones who ran. From a fair start for all, Gun Bow quickly established a lead of several lengths in the run past the stand the first time, and rounding the first turn he doubled it. For an instant, halfway down the backstretch, he appeared to run out of speed, but it turned out that Blum, who rode him, was only giving him a breather. Mongo had begun to move up by this time, followed by Kelso, and, saving ground as he swung into the straight, Mongo took command. Here, Gun Bow, tiring from the fast early pace, yielded second position to Kelso, who buckled down, as he had in the Suburban, and began to close the gap. It was a gallant try, but in the last few strides Mongo held him safely.

It was a great victory for Mongo, whom hardly anyone had expected to beat Kelso on a dirt track—hardly anyone, that is, except Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott, who owns him, and his stable. Incidentally, a claim of crowding was lodged against Mongo by Bove, who rode Dean Carl, but the stewards dismissed it. In view of Kelso's coruscating performance in the Suburban, he was a bit of a disappointment in the Monmouth. He began more slowly and needed more urging this time. Perhaps it was the weather, which was sweltering, or his age, or maybe it's just that the Monmouth isn't a lucky race for him. Carry Back beat him in it two years ago. On the other hand, Gun Bow's effort was remarkable. He hadn't been under colors for two months and was meeting crack horses who were at concert pitch (it was something like sending a relief pitcher in without a warmup against a team enjoying a batting spree), but he rose to the occasion. He stepped off the first quarter in 0:22⅕, the half mile in 0:45⅕, six furlongs in 1:10⅕, and the mile in 1:35⅗. From there, Mongo went on to finish out the mile and a quarter in 2:01⅘. If Gun Bow had had a race to wind him up, he might have won. Anyhow, he should be ready for the Brooklyn Handicap at the Big A this weekend. So should Mongo. And maybe Kelso will have another go at Iron Peg in the same race.

EARLIER on, I remarked that there were no lightly weighted runners in the Monmouth Handicap. Well, three of those who had been nominated for the Jersey race but passed it up went to the post on Saturday in the Tidal, the new event on the grass at Aqueduct, and they did all right. One of them won it, another was third, and the third was fourth. The winner was Master Dennis, who came from many lengths behind the leaders to beat Western Warrior, the favorite, by a head at the wire. The Ibex, who also finished with a great rush, took third money easily from Inbalance.

Ycaza has been set down again—ten days for failing to keep a straight course with Time Tested, who behaved so badly in a sprint for two-year-olds at Aqueduct the other afternoon that after finishing second he was placed last. Bill Winfrey, who trains the colt, has no idea what got into him. Maybe it was the humidity.

JUST for the record—Snow Scene II, a filly from the Argentine, beat Old Hat, Spicy Living (who was the favorite), and six others in the New Castle Stakes, the first of Delaware Park's Distaff Big Three, last weekend, while on the Coast, Colorado King, a horse from South Africa, won the Hollywood Gold Cup. And at Chicago's Arlington Park, Tamao, another Argentine, took the Equipoise Mile. Colonel Martingale wonders what's the matter with our homebreds?

—AUDAX MINOR

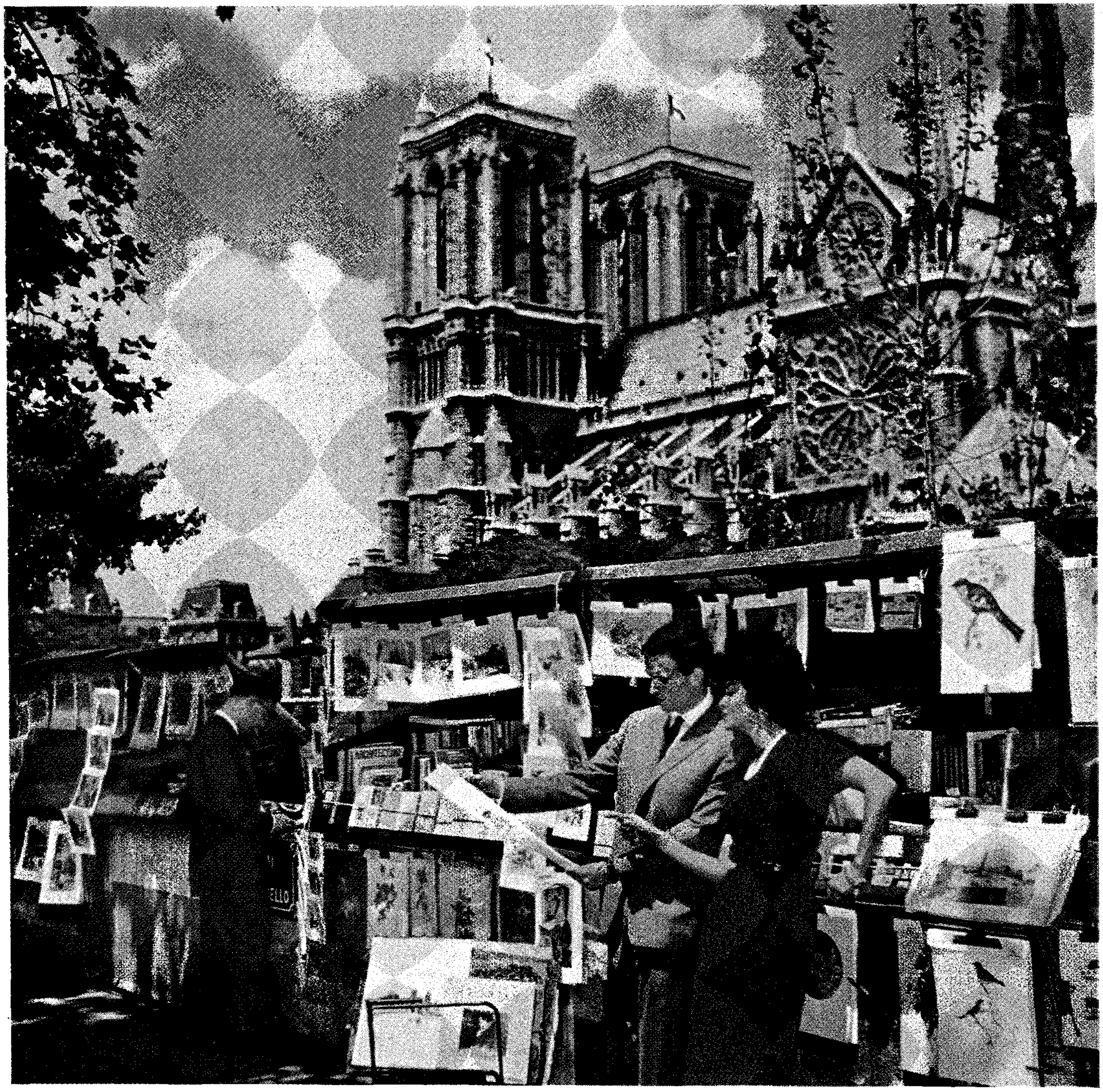
•

CHAMBER MUSIC
AT HIGH EBB HERE
—*Pasadena Star-News.*

And kicking up an awful chop.

Come home with us to Paris

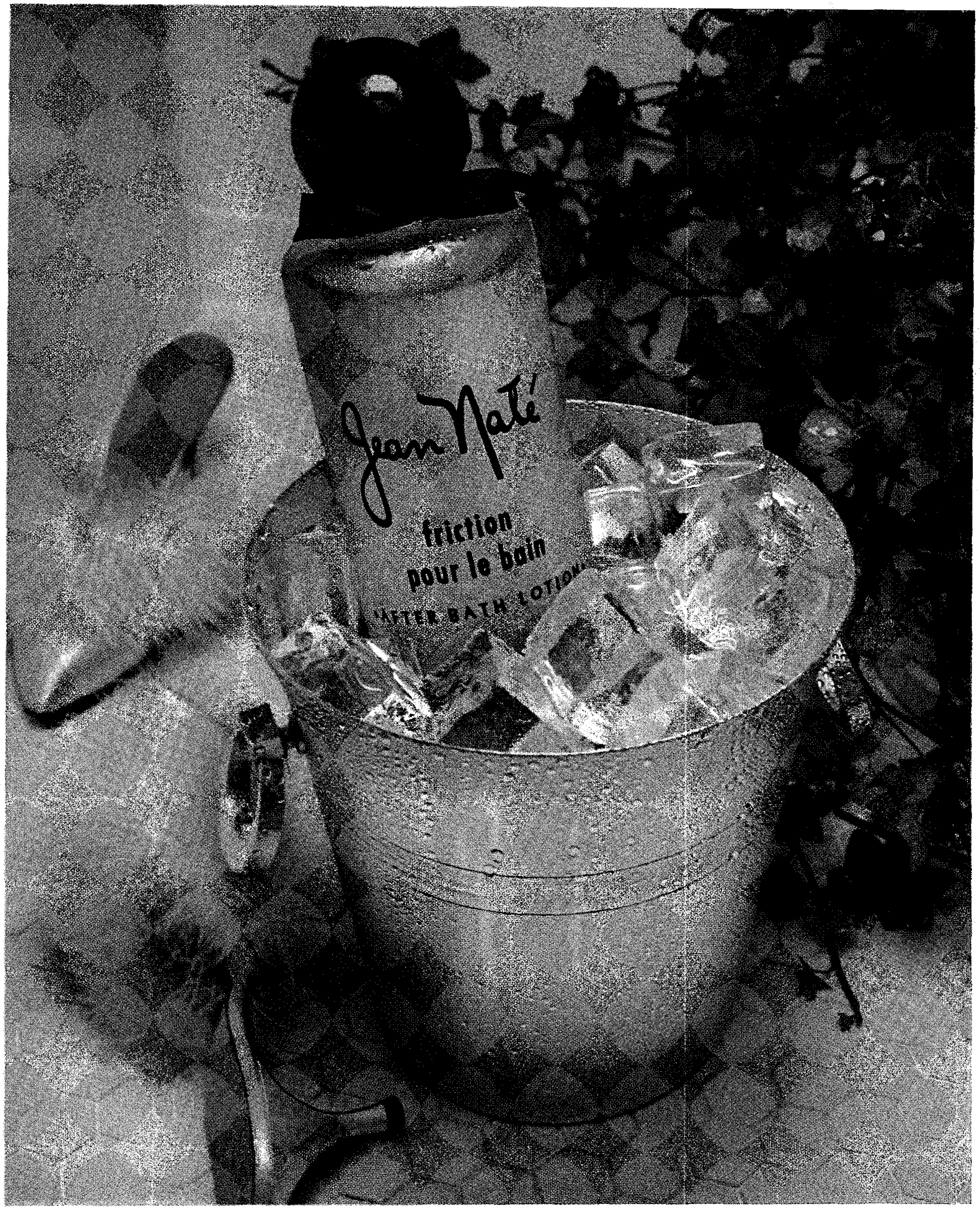
(Enjoy "The City of Light" and a fabulous "Jet-Away Holiday in the Sun")



Saved up all your vacation days till now, eh? Well, Air France has saved up some fabulous vacation ideas just for you. We call them "Jet-Away Sun Holidays." They enable you to fly, cruise, motor, walk, to and through the sunniest spots in Europe, Africa, the Mediterranean, or virtually anywhere in the world. At remarkable savings. (A 9-day stay at a first-class hotel in the beautiful Canary Islands, for example, costs just $99 plus air/sea fare.) Each tour begins or ends in the city—Paris. Air France handles all the details... while you have all the fun. Itineraries are completely flexible, so you needn't feel tied to a group. Naturally your flights will be aboard sleek, swift Air France Boeing 707 Jetliners where each meal is a masterpiece and the service is regal. There are no lower jet fares, either. What more could you ask for? Why not ask your Travel Agent for all the details. And try not to discuss Air France's 1964 "Jet-Away Sun Holidays" with people who've already taken their vacation. That would be mean.

AIR FRANCE

THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE


Jean Naté
friction
pour le bain
AFTER BATH LOTION

Half-Magnum of Jean Naté After-Bath Lotion

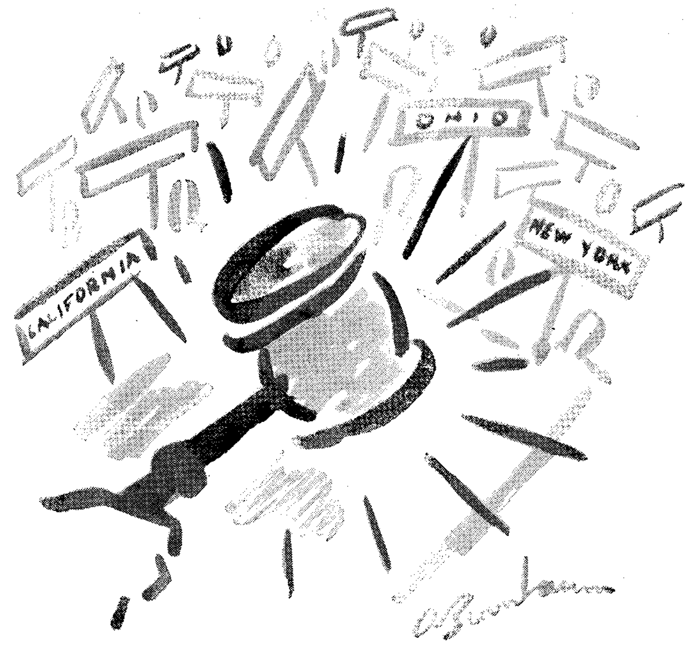
32 cool ounces–five dollars

You don't really have to ice it. Jean Naté is a fragrant refresher–like a champagne pickup for your skin. Every inch of you will love every dash of Jean Naté.

After my bath all I need is you...Jean Naté

Friction pour le Bain: Half-Magnum (32 ounces) $5.00. Other sizes from $2.00. Bath Powder, $2.50. Bath Bubbles, $2.00. Savon pour le Bain, $2.50. Bath Oil, $5.00. Plus tax. Made in U.S.A.

LETTER FROM SAN FRANCISCO



JULY 18

THE platform adopted in the Cow Palace earlier this week states that "within our republic, the federal government should act only in areas where it has constitutional authority to act." This is bipartisan, all-American doctrine; no one favors the contrary proposition. Between the parties, and within them, there is on occasion some dispute as to what the limitations on federal power are; it can be a vexed question even for learned judges. It gives Senator Goldwater little trouble, though, for he is a Constitutional fundamentalist. He believes, for example, that because "education" is a word nowhere to be found in the Constitution, it follows that "education is one of the powers reserved to the states," and that the Congress would exceed its authority if it granted federal funds to any local school system. It therefore came as a distinct surprise when he announced here that he would make a major campaign issue of maintaining "law and order" in the streets, parks, and transit systems of "our great cities." That this problem is grave and is nationwide in scope no one would deny. But until this week no one had suggested federal responsibility or intervention except in those places—most notably in certain parts of the Deep South—where it was clear that the local authorities lacked not the power but the intention to protect certain citizens going peacefully about their business, and where, very often, the authorities themselves have menaced the lives, limbs, and property of their neighbors. But neither Senator Goldwater nor anyone else here who in the last few days has spoken with anxiety about terror and disorder in public and private places seems to have had these situations in mind, and it is certainly fair to conclude from the Republican candidate's record that he would agree with the Democratic President and his Attorney General that the federal government is severely limited in its capacity and in its legal powers to provide safe passage to American citizens abroad or at home in, say, Mississippi. This sort of thing, he has said time and again, is the proper concern only of the states and of their political subdivisions. He is now, though, filled with a sense of urgency about the situation in the great urban centers—he has thus far named only New York—where, as a rule, the failure of the authorities to provide adequate protection is not a failure of purpose or a consequence of police involvement in conspiracy but a fairly simple and conventional failure of human resources. In a press conference held the morning after his nomination, the Republican candidate put the agony of the cities second in importance only to foreign policy as an issue in his campaign against the present administration, and he astonished some of those present by saying, "I think the responsibility for this has to start someplace, and it should start at the federal level, with the federal courts enforcing the law." What law he had in mind he did not say, nor did he explain what powers of the office he seeks might be invoked, but in any case he went on to say that "as the President, I'm going to do all I can to see that women can go out in the streets of this country without being scared stiff."

The origin of this commendable but somewhat novel resolve is not clear. Goldwater exegetes say that it has never been a theme in his earlier writings and speeches. There were intimations of it in the platform—talk of "moral decline and drift" and an indictment of the Johnson administration for "encouraging disorderly and lawless elements"—but a national remedy for crime is not among the many good things the platform promises. It was General Eisenhower who first brought the issue before the Convention. In his address to the delegates—shortly after he had set them to stomping and screaming by expressing his displeasure with "sensation-seeking columnists and commentators"—he said he wished to say "a word about an obligation that rests with special force upon the Republican Party." He said several words, and the burden of them was that the responsible Republican citizen was a man willing to "help our governors, our mayors, and the organizations operating under them to keep the peace and to maintain order." He stopped far short of making a federal case of the need for better lighting and more policemen in the cities, but his mention of these matters and of "the criminal . . . roaming the streets with switchblade knife" stirred the Convention only slightly less than his strictures on the press, and within thirty-six hours Goldwater, the first states'-rights candidate in Republican history, had found a brand-new "responsibility" to be dealt with "at the federal level." In his acceptance speech, delivered a few hours after his first press conference as his party's candidate, "violence in our streets" was again the No. 2 issue. It came hard on the heels of "the wall of shame in Berlin . . . the sands of shame at the Bay of Pigs . . . [and] the slow death of freedom in Laos." The Cow Palace rocked and trembled again. One hoped the structure would be safe for the roller derby that comes in next week.

Wherever the new line originated, it was first tested here this past week, and the results were as gratifying to some as they were appalling to others. The delegates and the galleries cheered it with all the joy they put into their booing of Rockefeller. None of the anti-Goldwater people seemed to find any ground on which they could criticize it. The press reaction is reported to have been largely favorable. And for Goldwater himself it was plainly a deliverance. He is himself not a racist, not a segregationist, and he opposed the civil-rights bill, he says, only because he regarded two sections of it as a usurpation of the powers of the states. He has repeatedly said that he hopes that questions of race can be kept out of the campaign, and yet he has freely acknowledged that his own nomination is the principal spur to its introduction. But he got where he is today because segregationist politicians discounted as either false or irrelevant his egalitarian professions and found most pleasing his views on all substantive political issues. He wants to hold these people and draw enough more of their kind to carry the South. He has said that he does not want what has become known as the "white-backlash" vote outside the South. This is as yet a kind of phantom vote. No one is sure of its size or shape, no one knows quite where to find it. Something was learned about it in the vote for Governor Wallace in the Wisconsin, Indiana, and Maryland primaries, but no offices were actually changing hands in those elections, and it remains to be seen whether many voters will abandon their traditional habits and loyalties and concern for their pocketbooks in a general election and cast their ballots for President on the basis of race. In any event, most politicians know that the backlash exists and hope or fear, as the case may be, that it is very large indeed. Among the hopers are the majority of the delegates who departed this city yesterday and the majority of those whom they placed in charge of the Republican Party and of the Goldwater campaign. Before the Convention, they seemed at a loss for a way to court the racist vote in the North without making racism an article in the new Republican credo. But a way, it seems, has now been found, and the candidate who says he has moral scruples about the principle of segregation seems positively exhilarated by the thought of a campaign against mugging, stabbing, rape, housebreaking, and other well-known interracial activities. By this extraordinary means, he can seek the backlash vote without for one moment agreeing—or even, perhaps, acknowledging to himself—that that is what he is doing.

And he can do, one expects, even more than that. For the terrible problem he has brought into national politics creates anxiety everywhere. A white citizen may welcome the admission of Negroes into his trade union, may hope for the early accomplishment of integration in schools, may greatly admire the dignity and courage and intelligence of the leadership that the Negro masses have been fortunate enough to find. He may do all these things and still tremble at the approach of a group of Negro youths on a lonely city street. This fear is not irrational; it has something in common—indeed, it has a great deal in common—with the fear that a Negro citizen is bound

NEWS BULLETIN
The Girl In The Frosted Plaid Jumper
Low-plunging front on a Lovett plaid shift with inverted pleats. Frosted blue/green/melon combination in pure 100% wool. Under $20. The roll-over turtle-neck blouse in frosty blue, green or melon. Washable Nylon acetate. Both in sizes 8 to 16. About $9. At Neiman Marcus, Dallas, Houston and Ft. Worth; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; or write

R.C. QUINN
525 Seventh Avenue, N.Y. 18.

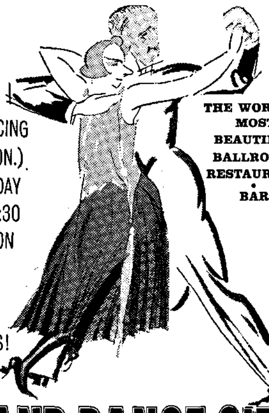
NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin

Superb pre-theatre dining . . . and just a stroll to your theatre.

After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"

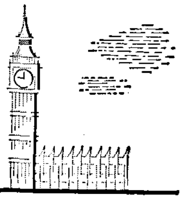
HOTEL Algonquin
59 WEST 44th STREET, NEW YORK • MU 7-4400

Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.


CONTINUOUS DANCING
NIGHTLY (EXC. MON.)
MATINEES THURSDAY
AND SATURDAY 1:30
MODEST ADMISSION
CHARGE
NO EXTRAS!
NO TICKETS!
NO HOSTESSES!

THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BALLROOM RESTAURANT • BAR

ROSELAND DANCE CITY
52nd STREET WEST of BROADWAY

For fine British woollens* —
Hunt & Winterbotham since 1532
4 Old Bond Street
London

* SWATCHES *(for men and women)* gladly mailed on request. Simply state requirements: whether for suits, jackets or coats — also the colour and weight.

SAYS WILLIE THE WHALER:
"Signing this sea-dog under the bowsprit is the sundowner's lash for bleeding the Wanderer's stingo." *Excellent Dining Facilities.*
Whaler Bar
HOTEL LANCASTER
(formerly Midston House)
MADISON AVE. AT 38th ST.

"Haute Cuisine" *Holiday Mag.*
Le Bijou
168 West 4th St.
Greenwich Village, N. Y.
CH 2-9338
Dinner by Candlelight
Cocktails • Superb Wines

"Enro, the shirts made one at a time."
(Shirtbuilders)

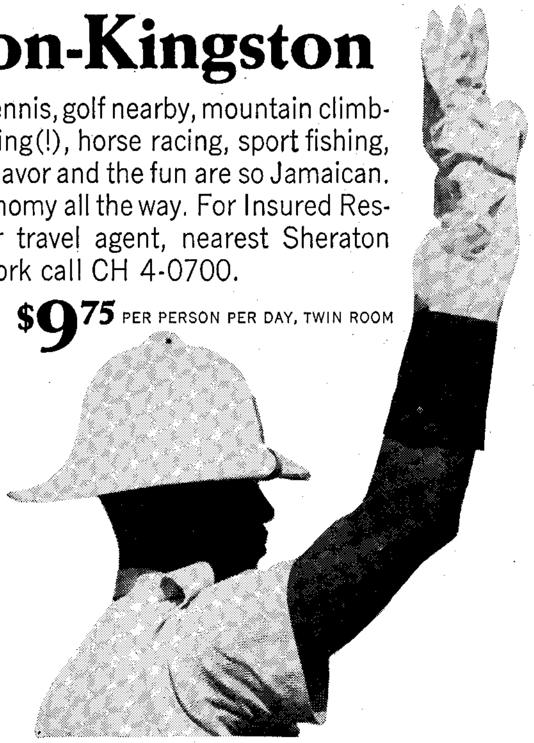
to experience at the approach of a group of white youths on a lonely country road in Mississippi. Senator Goldwater, up to now a candidate of little appeal in the Northern cities, will seek votes in them by playing upon the fears of those condemned to live in them. He offers himself as the man who, in the White House, may be able to see to it that women "can go out in the streets . . . without being scared stiff." It seems cruel to raise any such hope. As President, he could do next to nothing toward its fulfillment. The Constitution he reveres effectively blocks the way. He might, to be sure, proclaim a broad federal responsibility for finding a solution to the multiple evils that have been visited upon the cities in the course of their unplanned and uncontrolled growth. But here his view of the Constitution would block the way. He believes that the cities and states should go it alone in matters such as these. He opposed the present administration's request for the establishment of a Department of Urban Affairs. He opposes federal aid to education and any assumption of federal responsibility for poverty, unemployment, or housing. He favors, he told *Der Spiegel*, "victory" in "the struggle between the godless people and the people of God"—an aim of the most dubious constitutionality—and he favors "law and order" on city streets. Law and order on the back roads of the South is up to the sheriffs there.

Governor Rockefeller has said that he found the candidate's acceptance speech "frightening." The word has been heard all over the place, not only about Goldwater's speech but about the Convention itself. True, most national Conventions are frightening in one way or another. There is always at least one ruthless and tightly organized faction that seeks to dominate by what politicians nowadays call "muscle." No one seems to be above using it—or above buying delegates, or threatening them with political and financial reprisals, or forging tickets for hired demonstrators, or bribing or bullying sergeants at arms. There are few rights or liberties for Convention participants except those that they take for themselves; there is no machinery for remedying injustices. Almost every winner rides in on a steamroller. It is doubtful whether any methods used here were not used by the Eisenhower people in 1952 or by the Kennedy people in 1960. The Goldwater people won their prize by playing the game according to the rules, and the Scranton

In Jamaica, Sheraton has a wonderfully fine hotel, the Sheraton-Kingston

Splashy big pool, tennis, golf nearby, mountain climbing, crocodile hunting(!), horse racing, sport fishing, exotic dining. The flavor and the fun are so Jamaican. But the rate is economy all the way. For Insured Reservations see your travel agent, nearest Sheraton Hotel or in New York call CH 4-0700.

$9.75 PER PERSON PER DAY, TWIN ROOM



THE REAL MACKENZIE SCOTCH WHISKY

MACKENZIE
Blended Scotch Whisky
Perth, Scotland

Pride of Scotland since 1826

• BLENDED & BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND AT 86 PROOF •
Sole Importers THOMPSON CELLARS COMPANY, Lou., Ky.

FROZEN LIVE LOBSTERS

SHIPPED IN FREE REUSABLE PICNIC CHEST

Sea 'n Surf TREASURE CHEST

12 CHICKEN LOBSTERS 1 Lb. Av.
or 8 QUARTER LOBSTERS 1¼ Lb. Av.
or 6 SELECT LOBSTERS 1¾ Lb. Av.

only $17.95

NOW! . . . from the world's largest pound . . . delivered to your door. No Spoilage. Use when ready. WHOLE, live lobsters taken from the chilled waters of Nova Scotia and preserved by flash freezing.

For some of the finest whole, frozen lobsters obtainable in the world, write: Sea 'n Surf, Ltd., 5 Sturgis Rd., Framingham, Mass.

RUSH COUPON TODAY

Sea 'n Surf, Ltd., 5 Sturgis Rd., Framingham, Mass.
☐ Check Encl. ☐ Money Order Encl.
Express charges payable on delivery.
Check for desired size:
☐ Chickens ☐ Quarters ☐ Selects
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY ZONE STATE
Allow 10-14 days upon receipt of order for shipping.

Sun Luck RESTAURANTS, N.Y.C.

Specializing in CANTONESE, PEKING, SHANGHAI & CHUNGKING Cooking.

For those who want VARIETY & the ULTIMATE in Chinese Cuisine

Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner
Banquet Facilities

IMPERIAL
935 Lexington Ave.
at 69th St. LE 5-4070

GOURMET
157 W. 49th St.
nr. 7th Ave. JU 2-8182

EAST
75 E. 55th St.
at Park Ave. PL 3-4930

WEST
143 W. 49th St.
Hotel Plymouth PL 7-1170

SUMMER IN TOWN

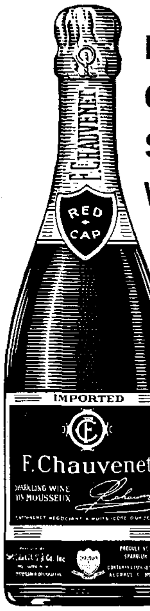
Ideal two-piece dress of imported Fibran; textured, porous, sheds wrinkles. Black, navy, Dior blue, green, red, beige, white. Sizes 8-20

$55
add $1.00 for postage

Janet Sloane
136 E. Putnam Ave.
Greenwich, Conn.

people lost not because they didn't use muscle but because they simply didn't have enough of it to use. What has been really frightening here has been not the tactics but the tacticians. They are a new breed. It has been said—quite proudly—by the Goldwater people that this was the first Convention for more than half of them. Some of the new talent is quite old in years, but there was youth on every hand, and one suspects that many Goldwater delegates will be casting their first Presidential ballots in November. "Kooks" were rarely in evidence on the Convention floor; roaming over it, one sometimes wished to come upon some recognizable human frailty, and when such a desire struck, it was necessary to seek out some of the familiar and often rather frowzy aldermanic and county-commissioner types from the East and the Middle West. The rest were, for the very most part, smartly dressed, well adjusted, well organized, and well spoken. And they were as hard as nails. The spirit of compromise and accommodation was wholly alien to them. They did not come to San Francisco merely to nominate their man and then rally his former opponents behind him; they came for a total ideological victory and the total destruction of their critics.

This was the real significance of the fight in the Resolutions Committee and of the floor fight over amendments to the platform. Some observers have said that the Goldwater faction could not have afforded any show of division in its ranks, for this might have led to the kind of defeat that the late Senator Taft met twelve years ago, when the Eisenhower people managed to introduce a "moral issue" over the credentials of rival delegations from Texas. There is a tendency for defection to become contagious, and it has been argued that it was the fear of contagion rather than of some slippage from pure Goldwaterism that made the Goldwater people adamant about the platform. This may be so, but the chances are that they would not have yielded anything even if the platform had been adopted after the nomination. They wished to punish as well as to prevail. The civil-rights amendment proposed by Governor Romney could in no way have offended or embarrassed Goldwater. It was a states'-rights amendment wholly in keeping with the platform as it had come from committee, and it contained views that the candidate himself has expressed a hundred times. But the amendment came from Romney and was supported by Rockefeller and Lodge and Scranton, and this was

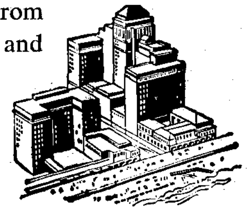


IT CAN'T BE GAY WITHOUT COOL Chauvenet Red Cap®

FRANCE'S GREAT RED SPARKLING WINE

N.B.
Also remember "Chauvenet":
Beaujolais,
Pommard,
Pouilly Fuisse
and
many others—

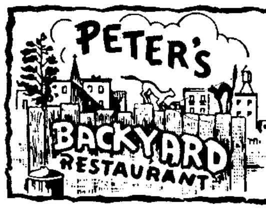
©1964 SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC., N.Y., N.Y.



LOCATION

We're an hour from Philadelphia, two hours from New York, and a thousand years from care. Care to join us?

CHALFONTE–HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Leeds & Lippincott Co. . . . Progressive Innkeepers for 74 Years
For Reservations: Ask operator for 609-344-5131 collect

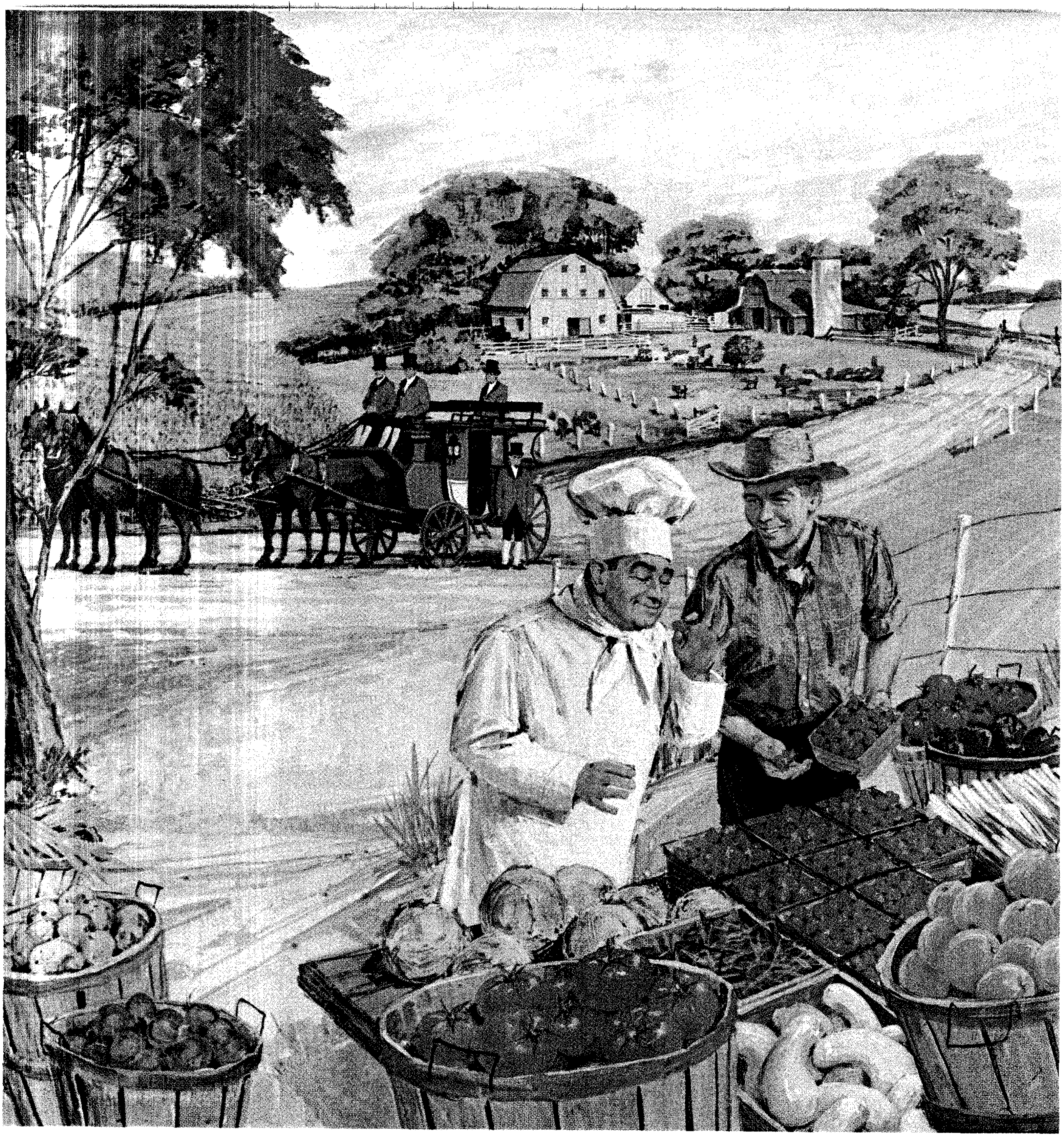


PETER'S BACKYARD RESTAURANT

STEAKS • CHOPS
SEAFOOD
Charcoal Broiled before your eyes.
Open Every Day
DINNER • SUPPER
Daily 4 pm-Midnite
Sun & Hol from 2 pm
64 W. 10th St., N.Y.C.
GR 3-4476

NEW YORK UNLIMITED offers spectacular view

Luxury flight includes gala refreshments, vintage limousine service. Phone JU 2-1920, and we will call for you at your residence. You will be one of four guests to fly over New York in a multi-engine luxury plane served by a gracious staff. $30 per person.



The Red Coach Chef field tests a bumper crop

The diligent quest of the Red Coach Chef for the very best victuals never ceases. That's why you'll always find such seasonal delicacies as the first local asparagus tips, the first local strawberries at every Red Coach. Just another good reason, in addition to our charcoal-broiled steaks and seafood, why particular people come back to the Red Coach . . . often.

Massachusetts: Boston, Saugus, Hingham, Framingham, Wayland, Middleboro, Hyannis
New York: New York City, Yonkers, Westbury, L. I. • **Connecticut:** Darien, Wethersfield
Florida: Miami, Fort Lauderdale

Red Coach Grill

RED COACH GRILLS
a division of Howard Johnson Company

The "Champagne Touch" of Bygone Days Aboard the Most Modern Ships Afloat

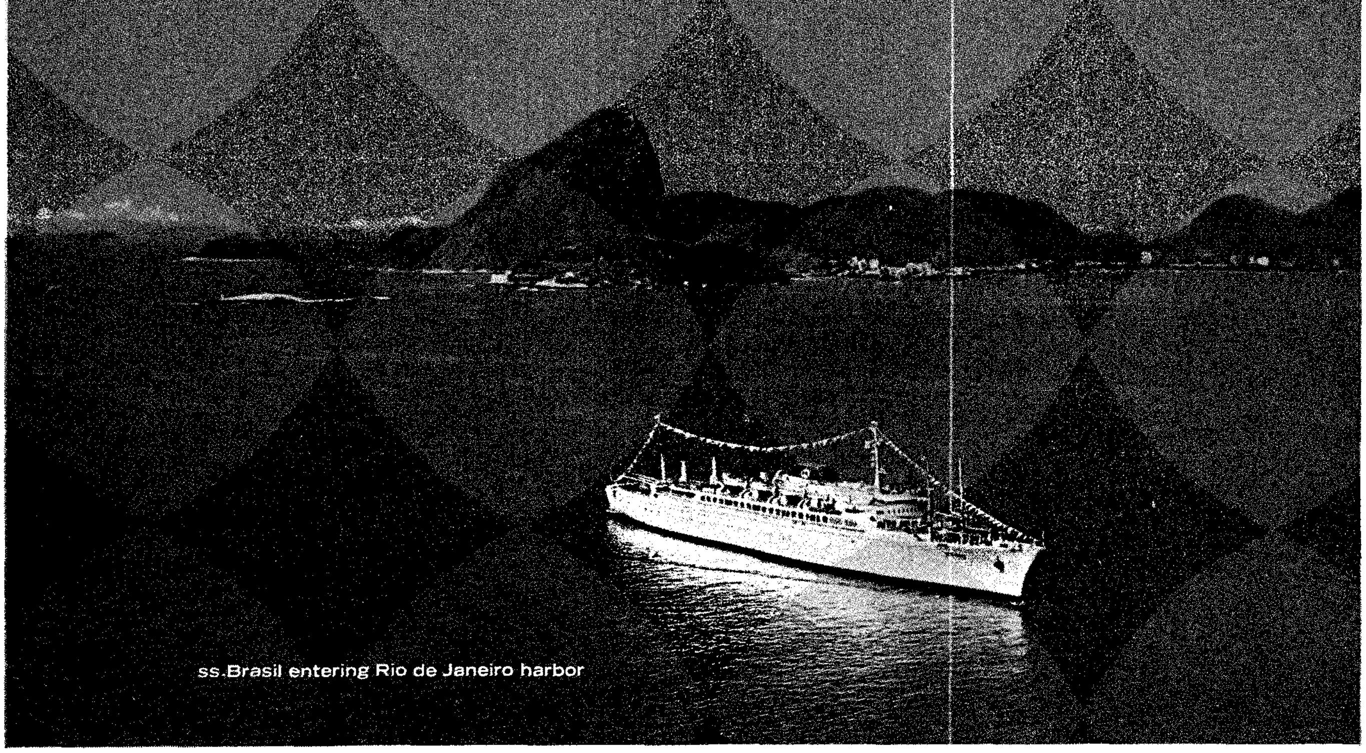
A cruise on a Moore-McCormack liner is a unique and wonderful blending of the past and the present.

In luxury it gives you the best of the past. All the elegance and glamour, the ultra-civilized niceties, the "Champagne Touch" in everything.

The finest wines. Cordon Bleu cuisine. The kind of service that went out when the modern "servant problem" came in. All staterooms designed by the elite of interior decorators. Everything you can think of plus a lot of things you may never have thought of. Throughout these ships the gracious art of pampering passengers reaches its fullest flower.

And in nautical excellence our ships are the very last word. From keel to topmast. All the electronic devices of modern navigation. Radar. Loran. Sea-smoothing stabilizers. Every latest development.

Yes, a cruise aboard the ss Argentina or the ss Brasil, America's newest luxury liners, gives you the best of the past and the present. There's so much to tell you about these "Champagne Touch" cruises and so little room to tell it here. Why not ask your travel agent or write to us for all the delightful details.



ss Brasil entering Rio de Janeiro harbor

South America Cruises: 31-days from New York, Aug. 14, Sept. 4, Oct. 9, Nov. 13, Dec. 17.
Calling at: St. Thomas, Rio de Janeiro, Santos (São Paulo), Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Barbados, San Juan.

Caribbean Cruises: 5 to 18-days from N.Y., Sept. 17, 22, Oct. 1, 10, 18, 26, Nov. 6, 18, 28, Dec. 4, 17.
Sea-Safari Cruise: 63-days from N.Y. to South America-Africa-Mediterranean, Jan. 21, 1965
Carnaval-In-Rio Cruise: 35-days from N.Y., Feb. 17, 1965

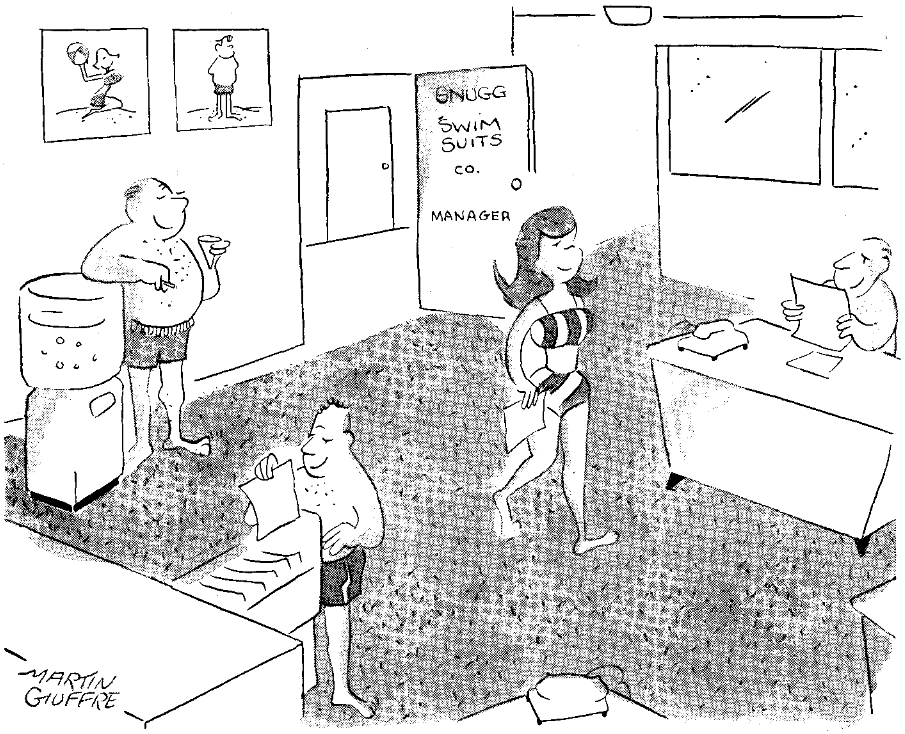
MOORE-McCORMACK LINES

ss ARGENTINA · ss BRASIL

Dept. NY-7 Two Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10004 quite enough to make it unacceptable to the delegates. They were not in the least impressed by being told that acceptance of any of the amendments offered on the floor would advance Party unity and make it easier for Republicans in the industrial states to win votes. Over and over again, they showed themselves determined to give no offense to members of the John Birch Society, and they plainly regarded as very slight the cost of antagonizing General Eisenhower, Governors Scranton and Rockefeller, Senators Scott and Keating, and Representatives Lindsay and Reid of New York. A common estimate was that there were about a hundred Birchers on the floor. The estimate may be too large or too small; there may not even have been one. But what the majority of the delegates wanted was to assure Birchers that their participation in Republican affairs was welcome. Senator Dominick, of Colorado, told a television audience that the only Bircher he knew well was "a nifty guy." Most characterizations of Nelson Rockefeller were unprintable.

THERE is considerable uncertainty at the moment as to what it is that Goldwater and his men expect and want. If they share the common assumptions about the American political process and about the makeup of the American electorate, it would seem that they have already conceded their defeat in November and are heading toward some other, more distant goal. The men who have been scorned and insulted here are the very ones who produced the only Republican victories since 1928. Probably merely a handful of them will find it advisable to quit the Party or decline to give open support to the ticket. But far more than a handful will do as little as they can possibly get away with, and of these not a few will hope for the election of President Johnson. The Goldwater crowd knows all this, but it has persisted—even after getting everything it wanted from the Convention—in deliberate and systematic alienation of support. The choice of William E. Miller as the Vice-Presidential candidate and of Dean Burch as Party chairman seemed to many experienced politicians here to be evidence that defeat in the general elections was already conceded. Miller is an industrious and no doubt deserving Party worker, but he has no following of his own and hardly an identity. It would be surprising if his presence on the ticket did it much good even in his own upstate district; in his last election

(*Advertisement*)



A title on the door...rates a Bigelow on the floor

P.S. Job shaping up to splendid proportions? Then celebrate your place in the sun with oceans of Bigelow Carpet. Bigelow reveals your status—makes your office quiet and comfortable. Special colors, designs, textures *and* shapes available. For colorful free brochure on commercial carpets, write Bigelow-Sanford, Inc., Dept. A, 140 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y. *People who know...buy* BIGELOW.

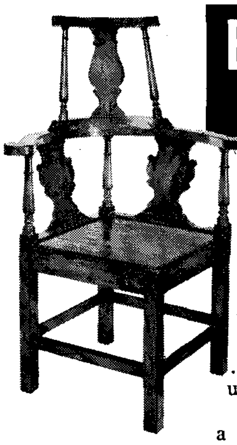
ROYAL GRANT 1890
San Miguel
BEER

San Miguel

World's finest beer?

Try it...and discover why San Miguel is Number 1 across the Pacific and a favorite of connoisseurs the world over.

Visit the San Miguel Beer Lounge in the International Plaza at the World's Fair.



BARBER CHAIR

. . . a corner chair from our outstanding collection of occasional and dining chairs

Chippendale called it a "Director's Chair" . . . a mogul of finance used it for his barber's weekly visit . . . it's a perfect desk chair—a corner chair—a dining chair—sure winner at a card table. It's a most unusual, wonderfully comfortable conversation piece wherever you use it. The original was created in the mid 18th Century . . . we've faithfully followed every line, every detail, including the planked seat and hand pegging. Available in the lustrous, weathered look of old yew or tawny, brown mahogany. Height 44". $235

Mail orders shipped F.O.B. New York City. Add $15 crating charge beyond normal delivery area

Lloyds has earned the reputation of being unique . . . one of the hottest value spots in town . . . the kind of shop that's a pleasure to browse in. You'll understand why when you visit our vast, ever-changing stock of fine antique and reproduction furniture, decorative accessories and unusual estate pieces. Stop in soon . . . and stay as long as you wish.

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00
LLOYDS
116 EAST 60th ST., N. Y. 22, N. Y., PL 9-7313

Ceylon
Isle of Delight

Vest pocket wonderland of Asia where colorful Kandyan Dancers, palm fringed beaches, coral gardens, cities half as old as time and spectacular festivals add to your pleasure.

Don't miss CEYLON on your trip around the world — it's so INEXPENSIVE.

Ask your Travel Agent or write to: Ceylon Embassy, 2148 Wyoming Avenue, N.W., Washington 8, D.C., or Ceylon Government Tourist Office, Colombo 1, Ceylon.

MONSIGNORE
RESTAURANT
61 EAST 55th STREET • EL 5-2070
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
Strolling Violinists Open 7 days

he won by only five thousand votes, as against twenty thousand in the one before. Candidates for Vice-President rarely add to or detract very much from the vote of a Presidential candidate, but in tight elections, such as that of 1960, they can be important. There was no Lyndon Johnson for Goldwater to call upon this year, but he could have done better than Miller—and without appeasing his Eastern rivals. Senator Thruston Morton, of Kentucky, is a suitably conservative public servant who is known throughout the country and who conveys an impression of authority and solidity. He has, moreover, had some experience with foreign affairs. Miller has had none. The hard-core Goldwaterites may regard it as a stroke of good fortune to have Representative Miller serving their cause, and they no doubt feel that if their leader ever fell, as John F. Kennedy did, Miller would be just the man to tell Castro where to head in and to pursue a "win" policy throughout the world. There are, of course, Republican voters who will not easily be convinced of this. But Miller was Goldwater's choice, as was Dean Burch. From all accounts, Burch, a young Tucson lawyer, has remarkable gifts for political organization. After what has happened here, there is no reason to question the accounts. But there are many other good organizers in the Republican Party, and if the aim had been to broaden the base of support, it is hard to think of one who could not have contributed more than Burch.

One Eastern Republican with an imposing record for keeping himself in office refused all day Thursday to believe that Goldwater really wanted Miller on the ticket. This man had acquired considerable respect for the Goldwater organization, as well as a number of bruises and lacerations, and he did not think that people who had shown so much cunning would, on the morning after their Party victory, be foolish enough to damage their prospects for victory in November by inviting Miller to stand for Vice-President. He advised his friends to place no bets until Miller's name was before the Convention and the nominations were closed. He thought he knew what was afoot. Goldwater, he was sure, was simply playing for time. The ticket needed strength, but there were hurt feelings all over the place, and it would take some doing to get anyone of substance to agree to join it. It would have to be Miller or someone like him if no one else could be found; meanwhile, it

SPLENDID WITH SPAGHETTI...
BRILLIANT WITH BARBECUE
BERTOLLI CHIANTI
CLASSICO
IMPORTED FROM ITALY
Costs a little more but well worth it —because it's the softest, mellowest Chianti you can buy!
Sole Distributor U.S.A. Munson G. Shaw Co., N.Y.

What's new on the Boardwalk?
A brand-new motel wing at the DENNIS!

That's what. Connected to, and charming as the 450 room hotel itself. 100 modern air-conditioned rooms and a new pool (which makes two). And everything you could want for a banner holiday by the sea. Dennis, anyone?

On the Boardwalk
at Michigan Ave.
RESERVATIONS:
phone Atlantic City
609-344-8111
New York Tie Line
WAlker 5-3970

HOTEL/MOTEL
Dennis
ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.

FAMOUS N.Y. ADDRESS FOR OVER 40 YEARS
Majors CABIN RESTAURANT
33 WEST 33 STREET
PE 6 7180

Frenchy's
delightful frenchy's ... gay and intimate
1827 E. NORTH AVENUE • MILWAUKEE • WISCONSIN

was perfectly safe to announce that Miller was the favorite, because even one moment of such glory would satisfy Miller, and because it would be no great blow to Miller's prestige if he were told in the end to withdraw. But the best information anyone has now is that Miller was the choice—and the only choice—by the time the Convention opened, and that the only man other than Burch considered for Party chairman was Denison Kitchel, another Goldwater strategist. Burch was finally selected on the basis of politics within the small, tight Goldwater organization.

By the time the clerk was calling the roll on the Vice-Presidency, the Republican politician who misread Goldwater's intentions about Miller was willing to entertain the possibility that Goldwater and his Western and Southern field commanders might know a few things about American politics that Easterners don't know. Until June 2nd, when Goldwater narrowly defeated Rockefeller in California, the Easterners—with the possible exception of Rockefeller—thought that Goldwater had no chance of winning the Republican nomination. Had the established leaders thought otherwise, they would have behaved otherwise. As General Eisenhower left the St. Francis Hotel yesterday, he conceded that the declaration of "neutrality" he made more than a year ago had been a strategic error; if he had thought that his declaration would work in Goldwater's favor, he would never have made it. If Ambassador Lodge had not thought that someone was bound to eliminate Goldwater, he would have left South Vietnam long before he did. If Lodge or Scranton or Nixon had filed for the California primary, one of them would almost certainly be the candidate today. They all assumed that Goldwater would be eliminated somewhere along the line, and it was this mistaken assumption that made possible his victory. It was also believed by many that to get the nomination, or to get even close to it, Goldwater would have to move from the far right up to the center, or to a point very close to the center. If he was serious in his ambitions, he would have to become a "moderate." Goldwater seems to have known better. He has the nomination, and the only noticeable change in him is a stiffening of his position. He made his first outright defense of "extremism" and his first outright attack on "moderation" in his acceptance speech. In the aftermath of victory,

Fables for the very rich
(and those who would like to be)

THE PIG AND
THE PENITENT

A Pig whose wallet had
been lifted some months
back received this note:
"Sir, I stole your money.
Now remorse is gnawing
me so I send some back.
If it gnaws again,
I'll send more."

Moral: remorse rarely pays in full...

Which is one reason we've published a pithy, wisdom-packed little booklet "10 COMMON MISTAKES IN INVESTING." And, just to think positively, added another section: "10 COMMON SENSE RULES FOR SUCCESSFUL INVESTING."

Beginners and seasoned investors alike will find both sections well worth reading. Both are filled with sensible, helpful advice... clear, concise what-and-what-not-to-dos before making any investment.

A copy is yours at our nearest office. Or write to our main office.

Francis I. duPont & Co.
Dept. C, One Wall Street, New York, N.Y. • DIgby 4-2000
Members New York and Pacific Coast Stock Exchanges and all principal security and commodity exchanges • More than 100 offices nationwide and abroad

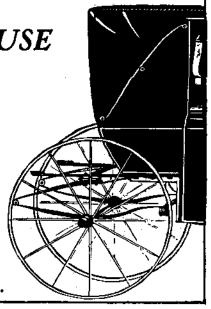
"outstanding!" -AAA
"outstanding, worth a special trip!" -Mobil Travel Guide

Vacation at a gracious, oceanfront inn on a sub-tropical isle . . . Championship Golf . . . Tennis . . . Fishing . . . History . . . Children's Programs . . . Gourmet Cuisine.
For reservations, call 803-785-3372 or write Box Y.

THE Adventure Inn
HILTON HEAD ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA

Fight Mental Illness
MH
National Association for Mental Health

There is a distinctly new and quietly lavish way to live or visit in Manhattan. You'll remember everything, because we have forgotten nothing that could make a remarkable experience of your stay at the
CARRIAGE HOUSE HOTEL
of New York.



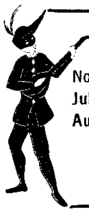
Reservations:
661-2100 200 E. 38 St.

THE
PERSIAN
ROOM
presents
SHANI WALLIS
and her grand follies
July 27 until August 15
Monday-Friday 10:00 P.M.
Saturday 9:15 & Midnight
PLaza 9-3000
THE PLAZA
HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Bobby Short
at
LE CAPRICE
from 10:30 PM on
10 East 52nd St
PL 1-0845

"DELIGHTFULLY WHACKY COMEDY!"
—Time Magazine
SANDY DENNIS
DON PORTER in
The New Smash Comedy Hit!
ANY WEDNESDAY
with ROSEMARY MURPHY
GENE HACKMAN

PRICES: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3.00. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $7.50; Balc. $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 4.20, 3.60. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $4.80; Balc. $4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40. Sat. Mat.: Orch. $5.40; Balc. $4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3.00. *Air Cond.*
MUSIC BOX THEA. 239 W. 45 St. Cir 6-4636



SHARON PLAYHOUSE
Sharon, Conn.
Now Playing THE HOSTAGE
July 28-Aug. 2 THE DOCK BRIEF & NEW ONE-ACT
Aug. 4-Aug. 9 THE ENCHANTED
Evening performances except
Monday, matinee Thursday.
Reservations ENdicott 4-5733.

most politicians seek to restore or to create unity, and acceptance speeches generally provide the first opportunity to make this effort. In victory, Goldwater's first act was to declare another war.

Those who have opposed Goldwater for the nomination believe that his chances of winning the election are slight, and getting slighter by the day. They think he is throwing away votes every time he opens his mouth. But this analysis rests on a view of political realities that has been shown by the fact of Goldwater's success to be at least in part of questionable soundness. It assumes the existence of some sort of American "consensus"—a loose but prevalent ideology that may be described as the sum of the convictions that are commonly held by, for example, Senator Dirksen, on the right, and Senator Humphrey, on the left. It further assumes that both major parties are organizations that exist to develop, express, and, from time to time, revise and amend the consensus. Goldwater has subscribed to no important part of this body of doctrine. He has used his Senate vote and his voice on Republican rostrums everywhere to oppose it from start to finish. Now he is master of his party. It may be that he is the rule-proving exception. But it may also be that the consensus is a fiction—that it is nothing but a conclusion drawn from a reading of recent history by historians eager to impose order upon experience. Or it may be that the consensus is a reality, but that it is only one of many important realities—only one of many conceivable consensuses. If this is the case, it is at least theoretically possible for Goldwater to put together a winning combination of an entirely new sort. He will have the brass-collar Republican vote. His domination of the Party liberates him to try for all the racists and all the jingoes. No one knows their number, but it may be great. Outside the cities, he can play on the small towns' hatred of cities; inside the cities, he can play on the frustrations of the white-collar workers, on the fears of what remains of the urban middle classes, and on the anxieties and subterranean prejudices of the working classes. He is in an excellent position to argue that he, and not his rival, is the poor man's candidate. One of the most remarkable of recent developments is Lyndon Johnson's emergence as the candidate of Eastern business. He seems well thought of on Wall Street and has

"CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION!"
—HOWARD TAUBMAN, TIMES
Beatrice Lillie
Tammy Grimes
Edward Woodward
in
"High Spirits"

"SEASON'S BEST MUSICAL COMEDY!"
—Gaver, United Press
Directed by **Noël Coward**
Mail Orders Filled. Eves.: $9.60, 8.60, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.95. Wed. Mat.: $5.75, 5.00, 4.30, 3.60, 3.00. Sat. Mat.: $6.25, 5.75, 4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 3.00.
ALVIN THEATER, 52nd St. W. of B'way. CI 5-5226

"Exuberantly Funny Musical!"
—NORMAN NADEL, WORLD-TELE

CAROL BURNETT
In The Musical Comedy Hit
FADE OUT FADE IN
also starring **JACK CASSIDY**
and **LOU JACOBI**
Mail Orders Filled. Eves.: $9.90, 8.45, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 4.00. Wed. Mat.: $5.75, 4.80, 4.00, 3.50, 3.00. Sat. Mat.: $6.25, 5.75, 4.80, 4.00, 3.50.
MARK HELLINGER, 51 St. W. of B'way. PL 7-7064

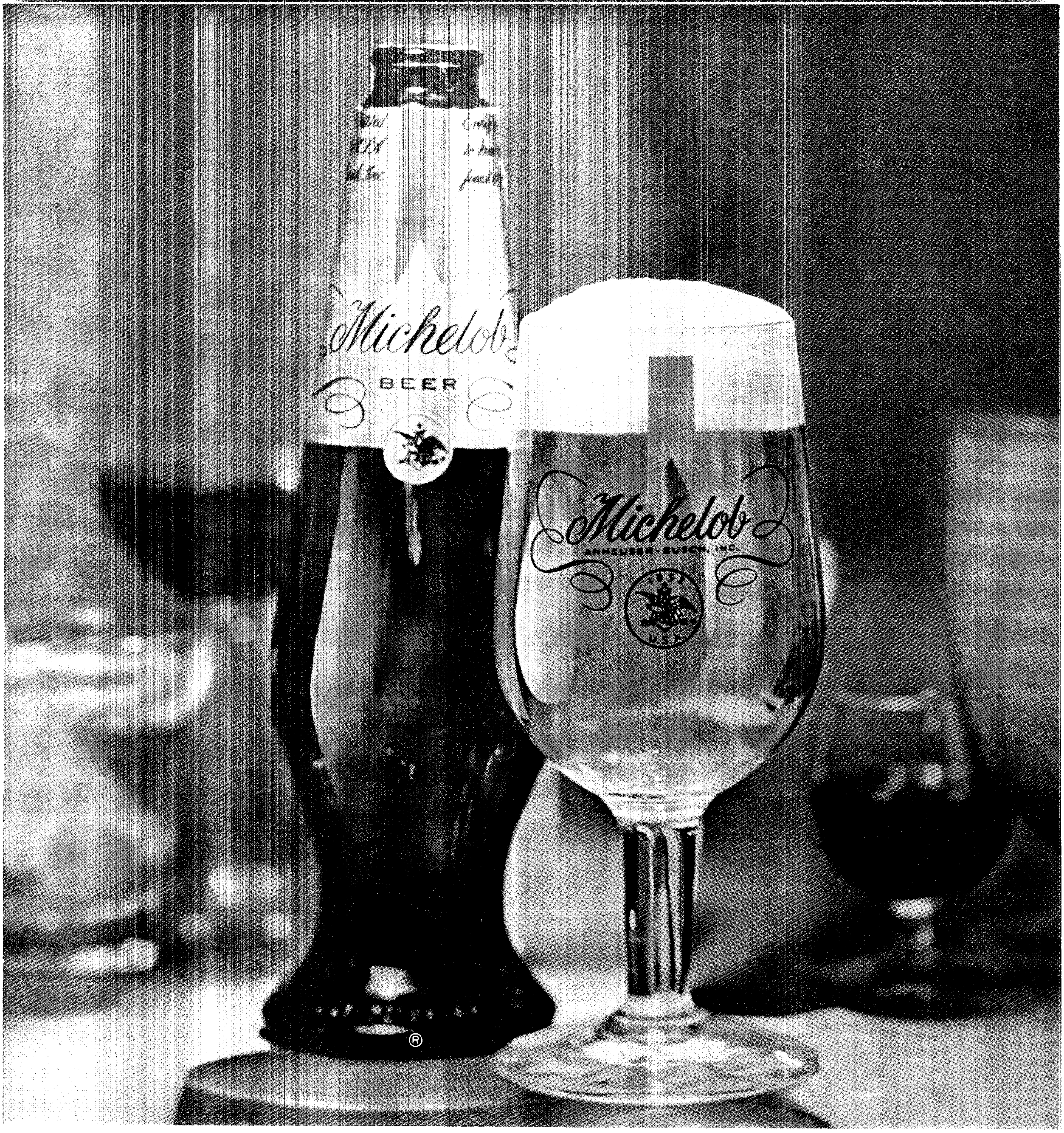
SEE THE YEAR'S BEST PERFORMANCE
1964 Tony Award

Alec Guinness
Dylan
with **KATE REID**
PRICES: Evgs.: Mon. thru Sat. Orch. and Boxes $7.50; Balc. $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Wed. Mats.: Orch. and Boxes $4.80; Balc. $4.30, 3.60, 2.50. Sat. Mats.: Orch. and Boxes $5.40; Balc. $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.50. Air Cond
PLYMOUTH THEATRE, 236 W. 45 St. Cir 6-9156

UNANIMOUSLY ACCLAIMED MUSICAL HIT!
HELLO, DOLLY!
MAIL ORDERS FILLED
EVGS.: $9.60, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. WED. & SAT. MATS.: $5.50, 4.80, 4.30, 3.80, 3. SAT. MATS. sold out thru Dec. 26.
Air Cd. **ST. JAMES THEA. 246 W. 44th ST., N. Y. C.**

THE PHILIPPINE HUT

Specializing in Philippine Food
Also Exotic Drinks & Cocktails
Cocktail hour: 4 to 6 pm
All drinks 60¢
305 E. 45th Street
bet. 1st & 2nd Aves.
OR 9-2644 Open Daily
Free Parking after 6
Diners' • Amer. Exp.
Restaurant



Except this one

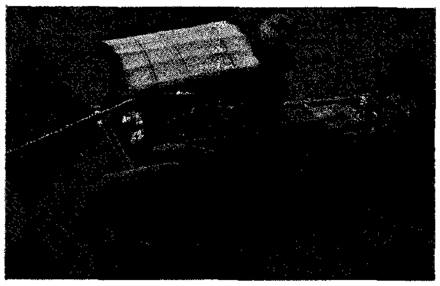
You don't usually find beer clicking glasses with martinis or scotch-on-the-rocks. But Michelob is an exception. It has an *esprit*, a perfection, unmatched on *either* side of the Atlantic . . . the result of setting out to create the finest bottled beer in all the world regardless of cost. Michelob holds its own in *any* mixed company. It is, in a word, appropriate.

Michelob and Budweiser are registered trade-marks of Anheuser-Busch, Inc., St. Louis

Michelob®*. . . more than any other beer*

DON'T MISS HONG KONG TAIPEI MANILA & HAWAII

ON YOUR WAY BACK FROM THE TOKYO OLYMPICS



For an extra $117, you can include all these exciting stop-overs on your regular round-trip jet economy air fare from the West Coast. And Philippine Air Lines' new Mabuhay Fare makes it easy to see extra cities in the Philippines at special savings. (Don't miss Zamboanga, Cebu, Corregidor.) For complete information, just send in the coupon.

PHILIPPINE AIR LINES

PAL

PHILIPPINE AIR LINES, c/o KLM, General Sales Agent, 609 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

☐ Please send complete information on your Orient tours.

☐ Also send your fully-illustrated new booklet on adventure in the Philippines.

name ____________________

address ____________________

city ____________ zone ____ state ______

NY-7

widespread press support. Goldwater, with his money from the Southwestern speculators and promoters, may be able to press an advantage that no Republican candidate has ever enjoyed—the hostility of the Eastern money-changers. There may be nothing like a majority to be rallied in this fashion; most authorities believe that his approach assures his defeat. But the authorities are not quite so sure of themselves as they were a short while back.

GOLDWATER and his lieutenants seemed to delight in outraging most of the Party leaders of the Eisenhower years. They evidently want these men to leave the Party and to take their followers with them. They showed some concern, though, about the General himself. It was not, to be sure, notable for its depth. Eisenhower spent last Thursday—the day following Goldwater's nomination—in his hotel room. The quiet there was never interrupted by any word or message from Goldwater headquarters. In the evening, Eisenhower stayed in his room and watched television—intermittently, at least. He was doing something else, his friends said, while Goldwater was defending extremism, and consequently was not aware of the passage until he came upon it in a newspaper text. Still and all, the Goldwater people attached some value to his support or to his benevolent neutrality, and when the candidate heard that the former President was upset by the acceptance speech, he found time the following day to call on Eisenhower and explain that in the house of extremism there are many mansions. "When you led those troops across the Channel into Normandy," Goldwater is reported by Denison Kitchel to have said to Eisenhower, "you were being an extremist." "I never thought of it that way," the General replied. It is unclear whether he meant that an illumination had just been provided or that nobody in his senses could think of it that way.

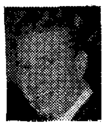
No one speaks with assurance of what course Eisenhower will now pursue. He is uncertain himself. "I am confused," he told Kitchel. What is certain is that he came to San Francisco full of good will. Goldwater was not his beau ideal of a candidate, and he made it as clear as he ever makes anything that he preferred Scranton and thought that his non-intervention would work against Goldwater's nomination. By Convention time, though, he had put regrets behind him and was ready to accept the will of the dele-

Fresh Sensation: West Indian
LIME COLOGNE*

From the Virgin Islands comes a remarkable cologne for men: Essence of fresh West Indian limes with a dash of bitters and tropical spices. A brilliant counterpoint in aromas. Stimulating, curiously uplifting, completely masculine. For after shave or bath. 8 oz., $7.50; 4 oz., $4.50 plus U.S. Tax. Another of the seventeen imports of West Indies Bay Company, The Virgin Islands.

St. Johns

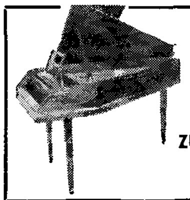
West Indies Bay Co., Div., St. Thomas, Virgin Islands
Available at America's finest stores. *Exclusive Trademark


Read What A Famous Authority Says About America's Most Distinguished Steak House Restaurant

"Beef, beautiful beef—served by Bruno's Pen and Pencil Restaurant, where steak is the greatest."
– Clementine Paddleford
New York Herald Tribune

Bruno's
PEN and PENCIL
205 E. 45th St. • MU 2-8660 John C. Bruno

In PHILADELPHIA
15th Street
BOOKBINDERS
SEAFOOD HOUSE, INC.
215 South 15th Street
is the ONLY restaurant where members of the original Bookbinder Restaurant Family are
Sam, Dick, Sam Jr. Richard


HARPSICHORD
Same as owned by Philadelphia Orchestra and RCA Victor. In kit form for home workshop assembly $150. Clavichord kit $100. Free brochure. Write:
ZUCKERMANN HARPSICHORDS
Dept. N, 115 Christopher St.
New York 14, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

Please enter my subscription to The New Yorker, payment for which is enclosed.

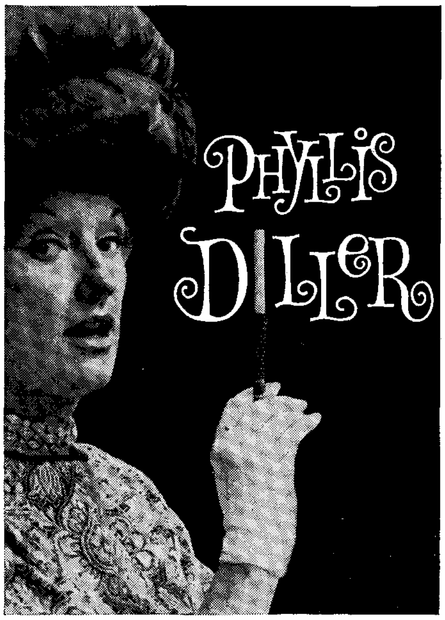
☐ ONE YEAR—$8
☐ TWO YEARS—$13.50

(*Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions: Canada, Latin America and Spain—$1.00 per year; Other foreign—$3.00 per year.*)

NAME

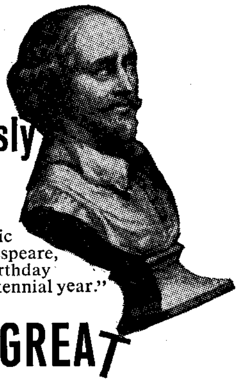
ADDRESS

(*Please include ZIP code*)



AT THE
ROYAL BOX
nightly at 9:30 and 12:15 (exc. Sundays)
DINNER & SUPPER DANCING
LEE EVANS
& HIS ORCHESTRA
RESERVATIONS: PETER/LT 1-1000
americana
OF NEW YORK
OPENS MONDAY, JULY 27

EDITED BY
ANTHONY
BOUCHER*
BEST
DETECTIVE
STORIES OF THE YEAR
19TH ANNUAL EDITION
A treasury of mystery and suspense fiction edited by the N.Y. Times' expert on matters criminal.*
$3.95 at all bookstores DUTTON



"...marvellously funny book,
the story of the first public tribute to William Shakespeare, is probably the nicest birthday present of the quadricentennial year."
—The New Yorker
THE GREAT SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE
by Christian Deelman
VIKING • Illus. $6.95

gates. He seemed willing to take any Republican's word for anything. In a news conference held just before the Convention was called to order, he declared his support of the platform. He hadn't actually read it all, but Representative Laird, its principal architect, had called upon him and told him about it. "The way he explained it to me," the beaming old soldier said, "it sounded all right." He had wanted assurance that it was based on sound morality, and he got it. Laird had explained, Eisenhower said, that "the moral tone was there." But subsequent developments—the shouting down of Governor Romney's amendments, the defense of extremism, and perhaps the wounds to his vanity—compelled him to reconsider. Every few hours here, there has been a new report on his state of mind and spirit, and although the latest one has him behind Goldwater, no one believes that this is the end of the story. There may never be any end, but whether there is or not, the story's unfolding in the months ahead should tell a good deal about the United States in 1964. For this agreeable, charitable, perpetually smiling, and perpetually perplexed man, who is of indeterminate social class, who is a small-towner one moment and a spokesman for the Eastern "power structure" the next, who is a conservative-liberal and a liberal-conservative and most of the time a conservative-conservative, embodies just about every possible consensus that anyone can imagine. Herb Caen, a columnist for the San Francisco *Chronicle*, the other day described Goldwater as being "as American as apple strudel." No one ever would or ever could say this of Eisenhower. And if Eisenhower takes to the hustings for Goldwater, Caen's *mot* may turn out to be not quite *juste*.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

DAWSON'S ENGLISH PUB
159 EAST 53RD ST.
PL 2-1387

Hours: Noon—1:00 A. M. *Mon.—Sat., 1:00* P. M.*—Midnight Sun.*
Weekdays the haunt of Madison Avenue, but more relaxed on weekends. Amusing, tavern-like atmosphere with ha'penny bar, brick floor, draught beer on tap.—*Listing in House & Garden.*

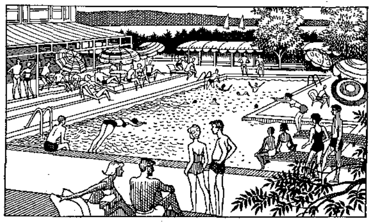
That's the place for it.

•

Now you don't have to choose between a harsh, drying lipstick that doesn't smear, and a gentle, creamy formula. Because now Hazel Bishop gives you both.—*Hazel Bishop brochure.*

You lucky girls, you.

Brand-new pool at Basin Harbor!



Our 75-foot pool has twin diving boards, temperature control, and special poolside luncheon daily. There's also 18 holes of uncrowded golf, tennis, supervised children's programs, and 126 lakefront miles of lovely Lake Champlain for water sports and fine fishing. Victuals are famous, as are the Club's snug lodgings. For reservations and details: N. Y. Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza West. LT 1-6595.
BASIN HARBOR CLUB
Robert H. Beach, Manager
VERGENNES • VERMONT

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE
"A stunner"
— DOROTHY SALISBURY DAVIS
THE SAD VARIETY
by NICHOLAS BLAKE
Can Nigel Strangeways foil the Russian agents and rescue a kidnapped child?
"One of Blake's best!"
— LOUIS UNTERMEYER • $3.95
A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

DIPLOMAT AMONG WARRIORS
ROBERT MURPHY'S
great bestseller about a career "never surpassed in the history of our foreign service."
—SATURDAY REVIEW
4th big printing; $6.95
DOUBLEDAY

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

Justice in Moscow, by George Feifer (Simon & Schuster). Mr. Feifer is a graduate of Harvard, he has studied Soviet law at Columbia and at the Moscow State University, and he speaks and reads Russian easily. In this absorbing book, a product both of his special skills and of many hours spent as an onlooker in Moscow courts, he gives us a dramatic portrait of the Soviet judicial system in action and on all levels, including such curiosities as the Comradely Court, a sort of town meeting that settles family quarrels and neighborhood squabbles; the divorce court, where the sensible criterion for divorce is "a broken marriage which cannot reasonably be restored;" and hearings on violations of the Parasite Law: " 'How do you permit yourself to live like that? Why don't you work like a normal man—oh no, stop interrupting, we have proof that you don't work. And why do you make an ugly, depraved place out of your home?' " Nor is that all. He also gives us—through detailed accounts of many cases—an extraordinarily intimate glimpse of contemporary Russian life.

Thirty-Eight Witnesses, by A. M. Rosenthal (McGraw-Hill). An attempt to explain the behavior of the thirty-eight indifferent witnesses to the leisurely street-corner murder of Catherine Genovese in Kew Gardens in the early morning of March 13, 1964. Mr. Rosenthal, the metropolitan (or city) editor of the *Times*, is the man who first got wind of that discreditable neighborhood affair, and he has obviously given it a lot of honest thought. His explanation is that "what happened in the apartments and houses on Austin Street was a symptom of a terrible reality in the human condition—that only under certain situations and only in response to certain reflexes or certain beliefs will a man step out of his shell toward his brother." This is not entirely satisfactory, but it is a good deal more impressive than the cautious jargon mouthed at the time by sociologists, psychiatrists, and theologians. An interesting book. Illustrated with photographs.

Before the Colors Fade, by Fred Ayer, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin). A memoir of the late General George S. Patton, Jr., by a nephew who was close to him. The book is somewhat overweight in family matters, and it leans toward sentimentality, but the author does manage to paint the portrait of an interesting, competent, brave, and infinitely difficult man—a man who wore four rings on his fingers; who forced himself to become an outstanding athlete; who could quote the Iliad, "Barrack-Room Ballads," and the entire Episcopal Sunday church service from memory; who was "the most important person he himself knew;" who loved war; and who sincerely believed that he had been in other incarnations a fighter on the plains of Troy, a Roman legionary, a Crusader, and a soldier in the army of Bonnie Prince Charlie. Photographs.

The Royal George: 1819-1904: The Life of H.R.H. Prince George, Duke of Cambridge, by Giles St. Aubyn (Knopf). The subject of this biography, Queen Victoria's first cousin (and the late Queen Mary's uncle), was Commander-in-Chief of the British Army for nearly forty years, and a controversial figure during much of that time. His supporters cheered his warm personal interest in officers and men—Florence Nightingale, for instance, paid tribute to his work for soldiers' welfare—but his detractors insisted that his notions of army organization and training were dated, and were becoming more so every year. Both sides appear to have been right, although Mr. St. Aubyn inclines to the Duke's defense. What matters to us is the light the book throws on the long struggle over the shaping of an instrument of history—the modern British Army.

A Short History of Biology, by Isaac Asimov (Doubleday). Professor Asimov, a biochemist at Boston University and a first-rate science-fiction and popular-science writer, manages to compress the highlights of the history of biology into a little less than two hundred pages. The result is an immensely readable account of the evolution of this great science from the Babylonians to microbiology. Biology, more than any of the

distinctive and unusual

Christmas Cards

The new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards. This year a golden Adoration of the Magi by a Flemish master, flowers by a French Impressionist, a Greek vase painting, a medieval enamel of Saint Michael, musical instruments from a Renaissance castle, a Rembrandt etching, a Colonial embroidery of birds in a cherry tree, and a Victorian skating party by Winslow Homer are among the more than fifty new designs. ☆ The cards printed by the Metropolitan Museum in limited editions cost from 5 to 75 cents each. They can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents—will be mailed about September first.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 10028

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed N 8

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

The book everyone is talking about

THE Invisible Government

By DAVID WISE and THOMAS B. ROSS

Third printing, 38th thousand.
$5.95, now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE

THE TWO FACES OF JANUARY
by PATRICIA HIGHSMITH

Young Mr. Keener asked for trouble, and found it easily in Athens — when he saw a murder, hid a body, and got too friendly with an American businessman and his seductive wife. $3.50

A CRIME CLUB SELECTION FROM DOUBLEDAY

Special Skills

Michelangelo, before beginning a sculpture, said: "My greatest triumph hides within that block of marble." But he did not attack that block with hammer and chisel until he had his sculpture well in mind—sketched on paper and perhaps carved in miniature as well. He knew better than to think he could blunder into a masterpiece.

Now you may think an investment program does not deserve to be mentioned in the same column of type with Michelangelo. And yet an investment program can be a work of art in its way. Choosing among the thousands of available investments may be as formidable a task as transforming stone into statue. At any rate, it takes a vast amount of know-how.

In fact, many people who want to be investors and have the wherewithal are dismayed at the thought of choosing investments to suit their aims and their circumstances. If you are one of them, may we make a suggestion? Write to us, in confidence, about your objectives and your situation, and we'll reply with investment suggestions that we feel are tailored to your needs. And there's no charge for our help.

Just address—

JOSEPH C. QUINN

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH INC

70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

other sciences, has come into constant conflict with established doctrine and contemporary superstition. The example of the suppression of the rational study of genetics by the Russians (because they find that it conflicts with Marxian dialectic) is a disturbing reminder that the era is not so remote when a biologist like Vesalius (1514-64) could be ostracized as a heretic because what he found and published about the human body conflicted with the erroneous notions of the ancient Greeks. We are now entering a new biological age, in which the mechanics of the life processes are being unfolded one after the other. As Professor Asimov asks, "What may not yet be revealed during the very lifetime of those now living?" The effects of this new knowledge on our outlook on ourselves and on our place in the scheme of nature are as awesome to contemplate as the new knowledge itself.

ISAAC BABEL: THE LONELY YEARS 1925-39, edited and with an introduction by Nathalie Babel, translated from the Russian by Andrew R. MacAndrew (Farrar, Straus). Eight new stories, fifteen years' worth of Babel's letters to his mother and sister, and some documents. The stories are not up to Babel's best, although many living writers would be proud of them. The letters are revealing, funny, and moving. The documents include one priceless exchange: Marshal Budyonny's open letter attacking Babel for libelling Soviet troops in "Red Cavalry," and Maxim Gorki's open letter telling Budyonny off. Altogether a miscellany well worth having.

NOTE: Houghton Mifflin has published "Like a Homesick Angel," by John Bainbridge, a fusion of two Profiles, originally printed in this magazine, of Captain Harold Fredric Blackburn, an international-airline pilot; together, they cover his transition from piston-engined planes to jets. The book includes photographs by Rudolph Janu.

•

Now playing is "The Aspern Papers" starring Mr. Cover. And, rehearsals are now in process for the last production of this season, which will start June 24. It is, "Oh Dad, Poor Dad, May You Hang In The Closet, and I Am Glad," written by Henry James. The title will be shortened to "Oh, Dad."—*The Ambassador, a Houston (Texas) newsletter.*

It's just as well.

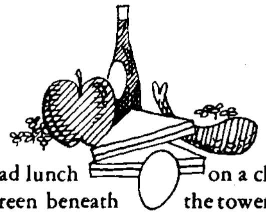
"SAVOR A 6-OZ. COCKTAIL IN OUR FRONTIER SALOON"

Gas Lights • Private Booths • Mohair Settees • Old R.R. Dining Car • The Parlours Of Madame Moustache • Six Kinds Of Steak • Sing-Along with Bill Farrell at the piano in the Saloon • Six-Gun (6 oz.) Cocktails • Free Chuck Wagon Hors d'Oeuvres • Doorman • All Credit Cards • Open Daily Inc. Sun. From Lunch To 2 AM • Reservations MO 1-1200

LARRY ELLMAN, PROP.

THE CATTLEMAN

THE ADULT WESTERN RESTAURANT
5 E. 45th ST. NEW YORK 17 • MO 1-1200



Spread lunch on a cloth of green beneath the towering beauty of Yosemite...you'll note how nicely chilled the wine is, how freshly baked the bread tastes, how thoughtful the Chef was to give this the same attention he gives every fine meal at

THE AHWAHNEE IN YOSEMITE

Write us at YOSEMITE NAT'L PARK, CALIF. for brochure

BOOK HUNTING?

Any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. No obligation. Write:

BOOKS-ON-FILE

DEPT. NY-43 UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

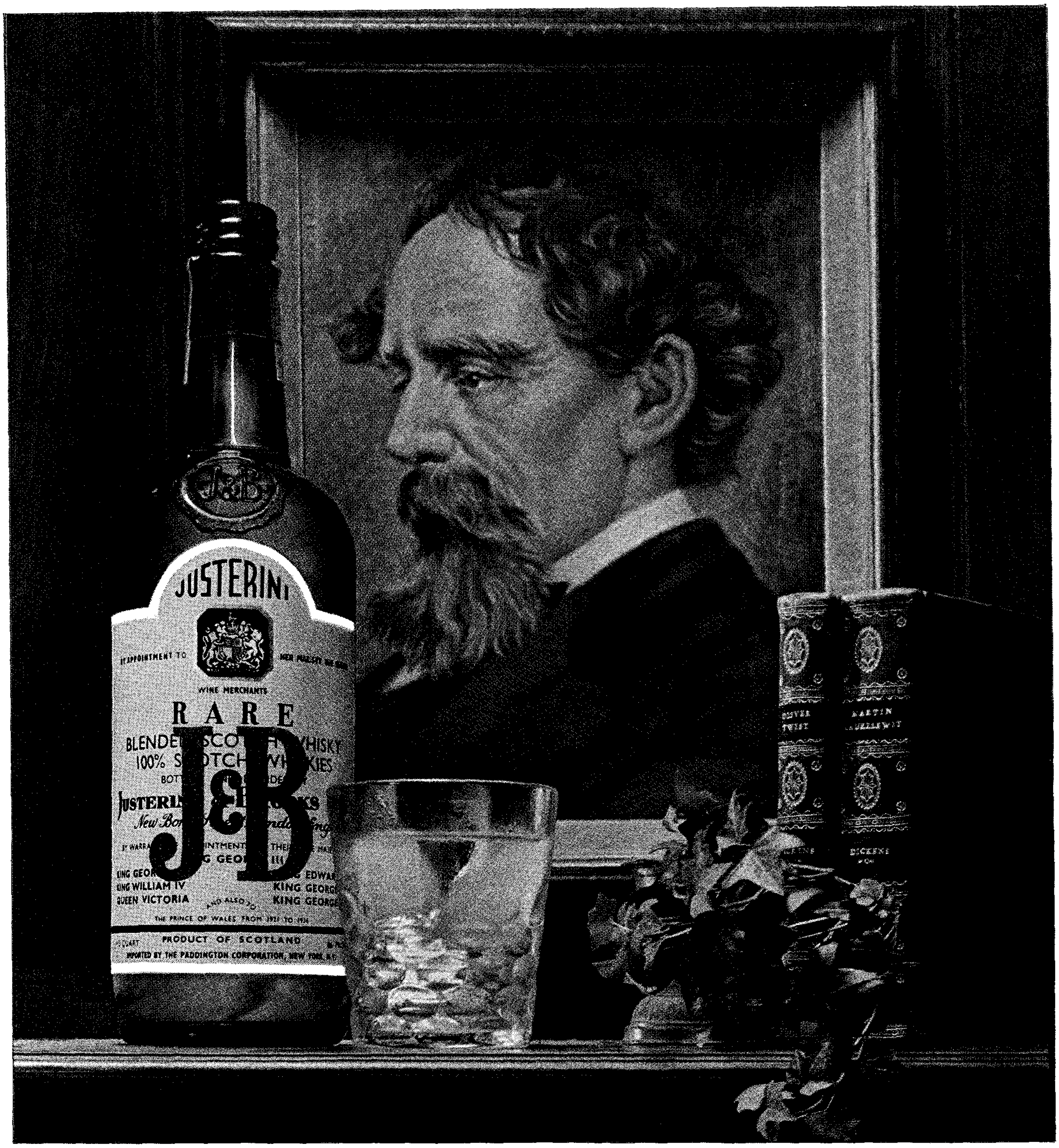
FANNY'S

WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT

Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.

Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.

Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.


JUSTERINI
RARE
J&B
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
OLIVER TWIST
MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT
DICKENS

"...leave the bottle on the chimleypiece, and don't ask me to take none,
but let me put it to my lips when I am so dispoged."

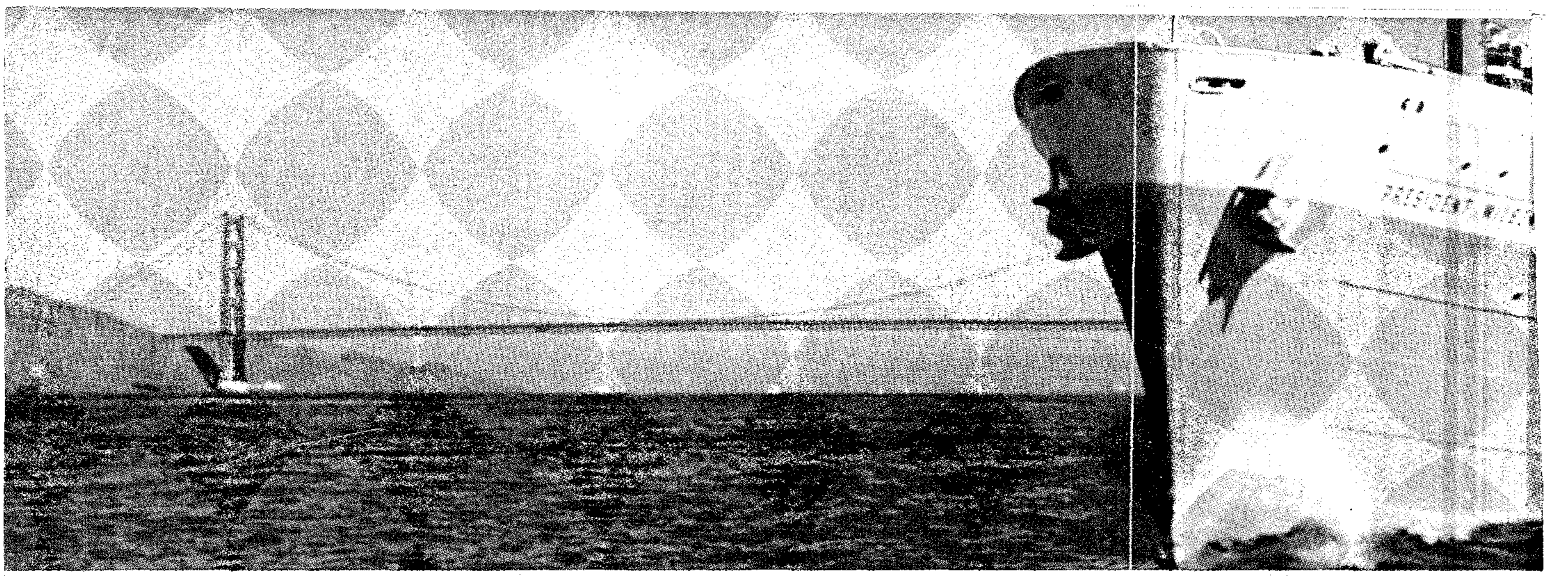
— from Martin Chuzzlewit by Charles Dickens, eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks

For more than two centuries, history's great and near-great, including the immortal Charles Dickens, have looked to the house of Justerini & Brooks for the finest in wines and spirits. The discerning today also turn to J&B for the memorable in scotch whisky. Try J&B Rare yourself. Flavour unsurpassed.

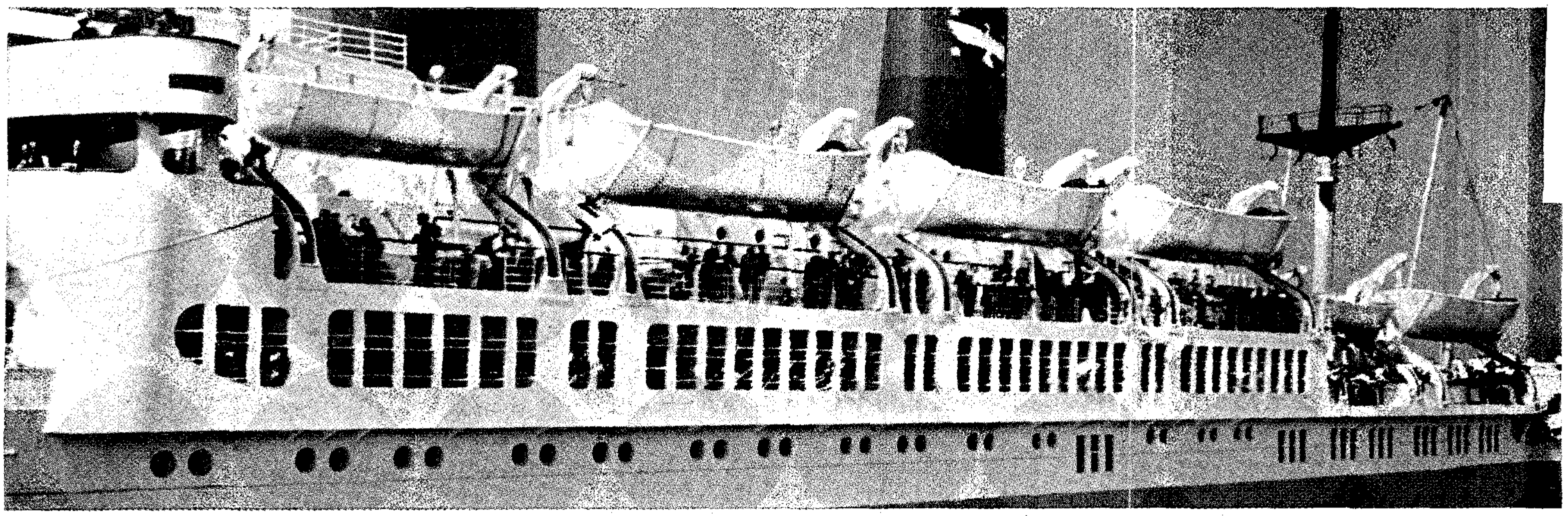
J&B rare scotch whisky

PENNIES MORE IN COST... WORLDS APART IN QUALITY

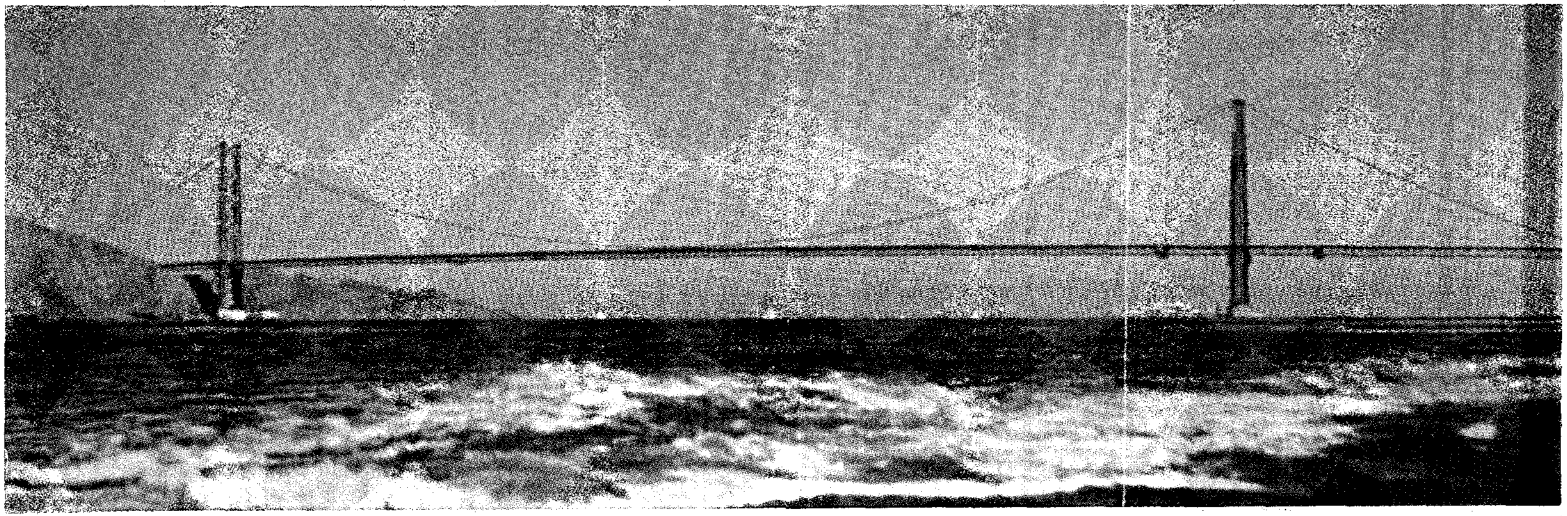
"WORLD'S FINEST"
86 PROOF. THE PADDINGTON
CORP., NEW YORK 20



Every two weeks



a great President Liner



sails from San Francisco to the Orient.

Your course: West-Southwest. Speed: 20 knots. Destination: Hawaii, Japan, Hong Kong, the Philippines. Along the way you'll see fish that fly, birds that swim, and a bow wave that glows in the night.

Your ship itself will be an adventure. You'll find that your stateroom comes with radio, telephone and 24-hour room service. That the salt water pool is heated to a pleasant 78 degrees. That there are, if you care to count, 420 different dishes served during the two-week Pacific crossing. And that the voyage, if anything, will seem too short to meet all of the 250 passengers aboard your great President Liner.

Fares start at $689 First Class; $403 Economy Class. This fall, three bonus cruises (Oct. 24, Nov. 7 and Nov. 21) feature five extra days, three extra ports, and a trip through Japan's spectacular Inland Sea—at no extra cost. Later, holiday season rates cut the cost of a round-trip by 25% off normal one-way fares. See your local Travel Agent for details.

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES

SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES • SEATTLE • PORTLAND • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • WASHINGTON, D.C. • HONOLULU